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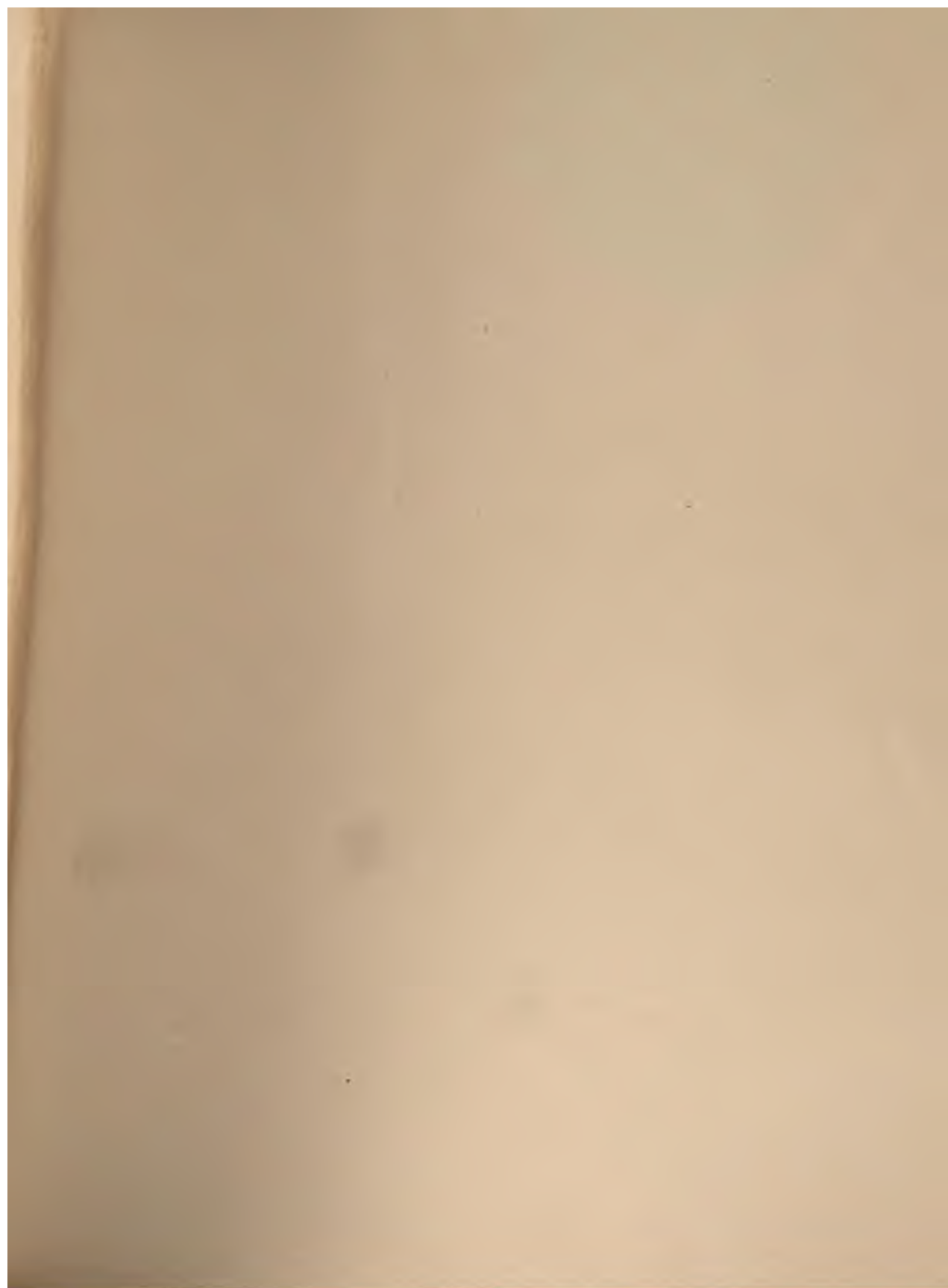


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THE BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT





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## CXL.

*Followis the Iusting and Debail vp at the Drum betuix  
William Adamfone and Johine Sym.* Fol. 130. a.

THE grit debail and turnament,  
Off trewth no tounge can tell,  
Wes for a lusty lady gent,  
Betuix twa freikis fell.  
For Mars the god armipotent 5  
Wes nocht fa ferfs him fell,  
Nor Hercules, that aikkis vprent,  
And dang the devill of hell, with hornis;  
Vp at the Drum, that day.

Doutles wes nocht so duchtly deidis 10  
Amangis the dowfy peiris,  
Nor yit no clerk in story reidis  
Off fa tryvmphand weiris;  
To se so stowtly on thair steidis  
Tha stalwart knyghtis steiris, 15  
Quhill bellyis bair for brodding bleidis,  
With spurris als scherp as breiris, and kene;  
Vp at the Drum that day.

Vp at the Drum the day wes fett,  
And fixt wes the feild, 20  
Quhair baith thir noble chiftanis mett,  
Enarmit vndir scheild.  
Thay wer fa haifty and fa hett,  
That nane of thame wald yeild,  
Bot to debail or be down bett, 25  
And in the quarrell keild, or flane;  
Vp at the Drum that day.



Thair wes ane bettir and ane worfs,  
 I wald that it wer wittin,  
 For William wichttar wes of corfs 30  
 Nor Sym, and bettir knittin.  
 Sym said he fett nocht by his forfs,  
 Bot hecht he sowld be hittin,  
 And he nicht counter Will on horfs,  
 For Sym wes bettir sittin, nor Will; 35  
 Vp at the Drum that day.

To se the stryfe come yunkeirs stowt,  
 And mony galyart man;  
 All denteis deir wes thair but dowl,  
 The wyne on broich it ran. 40  
 Trumpettis and schalmis with a schowt  
 Playid or the rink began;  
 And cikwall juges satt abowt  
 To se quha tynt or wan the feild;  
 Vp at the Drum that day. 45

With twa blunt trincer speiris squair, Fol. 130. b.  
 It wes thair interpryis,  
 To fecht with baith thair facis bair  
 For lufe, as is the gyis.  
 Ane freynd of thairis throw hap come thair, 50  
 And hard the rumor ryis,  
 Quha stail away thair styngis bath clair,  
 And hid in secreit wayis, for skaith;  
 Vp at the Drum that day.

Strangmen of armes and of nicht 55  
 Wer fett thame for to fiddir;  
 The harraldis cryd, God schaw the rycht;  
 Sync bad thame go togidder.  
 Quhair is my speir? fayis Sym the knyght,  
 Sum man go bring it hidder; 60

Bot wald thay tary thair all nycht,  
Thair lancis come to lidder, and flaw;  
Vp at the Drum that day.

Syme flew als fery as a fowne,  
Doun fra the horfs he slaid;  
Sayis, He fall rew my stalf hes stowin,  
For I salbe his deid.

65

William his vow plicht to the powin,  
For favour or for feid;  
Als gude the tre had nevir growin,  
Quhairof my speir wes maid, to just;  
Vp at the Drum that day.

70

Thir vowis maid to syn and mone,  
Thay raikit baith to rest,  
Thame to refrefs with thair disione,  
And of thair armour kest.  
Nocht knawing of the deid wes done,  
Quhen thay fuld haif fairin best,  
The fyre wes pifcht out lang or none,  
Thair dennaris fuld haif drest, and dicht;  
Vp at the Drum that day.

75

80

Than wer thay movit owt of mynd,  
Far mair than of beforne;  
Thay wist nocht how to get him pynd,  
That thame had drevin to skorne.  
Thair wes no deth mycht be devynd,  
Bot ethis haif thay sworne,  
He fuld deir by be thay had dynd,  
And ban that he wes borne, or bred;  
Vp at the Drum that day,

85

90

Than to Dalkeith thai maid thame boun,  
Reidwod of this reproche;

Fol. 131. a.

Thair wes baith wyne and vennifoun,  
 And barrellis ran on broche.  
 Thay band vp kyndnes in that toun 95  
 Nane fra his feir to foche;  
 For thair wes nowdir lad nor loun  
 Mycht eit ane baikin loche, for fownefs;  
 Vp at Dalkeith that day.

Syne eftir denner raifs the din, 100  
 And all the toun on steir;  
 William wes wyifs and held him in,  
 For he wes in a feir.  
 Sym to haif bargan cowl'd nocht blin,  
 Bot bukkitt Will on weir; 105  
 Sayis, Gife thow wald this lady win,  
 Cum furth and brek a speir, with me;  
 Vp at Dalkeyth that day.

This ftill for bargan Sym abyddis,  
 And schowttit Will to schame; 110  
 Will saw his fais on bath the fyddis,  
 Full fair he dred for blame.  
 Will schortly to his hors he flydis,  
 And fayis to Sym be name,  
 Bettir we bath wer byand hyddis, 115  
 And weddir skynnis at hame, nor heir;  
 Vp at Dalkeyth that day.

Now is the growme, that wes fo grym,  
 Rycht glaid to leif in lie;  
 Fy, theif, for schame! sayis littill Sym, 120  
 Will thow nocht fecht with me?  
 Thow art moir lerge of lyth and lym,  
 Nor I am be sic thre;

And all the feild cryd fy on him,  
Sa cowartly tuk the fle, for feir;  
Vp at Dalkeyth that day. 125

Than every man gaif Will a mok,  
And said he wes our meik;  
Sayis Sym, Send for thy broder Jok,  
I fall nocht be to feik;  
For wer ye foursum in a flok,  
I compt yow nocht a leik;  
Thocht I had rycht nocht bot a rok,  
To gar your rumpill reik, behynd;  
Vp at Dalkeith that day. 130  
Fol. 131 b.  
135

Thair wes rycht nocht bot haif and ga,  
With lawchter lowd thay lewche,  
Quhen thay saw Sym sic curage ta,  
And Will mak it fa twche.  
Sym lap on horsbak lyk a ra,  
And ran him till a huche;  
Sayis William, Cum ryd doun this bra,  
Thocht ye fuld brek anc bwche, fo lufe;  
Vp at Dalkeith that day. 140

Sone doun the bra Sym braid lyk thunder,  
And bad Will fallow fast;  
To grund for ferfnefs he did funder,  
Be he midhill had past.  
William saw Sym in sic a blunder,  
To ga he wes agast,  
For he affeird it wes na winder  
His curfour fuld him cast, and hurt him;  
Vp at Dalkeith that day. 145  
150

Than all the yungkerris bad Will yeild,  
Or doun the glen to gang; 155

Sum cryd the koward fuld be keild,  
 Sum doun the hewche he thrang.  
 Sum rufcht, fum rummyld, fum reild,  
 Sum be the bewche he hang;  
 Thair avairis fyld vp all the feild, 160  
 Thay wer so fow and pang, with drafte;  
     Vp at Dalkeith that day.

Than gelly Johine come in a jak, .  
 To feild quhair he wes feidit;  
 Abone his brand ane bucklar blak, 165  
 Baill fell the bern thad bedit.  
 He flippit swiftly to the flak,  
 And rudly doun he raid it;  
 Befoir his curpall wes a crak,  
 Culd na man tell quha maid it, for lawchter; 170  
     Vp at Dalkeith that day.

Be than the bowgill gan to blaw,  
 For nycht had thame ourtane;  
 Allais! faid Sym, For falt of law,  
 That bargan get I nane. 175  
 Thufs hame with mony crak and flaw,  
 Thay passid every ane;  
 Syne pairtit at the Potter raw,  
 And findry gaitis ar gane, to rest thame;  
     Within the toun that nycht. 180

*L'envoy.*

Fol. 132. a.

This Will was he begyld the may,  
 And did hir marriage spill;  
 He promeift hir to lat him play,  
 Hir purpofs to fulfill.



Fra scho fell fow he fled away, 185  
 And come na mair hir till;  
 Quhairfoir he tynt the feild that day,  
 And tuk him to ane mill, to hyd him;  
 As coward fals of fey.

*Finis quod* Scott.

---

CXLI.

[*Thus I propone in my Carping.*]

THUS I propone in my carping,  
 All myne allone thus I propone;  
 Makand my mone to hevnis king,  
 This I propone in my carping.

Welcum be werd as evir God will, 5  
 Quhill I be berd welcum be werd;  
 In to this erd ay to fulfill,  
 Welcum be werd as evir God will.

I fall wey bath in ane ballance,  
 Wynnynng and skaith I fall wey beth; 10  
 As God will graith his purveance,  
 I fall wey bayth in ane ballance.

Eifs or difeifs, quhilk God fall fend,  
 Allyk fall pleifs, eifs or difeifs;  
 Ay till obeyifs, till lyfe mak end, 15  
 Eifs or difeifs, quhilk God will fend.

Quhat mendis it ane man to mvrn,  
 In fyte to fitt, quhat mendis it?

For or men witt this warld will turn,  
 Quhat mendis it ane man to mvrn?

20

I falbe blyth and meik with all,  
 Kyndnes to kyth I falbe blyth;  
 For windir futh pryd hes ane fall,  
 I falbe blyth and meik with all.

My freindis deir, luk ye do fo,  
 I yow requeir, my freyndis deir;  
 Ye mak gud cheir quhair evir ye go,  
 My frendis deir, luk ye do fo.

25

*Finis.*

---

CXLII.

[*This Nycht in my Sleip I wes agast.*]

**T**HIS nycht in my sleip I wes agast,  
 Me thocht the Devill wes tempand fast  
 The peple with aithis of crewaltie;  
 Sayand as throw the mercat he past,  
 Renunce thy God and cum to me.

Fol. 132. b.

5

Me thocht as he went throw the way,  
 Anc preift sweirit be God verey,  
 Quhilk at the alter reffaut he;  
 Thow art my clerk, the Devill can fay,  
 Renunce thy God and cum to me.

10

Than fwoir ane courtyour mekle of pryd,  
 Be Chryftis windis bludy and wyd,

And be his harmes wes rent on tre;  
Than spak the Devill hard him befyd,  
Renunce thy God and cum to me. 15

Ane merchand, his geir as he did sell,  
Renuncit his pairt of Hevin and Hell;  
The Devill said, Welcum mot thou be,  
Thow falbe merchand for my sell,  
Renunce thy God and cum to me. 20

Ane goldsmyth said The goldis fa fyne,  
That all the workmanschip I tyne,  
The Feind reffaif me gif I le;  
Think on, quod the Devill, That thou art myne,  
Renunce thy God and cum to me. 25

Ane tailyour said In all this toun  
Be thair ane bettir weilmaid gown,  
I gif me to the Feynd all fre;  
Gramercy, telyour, said Mahoun,  
Renunce thy God and cum to me. 30

Ane fowttar said In gud effek,  
Nor I be hangit be the nek,  
Gife bettir butis of ledder ma be;  
Fy, quod the Feynd, Thow fairis of blek,  
Ga clenge the clene and cum to me. 35

Ane baxstar sayd I forfaik God,  
And all his werkis evin and od,  
Gif fairar stuff neidis to be;  
The Dyvill luche and on him qwoth nod, •  
Renunce thy God and cum to me. 40

Ane fleschour swoir be the sacrament,  
And be Chryftis blud maist innocent,

I have been here for many years  
 The best of all that is in the world  
 Because my heart and soul are here

4

The greatest of all that is in the world  
 Is the best of all that is in the world  
 For my heart and soul are here  
 And of all that is in the world  
 Because my heart and soul are here

5

And when the world was here  
 And when the world was here  
 And when the world was here  
 And when the world was here  
 Because my heart and soul are here

6

And when the world was here  
 And when the world was here  
 And when the world was here  
 And when the world was here  
 Because my heart and soul are here

6

And when the world was here  
 And when the world was here  
 And when the world was here  
 And when the world was here  
 Because my heart and soul are here

65

And when the world was here  
 And when the world was here  
 And when the world was here  
 And when the world was here  
 Because my heart and soul are here

70

And when the world was here  
 And when the world was here  
 And when the world was here  
 And when the world was here  
 Because my heart and soul are here

Bot I in Hell for geir wald be;  
The Devill faid, Welcum in a raip,  
Renunce thy God and cum to me. 75

The fische wyffis flett and fwoir with granis,  
And to the Feind, faule, fefch and banis,  
Thay gaif thame, with ane fchowt on hie;  
The Devill faid, Welcum all att anis,  
Renunce thy God and cum to me. 80

Me thocht the Devillis, als blak as pik,  
Soliftand wer as beis thik,  
Ay tempand folk with wayis fle;  
Rownand to Robene and to Dik,  
Renunce thy God and cum to me. 85

*Quod Dumbar.*

CXLIII.

[*Lucina schynnyng in Silence of the Nicht.*]

Ane vthir  
ballat follow-  
ing vpoun this  
fame abbat in  
the 117 leif.

LUCINA schynnyng in filence of the nicht,  
The hevin being all full of sternis bricht,  
To bed I went bot thair I tuke no rest;  
With havy thocht I wes so foir opprest,  
That fair I langit eftir dayis licht. 5

Off Fortoun I complenit hevely,  
That fcho to me stude so contrariowfly;  
And at the last quhen I had turnyt oft,  
For weirines on me ane slummer soft  
Come with ane dremyng and a fantesfy. 10

Fol. 133. b.



Me thocht Deme Fortoun with ane fremmit cheir  
 Stude me beforne, and said on this maneir,  
 Thow suffer me to wirk gif thow do weill,  
 And preifs the nocht to stryfe aganis my quheill,  
 Quhilk every warldly thing dois turne and steir. 15

Full mony ane man I turne vnto the hicht,  
 And makis als mony full law to doun licht;  
 Vp on my staigis or that thow ascend,  
 Treft weill thy truble neir is at ane end,  
 Seing thir taikinis, quhairfoir thow mark thame rycht. 20

Thy trublit gaift fall neir moir be degeft,  
 Nor thow in to no benifice beis possfest,  
 Quhill that ane Abbot him cleith in ernis pennis,  
 And fle vp in the air amangis the crennis,  
 And as ane falcone fair fro eift to west. 25

He fall ascend as ane horrebbble grephoun,  
 Him meit fall in the air ane scho dragoun;  
 Thir terrible monfteris fall togidder thrift,  
 And in the cludis gett the Antechrift,  
 Quhill all the air infeck of thair pvsoun. 30

Vndir Saturnus fyrie regioun  
 Symone Magus fall meit him and Mahoun,  
 And Merlyne at the mone fall him be bydand,  
 And Jonet the weido on ane buffome rydand,  
 Off wichifs with ane windir garefoun. 35

And syne thay fall discend with reik and fyre,  
 And preiche in erth the Antechryfts impyre,  
 Be than it falbe neir this warldis end.  
 With that this lady sone fra me did wend;  
 [Sleipand and walkand wes frustrat my defyr.<sup>1</sup>] 40

<sup>1</sup> This line, omitted in Ban. MS., is taken from Maitland folio MS.

Quhen I awoik my dreame it wes fo nyce,  
 Fra every wicht I hid it as a vyce;  
 Quhill I hard tell be mony futhfast wy,  
 Fle wald ane abbot vp in to the fky,  
 And all his fethreme maid wes at devyce.

45

Within my hairt confort I tuke full sone;  
 Adew, quod I, My drery dayis ar done;  
 Full weill I wist to me wald nevir cum thrift,  
 Quhill that twa monis wer sene vp in the lift,  
 Or quhill ane abbot flew aboif the mone.

Fol. 134. a.

50

*Quod Dumbar.*

## CXLIV.

[*All to Lufe and nocht to Fenyie.*]

**A**LL to lufe and nocht to fenyie,  
**A**ll to pure and nocht to plenyie;  
 Sic freitis I hald nocht wirth a fafs,  
 Harkin and I fall tell yow fow it wafs.  
 Befoir the evin, with licht of day,  
 I hard ane sweit full softly say,  
 Ga way, my ioy, and latt me be,  
 Put nocht your hand abone my kne.  
 Ye hurt me now, schirro your fais,  
 Quhy lift ye vp sa heiche my clais?  
 My moder heiris ye gar me cry;  
 Do away man for your courtesy.  
 My heid gois to and all is bair;  
 Be God, me think, na thing ye spair.

5

10

Is nocht this ane joly werk?	15
Schirro your thowmis, ye ryfe my fark.	
Be God ye ar our leth to leif,	
Quhat devill is that in to your neif?	
Ye hurt me with your quhinyear heft,	
Will nocht yit this rippet be left?	20
I wald nocht trewly for twenty pound,	
In to this place we twa wer found.	
He sayis, My luve, my joy, my blifs,	
Now all the world will wit of this;	
Quhat garris yow cry me for to skar?	25
Be God ye fall nocht be the war;	
Quha saw evir the maikis of yow,	
God latt nevir your hairt be fow.	
Quha saw evir a man sa thra?	
Hald vp your handis and latt me ga.	30
And he said nevir a word agane,	
Bot ay he said, Latt me allane.	
I schro your hairt, ye hurt my theifs;	
Now all this toun this rippet seifs.	
Haill or haill quhat do ye now?	35
Allace! allace! ye thrift me throw.	
Now, walloway, is thair no help?	
Yit fall I gif your cheik a skelp,	
I fall yow skart quhill that ye bleid.	
He said than, Ya, ya, God forbeid,	40 Fol. 134. b.
Your bonat I fall kaft away,	
Bot gif ye ceifs your fowle deray,	
Wes nevir nane drest on this wyifs.	
I cry yow mercy a thousand fyifs,	
A gentill man gif that ye be,	45
Ye will me schaw sum courtasie;	
Your labour is nocht wirth a leik,	
Ye ar the war sen we wer meik.	
Do away, scho said, Or yie be band,	

The toder wird is evin at hand.	50
Be God I put yow out of weir,	
Ye did nocht of forfs this fevin yeir;	
Nor yit nocht ane of your breder,	
I schiro the feit that brocht yow hedder.	
Now, mon, I latt yow all allane,	55
Sa help me God my end is gane;	
Yit I will nocht ga fla my fell;	
Bot, be yone kirk, I fall fure tell,	
Als fast as I fall cum hame,	
Sa help me God, Ifs tell my deme;	60
And ony body fynd ws heir,	
We ar bath schamit all this yeir,	
That we haif dwelt heir so lang.	
Hame, in faith, I dar nocht gang;	
Go with me to yone yairdis end,	65
Quhair we may pafs away vnkend.	
Than he and scho went on togidder;	
With that his hairt begowd to fwidder;	
He tuke his leif and kift the bricht,	
And syne he went out of hir sicht.	70
How it wes eftir I can nocht tell,	
For speiking spair I nocht to spell.	

*Explicit.*

CXLV.

[*Mony Man makis Ryme and lukis to no Resfoun.*]

**M**ONY man makis ryme and lukis to no resfoun.  
 Ane king fekand trefoun  
 He may fynd land. Trest nocht in the band

That is oft brokin. A fule quhen he hes spokkin  
 He is all done. He fuld weir yrn schone 5  
 Suld byd a manis deid. Quhen the falt is in the heid  
 The menbaris ar feik. A woman thocht scho be meik  
 Scho is ill to know. Men glosifs the law  
 Oft aganis the pure. Quha spendis his gud on a hure  
 He hes bayth skayth and schame. He that can nocht gang hame 10  
 Is a pure man. Menis or thay began  
 Suld think on the end. Prefs nocht to spend Fol. 1  
 Bot gife thow think to win. Commounly auld fyn  
 Makis new schame. Bettir is gud name  
 Nor evill win geir. He that vñs maift to sweir 15  
 Is nocht best trowd. A tre is best bowd  
 Quhen that it is young. Quha rewlis weill his tounge  
 He may be comptit wyifs. Gud win at the dyifs  
 Riches nocht the air. And a woman that is fair  
 Is nocht happin gude. Ane colt of a gud stude 20  
 Happynnis to be best. Gud ma nocht lang left  
 That is evill win. A work weill begon  
 Hes the bettir end. Preifs nocht to spend  
 Our mekle on a fule. It is dith to cry yule  
 On ane vder manis coift. He fall hounger in froft 25  
 In heit that will nocht wirk. Obey weill to the kirk  
 And thow fall fair the better. A woman keipit in fetter  
 Is ane ill treffour. Eit and drynk with mesfour  
 And defy the leich. A man mekle of speiche  
 Quhylomis mon lie. Think ay that thow mon de 30  
 And thow fall nocht glaidly fyn. A man may be of grit kin  
 And rycht littill worth. A fule bidis job furth  
 And hes baith spur and wand. Bettir is a man but land  
 Nor land but man. He that cumis of evill clan  
 Wyifs men suspeckis. A skabbit scheip infeckis 35  
 All the haill flok. Quhairof ferwis the lok  
 And the theif in the hous. It makis a perte mowfs  
 Ane vnhardy catt. A swyne that is richt fatt

Cauffis hir awin deid. Pairte nevir at feid  
 Fra hame with thy wyfe. Fle ay fra ftryfe, 40  
 A sweit thing is peifs. All may nocht be leifs  
 That every man sayifs. Thow ma mend twa nayifs  
 With anis said ye. He is nocht fa waik a fae  
 Bot he may quhylome noy. It is esiar to distroy  
 Befer, nor till big. He that is vfd to thig 45  
 Is laith to leif the craft. Ane awld man is fow daft  
 That weddis a young woman. Thow mon trow in fum man  
 Or thow hes ill lyfe. Be thow joloufs of thy wyfe  
 Scho will do the war. Quha handillis pik or tar  
 He is nocht haifty clene. A wound quhen it is grene 50  
 Is the foner heilit. A byle that is lang beilit  
 Brekis at the last. Auld kyndnes past  
 Suld nocht be foryett. Be blyth at thi meit,  
 Devoit in distres. For littill mair or lefs  
 Mak thow na debait. Bettir is the hie gait 55 Fol. 135. b.  
 Nor the by rod. He that dowttis nocht God  
 Sall nocht fail to fall. He that cuvatis all  
 Is abill to tyne. About myne and thyne  
 Ryfsis mekle ftryfe. He hes a gratius lyfe  
 That can be content. A bow that is lang bent 60  
 It will wax dull. He that wattis quhen he is full  
 He is na fule. Put mony to the scule,  
 All will nocht be clerkis. At every dowg that berkis  
 Men suld nocht be movit.<sup>1</sup> A man weill luvit  
 He is nocht pure. Grit lawbor and cure 65  
 Makis a man auld. A gud taill evill tald  
 Is spilt in the telling. In bying and felling  
 Is mony fals aith. Commounly gud cleth  
 Is best cheip. Quha cuvattis farrest to leip  
 Mon quhylumis gang abak. 70  
 Thus schortnes of wit movit me to mak.

*Explicit.*

<sup>1</sup> *Crabit* first written and deleted.

## CXLVI.

[*My Guddame wes ane gay Wyfe.*]

**M**Y guddame wes ane gay wyfe, bot scho wes rycht gend,  
 Scho dwelt far furth in France on Falkland fell;  
 Thay callit hir Kynd Kittok sa quha weill hir kend;  
 Scho wes lyk a caldrone cruk cleir vnder kell,  
 Thay threipit scho deid of thrift and maid a gud end. 5  
 Eftir hir deid scho dreidit nocht in Hevin to dwell,  
 And so to Hevin the hie way dreidles scho wend,  
 Yit scho wanderit and yeid by to ane elrich well;  
 And thair scho met, as I wene,  
 Ane ask rydand on ane snail; 10  
 Scho cryd, Ourtane fallow, haill, haill,  
 And raid ane inch behind the tail,  
 Quhill it wes neir ene.

Sua scho had hap to be horst to hir harbry,  
 At ane ailhoufs neir Hevin it nychtit thame thair; 15  
 Scho deit for thrift in this warld that gart hir be so dry,  
 Scho eit nevir meit bot drank our missour and mair;  
 Scho sleipit quhill the morne at none and rais airyly;  
 And to the yettis of Hevin fast coud scho fair,  
 And by Sanct Petir, in at the yett scho stall prevely. 20  
 God lukit and saw hir lattin in and luch his hairt fair;  
 And thair yeiris fevin  
 Scho levit ane gud lyfe,  
 And wes our Leddeis henwyfe,  
 And held Sanct Petir in stryfe, 25  
 Ay quhill scho wes in Hevin.

Scho lukit owt on a day and thocht verry lang,  
 To se the ailhoufs befyd in till ane evill hour;

Fol. 136. a.

And out of Hevin the hie gait cowth the wyfe gang  
 For to gett ane frefche drink, the haill of Hevin wes four. 30  
 Scho come agane to Hevinis yet, quhen that the bell rang,  
 Sanct Petir hit hir with a club, quhill a grit clour  
 Raifs on hir heid behind, becaufs the wyfe yeid wrang;  
 And than to the ailhoufs agane scho ran the pitscheris to pour,  
 Thair to brew and to baik. 35  
 Freyndis, I pray yow hairtfully,  
 Gife ye be thrifty or dry,  
 Drynk with my guddame, quhen ye gang by,  
 Anis for my faik.

*Explicit.*

CXLVII.

[*Man sen thy Lyfe is ay in Weir.*]

MAN sen thy lyfe is ay in weir,  
 And Deid is evir drawand neir, •  
 The tyme vnficker and the place;  
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

Gif it be thyne thy felf it vñs, 5  
 Gif it be nocht the it refusis,  
 Ane vthir of it the proffeit hefs;  
 Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes spaifs.

Thow may to day haif gude to spend,  
 And heftely to morne fra it wend, 10  
 And leif ane vthir thy baggis to braifs;  
 Thy awin gud spend quhill thow hes space.

Quhill thow hes space fe thow dispone,  
 That for thy geir quhen thow art gone,



No wicht ane vder flay nor chace; 15  
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes space.

Sum all his dayis dryvis our in vane,  
Ay gadderand geir with forrow and pane,  
And nevir is glaid at Yule nor Paifs;  
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes space. 20

Syne cumis ane vder glaid of his forrow,  
That for him prayit nowdir evin nor morrow,  
And fangis it all with mirrynais;  
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes space.

Sum grit gud gadderis and ay it spairis, 25  
And eftir him thair cumis yung airis,  
That his auld thrift settis on ane efs;  
Man, thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes space.

It is all thyne that thow heir spendis,  
And nocht all that on the dependis, 30 Fol. 136. b.  
Bot his to spend it that hes grace;  
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes spais.

Treft nocht ane vthir will do the to,  
It that thy felf wald nevir do,  
For gife thow dois, strenge is thy cace; 35  
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes spais.

Luke how the bairne dois to the muder,  
And tak example be nane vdder,  
That it nocht eftir be thy cace;  
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes space. 40

*Quod* Dumbar.

## CXLVIII.

[*In Tiberus tyme, the trew Imperiour.*]

**I**N Tiberus tyme, the trew Imperiour,  
 Quhen Tynto hillis fra skraiping of toun henis wes keipit,  
 Thair dwelt ane grit gyre carling in awld Betokis bour,  
 That leuit vpoun christiane menis flesche and rewth heidis vnleipit.  
 Thair wynnit ane hir by, on the west fyd, callit Blafour, 5  
 For lue of hir lawchane lippis he walit and he weipit;  
 He gadderit ane menyie of modwartis to warp down the tour.  
 The carling with ane yrne club, quhen that Blafour fleipit,  
 Behind the heill scho hatt him sic ane blaw;  
 Quhill Blafour bled ane quart 10  
 Off milk pottage inwart,  
 The carling luche, and lut fart

North Berwik Law.

The king of Fary than come with elffis mony ane,  
 And fett ane sege and ane falt with grit penfallis of pryd; 15  
 And all the doggis fra Dumbar wes thair to Dumblane,  
 With all the tykis of Tervei come to thame that tyd;  
 Thay gnew down with thair gomes mony grit ftane.  
 The carling schup hir in ane sow and is hir gaitis gane,  
 Gruntlyng our the Greik sie, and durst na langer byd, 20  
 For brukling of bargane and breking of browis.  
 The carling now for dispyte  
 Is mareit with Mahomyte,  
 And will the doggis interdyte,

For scho is quene of Jowis.

Senfyne the coddie of Crawmound crew nevir a day,  
 For dule of that devillisch deme wes with Mahoun mareit,  
 And the hennis of Hadingtoun senfyne wald nocht lay,  
 For this wyld wilroun wich thame widlit fa and wareit.  
 And the same North Berwik Law, as I heir wyvis say, 30

This carling with a fals cast wald away carreit,  
 For to luk on quha sa lykis na langer scho tareit.  
 All this langour for lufe befoirtymes fell,  
 Lang or Betok wes born,  
 Scho bred of ane accorne.  
 The laif of the story to morne  
 To yow I fall tell.

Fol. 137. a.

35

*Explicit.*

## CXLIX.

*[Rycht airlie on Ask Weddinsday.]*

**R**YCHT airlie on Ask Weddinsday,  
 Drynkand the wyne satt cumeris tway;  
 The tane cowth to the tother complene,  
 Graneand and fuppand cowl scho fay,  
 This lang Lentern makis me lene.

5

On cowch besyd the fyre scho satt,  
 God wait gif scho wes grit and fatt,  
 Yit to be feble scho did hir fene;  
 And ay scho said, Latt preif of that,  
 This lang Lentern makis me lene.

10

My fair, fweit cummer, quod the tuder,  
 Ye tak that nigirtnefs of your muder;  
 All wyne to test scho wald disdane  
 Bot mavafy, scho bad nane vder;  
 This lang Lentern makis me lene.

15

Cummer, be glaid both evin and morrow,  
 Thocht ye fuld bayth beg and borrow,

Fra our lang fasting ye yow refrene,  
And latt your husband dre the sorrow;  
This lang Lantern makis me lene. 20

Your counfale, cummer, is gud, quod scho,  
All is to tene him that I do,  
In bed he is nocht wirth a bene;  
Fill fow the glaſs and drynk me to;  
This lang Lentrone makis me lene. 25

Off wyne owt of ane choppyne ſtowp,  
They drank twa quartis, ſowp and ſowp,  
Of drowth ſic exceſs did thame conſtrene;  
Be than to mend thay had gud howp;  
This lang Lentrone makis me lene. 30

*Quod Dumbar.*

CL.

*The Wowing of Jok and Jynny.*

ROBEYNS Jok come to wow our Jynny,  
On our feiſt evin quhen we wer ſow;  
Scho brankit faſt and maid hir bony,  
And ſaid, Jok, come ye for to wow?  
Scho birneift her, baith breift and brow, 5  
And maid hir cleir as ony klok;  
Than ſpak hir deme, and ſaid, I trow  
Ye come to wow our Jynny, Jok. Fol. 137. b.

Jok ſaid, Forfuth I yern full fane  
To luk my heid, and ſit down by yow;  
Than ſpak hir modir and ſaid agane, 10  
My bairne hes tocher gud annwch to ge yow.

Te he, quod Jynny, Keik, keik, I fe yow;  
 Muder, yone man makis yow a mok.  
 I schro the, lyar, full leis me yow, 15  
 I come to wow your Jynny, quod Jok.

My berne, scho sayis, hes of hir awin,  
 Ane gufs, ane gryce, ane cok, ane hen,  
 Ane calf, ane hog, ane futebraid fawin,  
 Ane kirn, ane pin, that ye weill ken, 20  
 Ane pig, ane pot, ane raip thair ben,  
 Ane fork, ane flaik, ane reill, ane rok,  
 Dischis and dublaris nine or ten;  
 Come ye to wow our Jynny, Jok?

Ane blanket, and ane wecht also, 25  
 Ane schule, ane schein, and ane lang flail,<sup>1</sup>  
 Ane ark, ane almry, and laidillis two,  
 Ane milk fyth, with ane swyne taill,  
 Ane rowsty quhittill to scheir the kaill,  
 Ane quheill, ane mell the beir to knok, 30  
 Ane coig, ane caird wantand ane naill;  
 Come ye to wow our Jynny, Jok?

Ane furme, ane furlet, ane pott, ane pek,  
 Ane tub, ane barrow, with ane quheilband,  
 Ane turf, ane troch, and ane meil fek, 35  
 Ane spurtill braid, and ane elwand.  
 Jok tuk Jynny be the hand,  
 And cryd ane feist, and flew ane cok,  
 And maid a brydell vp alland;  
 Now haif I gottin your Jynny, quod Jok. 40

Now, deme, I haif your bairne mareit,  
 Suppoifs ye mak it nevir fa twche,  
 I latt yow wit schofs nocht miskareit,  
 It is weill kend I haif annwch;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> First written *four lang flailis*.

<sup>2</sup> Originally written *gud haif I annwch*.

Ane crukit gloyd fell our ane huch, 45  
Ane spaid, ane speit, ane spur, ane sok,  
Withouthin oxin I haif a pluche;  
To gang to giddir Jynny and Jok.

I haif ane helter, and eik ane hek,  
Ane cord, ane creill, and als ane cradill, 50 Fol. 138. a.  
Fyve fiddir of raggis to stuff ane jak,  
Ane auld pannell of ane laid sadill,  
Ane pepper polk maid of a padill,  
Ane spounge, ane spindill wantand ane nok,  
Twa lusty lippis to lik ane laiddill; 55  
To gang to gidder Jynny and Jok.

Ane brechame, and twa brochis fyne,  
Weill buklit with a brydill renye,  
Ane fark maid of the lynkome twyne,  
Ane gay grene cloke that will nocht stenye, 60  
And yit for mifter I will nocht senye,  
Fyive hundreth fleis now in a flok;  
Call ye that nocht ane joly menye?  
To go to giddir Jynny and Jok.

Ane trene truncheour, ane ramehorne spone, 65  
Twa buttis of barkit blasnit ledder,  
All graith that ganis to hobbill schone,  
Ane thrawcruk to twyne ane tedder,  
Ane brydill, ane girth, and ane fwyne bledder,  
Ane maskene fatt, ane fetterit lok, 70  
Ane scheip weill keipit fra ill wedder;  
To gang to giddir, Jynny and Jok.

Tak thair for my pairte of the feift,  
It is weill knawin I am weill bodin;  
Ye may nocht say my pairte is leift. 75  
The wyfe said, Speid, the kaill are foddin,

And als the laverok is fuft and loddin;  
 Quhen ye haif done tak hame the brok.  
 The roft wes twche, fa wer thay bodin;  
 Syne gaid to giddir bayth Jynny and Jok.

80

*Explicit.*<sup>1</sup>

## CLI.

*[O Gallandis all, I cry and call.]*

O GALLANDIS all, I cry and call,  
 Keip strenth quhill that ye haif it;  
 Repent ye fall quhen ye ar thrall,  
 Fra tyme that dub be lavit.

With wantoun yowth thocht ye be cowth,  
 With curage he on loft,  
 Suppoifs girt drowth cum in your mowth,  
 Be war drynk nocht our oft.

5

Tak bot at lift suppoifs ye thrift,  
 Your mowth at lafer cule;  
 In mynd folist weill to refist,  
 Langer leftis yeir nor Yule.

10

Fol. 138. b.

Thocht ye ryd foft, caft nocht ouer oft  
 Your speir in to the reift;  
 With stufe uncoft fett vpoun loft,  
 Anwch is evin a feift.

15

In luvis grace suppoifs ye trace,  
 Thinkand your fell abone,

<sup>1</sup> *Quod* Clerk has been written here, but afterwards erased.

Ye ma percaifs cast daweifs efs,  
And fwa be lothit sone. 20

Fra tyme ye stank in to the bank,  
And drypoynt puttis in play,  
Ye tyne the thank, man, hald ane hank,  
Or all be past away.

Fra thow ryn towme, als I prefowme, 25  
Thow hes bayth skaith and skorn,  
The to consowme with fir allowme,  
That bourd may be forborne.

Far in that play, gif I futh fay,  
Gud will is nocht allowit; 30  
Gife thow nocht may, ga way, ga way,  
Than art thow all forhowit.

Confiderance hes no lovance,  
Fra thow be bair thair ben;  
At that femlance is no plesance, 35  
Quhen pithlefs is thy pen.

Quhen thow hes done thy dett abone,  
Forfochin in the feild,  
Scho will fay sone, Gett the ane spone,  
Adew baith speir and scheid. 40

Fra thow inlaikis to lay on straikis,  
Fra hyne, my sone, adew;  
Than thy rowme waikis ane vder taikis,  
That folace to perfew.

Quhill branys ar big abone to lig, 45  
Gud is in tyme to ceifs;  
To tar and tig, fyne grace to thig,  
That is ane petoufs preifs.



Thairfoir be war, hald the on far,  
 Sic chaif wair for to pryifs; 50  
 To tig and tar, fyne get the war,  
 It is evill merchandyifs.

Mak thow na vant our oft to hant 50l. 139. a.  
 In places dern thair down;  
 Fra tyme thow want, that stuf is skant, 55  
 To borrow in the town.

Few honour wynnys in to that innys,  
 For schutting at the schellis;  
 Out of thair schynnis the substansce rynnys,  
 Thay gett no genyell ellis. 60

In tyme latt be, I counfall the,  
 Use nocht that offerand stok;  
 Quhen thay the se thay bleir thyne e,  
 And makis at the ane mok.

Thocht thow suppoifs haif at thy choifs, 65  
 I reid the for the nanis,  
 Keip stuf in poifs, tyne nocht thy hoifs,  
 Wair nocht all in that wanis.

Fra tyme scho se vndir thyne e,  
 The brawin away doun muntis, 70  
 Than game and gle ganis nocht for the,  
 Thow man, latt be sic huntis.

Fra thow luk chest, adew that faist,  
 To hunt in to that schaw,  
 Quhen on that beist at thy requeist, 75  
 Thy kennettis will nocht kaw.

Within that stowp fra tyme thow sowp,  
 And wirdis to be fweir,

And makis a stop quhen they fuld hop,  
Adew the thriffill deir.

80

Thairfoir albeid thy houndis haif speid,  
To ryn our oft latt be;  
In thy maift neid, sum tyme but dreid,  
Thay will rebutit be.

Ouer oft to hound in vnkowth ground,  
Thow ma tak vp vnbaittit;  
Thairfoir had bound thocht scho be found,  
Or dreid thy doggis be flaittit.

85

Scho is nocht ill that sittis still,  
Perfewit in the fait;  
That beift scho will gif the thy fill,  
Quhill thow be evin chakmait.

90

Suppoifs thow reinge our all the grenge,  
And feik baith fyk and fwche,  
Till will scho menge and mak it ftrenge,  
And gif the evin anwche.

95 Fol. 139. b.

Thair with awyifs suppoifs scho ryifs,  
Laich vndir thy fute,  
Bot thow be wyifs, scho will suppryifs  
Thy houndis and thame rebute.

100

In tyme abyd, the feildis ar wyde,  
I counfall the, gude bruder;  
Evill is the gyd that faillis but tyde,  
Syne raclefs is the ruder.

Hunttaris, adew, gif ye perfew  
To hunt at every beift,  
Ye will it rew, thair is anew,  
Thairto haif ye no haift.

105

With ane O and ane I,  
 Ye huntaris all and fum,  
 Quhen best is play, pafs hame away,  
 Or dreid war eftir cum.

110

*Quoth Balnevis.*

*The Flytting betuix the Sowtar and the Tailyour.*

CLII.

[*Thow leifs, Loun, thow leifs.*]

THOW leifs, loun, thow leifs,  
 Yone are fowttaris that thow feifs,  
 Law kneiland on thair kneifs,  
     Thair godis till adorne.  
 Be Sanct Garnega that grym gaift,  
 To heir thair hairfnefs in haift,  
 Of moltin tauche thay tak a test,  
     On Monondayis at morn.

5

To hald thame helfum at hairt,  
 Sum of vly fpewis ane quairt,  
 Sum ane pynt to his pairt,  
     Off fowll fowttar blek.  
 Sum fittis and fum fewis,  
 Vthir fum vly fpewis,  
 Bot he keipis weill his kewifs,  
     Spowttis in his marrowis nek.

10

15

Of moltin tawch quhen they want,  
 Sir Garnyga will gif ane gant,  
 And fpew ane pynt at a pant,  
     Off fowll vly ba.

20

Wald every man do as I,  
 Quhan evir we saw thame we suld cry,  
 Fy on thame, fy, fy,  
 Out fowll Garniga.

*Explicit.*

CLIII.

[*Falss clatterand Kensy, kuckald Knaif.*]

FALSS clatterand kensy, kuckald knaif,  
 Blasphemand baird in thy backbytting,  
 Off me thow fall an answer haif;  
 Cum furth, fowmart, and face thy slytting.  
 War nor ane warlo in thy wrytting,  
 Thow Sathanas feid ay sett to evill,  
 Mandrag, mymmerkyn and mismaid mytting,  
 I fall the counger lyk the Devill.

5 Fol. 140. a.

Fy on the telyour that never wes trew,  
 Fra claith weill can thow clyth ane clowt;  
 Of stowin stommokis baith reid and blew,  
 Ane bagfow anis thow bur abowt.  
 They fallowit the with cry and schowt,  
 Ha, hald the theif that stall the claith;  
 Thow wilbe hangit, haif thou no dowt,  
 For mony presumptous forsworn aith.

10

15

Amangis the wyffis it falbe wittin,  
 Thow wes ane knakcatt in the way,  
 For lowfy seims that thow haft bittin,  
 Thy gwmis are giltin quhair evir thow gay.

20

Thy cowche is on a fonk of stray,  
 Peild pricloufs of ane pudding pryce,  
 Breik bowchour on ane sonny bray;  
 Wa worth the, wailflour, wirriar of lyce.

Thow yeid with elwand, fcheir and thymmill, 25  
 Full mony a day feikand thy craft;  
 For halfpennyis thy hand yeid nymmill,  
 Gritt bladis and bittis thow ftall full aft.  
 Quha delt with the thay wer fow daft,  
 For on thy bak, as all men kennis, 30  
 Wer brokin full mony ane gud ax fchaft,  
 For wrangus geir of vthir menis.

Thy wyif wount ane man fcho gatt,  
 Of the quhen that thow wes weill brankit,  
 And fcho gat but ane cur knakcatt, 35  
 Ane fowll taid cairle, all tailyour fchankit.  
 For clayis that thow mifmaid and mankit,  
 Thow dar nocht dwell quhair thow wes born;  
 Yit eftirwart thow falbe thankit,  
 Betuix Kirkcaldy and Kingorne. 40

*Explic.*

---

CLIV.

*To the Sowtar.*

THOU leis, loun, be this licht,  
 Yone ar fowttaris be ficht,  
 With hiddoufs hoift vpoun hicht,  
 Herkin and heir.



Tha blaisit, bla, bubly baggis,  
 Tha monstrowfs mandraggis  
 Wall myre ane studfull of staggis,  
 And fle thame throw beir.

5 Fol. 140. b.

Thair brym beir and thair boift,  
 To heir fa hairtly thay hoift,  
 In to the cranra and froft,  
 Tha freikis ar fa fant.

10

The fowttaris of this toun,  
 Off vly blek and talloun,  
 Ilk ane ane round galloun,  
 Thay gif at ane gant.

15

Quhen thair ganting is gane,  
 Thay gaip, thay glour, thay grane,  
 To heir the mvrnyng and the mane  
 They mak quhen they meit.

20

Thair teith so bawthfs and bluntis,  
 For cumring off cow cuntis,  
 And freting of yawd fruntis,  
 Thay yowyll and thay greit.

Thay greit ay glewand in glitt,  
 Thay host, thay spew, thay spitt,  
 As thay war woid out of witt,  
 Thay vary thair weird.

25

The laich ledder thay litt,  
 Oft in tene thay it titt,  
 And in sorrow ay thay sitt,  
 Bowdin and bleird.

30

Thay boldin blerit bawch blobbis,  
 Vncunnand catyvis, curst crobbis,  
 Fast vnfrely fowll flobbis,  
 And bubillis full lyk.

35

I dreid thir folkis do it fynd,  
 Thay haif the hurle ay behind,  
 The stynk that thay mak in the wind  
     Will Flanderis infeck.

40

Infeck Flanderis and fyle,  
 And abowt mony a myle,  
 Kulrofs, Karrik and Kyle,  
     Linlythgw and Lude.  
 Fra sons and seill we thame fyle,  
 And givis thame ane hie fyle,  
 Off all the warld the most vyle,  
     Schortly to conclude.

45

Your girnand god, grit Garnega,  
 For butis and schone that ye deir sell,  
 In to this warld mot wirk yow wa,  
 Syne haif yow harlottis vnto Hell,  
 To fitt in to that fitty sell,  
 With Sathan in that deip dungeoun.  
 We fall pray for yow be the<sup>1</sup> bell,  
 Sa that this derth ye will put down;  
     Do ye nocht this,  
 Hairtly to pray,  
 Be God verrey,  
 That ye nevir gay  
     To Hevins blifs.

50

Fol. 141.a.

55

60

*Quod Stewart.*

*Answer to this foirsaid in folio 144.*

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *the* repeated.

## CLV.

*[In Somer quhen Flouris will smell.]*

**I**N fomer quhen flouris will smell,  
 As I fure our fair feildis and fell,  
 Allone I wanderit by ane well,  
     On Weddinfday;  
 I met a cleir vndir kell, 5  
     A weifaird may.

Scho had ane hatt vpoun hir heid,  
 Off claver cleir bayth quhyt and reid,  
 With catclukis strynklit in that steid,  
     And fynkill grene; 10  
 Wit ye weill to weir that weid  
     Wald weill hir feme.

Ane pair of beidis abowt hir thrott,  
 Ane Agnus Day with nobill nott,  
 Jyngland weill with mony joitt, 15  
     War singand down;  
 It wes full ill to fynd ane moit  
     Vpoun hir gown.

Alfs fone as I that schene cowth fe,  
 I halfit hir with hairt maift fre; 20  
 I luve yow leill, and nocht to le,  
     Wald ye me lane?  
 Out hay, quod scho, My joy, latt be,  
     Ye speik in vane.

Quhat is the thing that ye wald haif? 25  
 Na thing bot a kifs I craif,  
 As I that luvis yow our the laif,  
     Wald ye me trow.



Gif that yow may of sorrow fall  
 Cum tak it now.

30

Than kiff I hir anis or twyis,  
 And scho to grantill as a gwyis:  
 Allace! quod scho, I am vnywis,  
 That is so meik;  
 It is lyk that ye had eith pyis,  
 Ye are so freit.

35

My hatt is yours of proper dett,  
 And on my heid scho couth it sett,  
 Than in my armes I couth hir plett,  
 And scho to thraw.  
 Allace! quod scho, ye gar me swett,  
 Ye wrik so flaw.

40

Than down we fell bayth in feir,  
 Allace! quod scho, that I come heir,  
 I trow this labour I may yow leir,  
 Thocht I be ying;  
 Yit I feir I fall by full deir,  
 Your sweet kissing.

45 Fol 141. b

Quhen I was grathit in hir geir,  
 Scho said scho comptit me nocht a peir,  
 Sen ye haif wonnyn me on weir,  
 Do furth at anis.  
 Thairwith I schot be neth hir scheir,  
 Deip to the stanis.

50

Than to ly still scho wald nocht blin.  
 Allace! said scho, my awin sweit thing,  
 Your courtly fukking garis me fling,  
 Ye wrik so weill;

55

<sup>1</sup> MS. has // ::.

I fall yow cuver quhen that ye clyng,  
So haif I feill. 60

Sen ye stummer nocht for my skippis,  
Bot hald your taikill by my hippis,  
I byd a quafill of your quhippis,  
Thocht it be mirk;  
Bot and ye will, I schrew the lippis, 65  
That first fall irk.

Als fone as we our deid had done,  
Scho reifs fone vp and askit hir schone,  
Als tyrd as scho had wefchin a spone.  
To yow I fay, 70  
This aventur anis to me come,  
On Weddinfday.

*Explicit.*

CLVI.

*Sum Practysis of Medecyne.*

GUK, guk, gud day, schir, gaip quhill ye get it,  
Sic greting may gane weill gud laik in your hude;  
Ye wald deir me, I trow, becaufs I am dottit,  
To ruffill me with a ryme, na, schir, be the rude,  
Your saying I haif fene, and on fyd set it, 5  
As geir of all gadding, glaikit nocht gude;  
Als your medecyne by mefour I haif meit met it,  
The quhilk I stand ford ye nocht vnderstude,  
Bot wrett on as ye culd to gar folk wene;

For feir my loughis wes flaft, 10  
 Or I wes dottit or daft,  
 Gife I can ocht of the craft,  
 Heir be it fene.

Becaus I ken your cunnyng in to cure  
 Is clowtit and clampit and nocht weill cleird, 15  
 My prettik in pottingary ye trow be als pure,  
 And lyk to your lawitnes, I schrew thame that leid;  
 Is nowdir fevir, nor fell, that our the feild fure,  
 Seiknes nor fairnes in tyme gif I feid,  
 Bot I can libthame and leichethame fra lame and lefure, 20  
 With sawis thame found mak: on your faule beid  
 That ye be sicker of this sedull I fend yow,  
 With the futhfaft seggis, Fol. 142. a.  
 That glean all egeis,  
 With Dia and dreggis, 25  
 Of malis to mend yow.

*Dia Culcakit.*

Cape cuk maid and crop the collerige,  
 Ane medecyne for the maw and ye cowth mak it,  
 With fueit fatlingis and fowrokis the sop of the sege,  
 The crud of my culome, with your teith crakit; 30  
 Lawrean and linget feid, and the luffage,  
 The hair of the hurcheoun nocht half deill hakkit,  
 With the snout of ane felch, ane swelling to swage;  
 This cure is callit in our craft Dia Culcakit.  
 Put all thir in ane pan with pepper and pik, 35  
 Syne fottin to this,  
 The count of ane fow kifs,  
 Is nocht bettir I wifs,  
 For the collik.

*Dia Longum.*

Recipe: thre ruggis of the reid ruke,	40
The gant of ane gray meir, the claik of ane gufs,	
The dram of ane drekterfs, the douk of ane duke,	
The gaw of ane grene dow, the leg of ane lowfs,	
Fyve vnce of ane fle wing, the fyn of ane fluke,	
With ane fleisfull of flak that growis in the flufs:	45
Myng all thir in ane mafs with the mone cruke;	
This vntment is rycht ganand for your awin vfs,	
With reid nettill feid in strang wefche to fleip,	
For to bath your ba cod,	
Quhen ye wald nop and nod,	50
Is nocht bettir, be God,	
To latt yow to fleip.	

*Dia Glaconicon.*

This Dia is rycht deir and denteit in daill,	
Caufs it is treft and trew, thairfoir that ye tak	
Sevin fobbis of ane felche, the quhidder of ane quhaill,	55
The lug of ane lempet is nocht to forsaik,	
The harnis of ane haddok, hakkit or haill,	
With ane bustfull of blude of the scho bak,	
With ane brewing caldrun full of hait caill,	
For it wilbe the softar and sweittar of the smak;	60
Thair is nocht sic ane lechecraft fra Lawdian to Lundin;	
It is clippit in our cannon	
Dia Glecolicon,	
For till fle awaye fon,	
Quhair fulis ar fundin.	65

*Dia Custrum.*

The ferd feifk is fyne, and of ane felloun pryce,	
Gud for haifing, and hofting, or heit at the hairt.	Fol. 142. b.

Recipe: thre sponfull of the blak spyce,  
 With ane grit gowpene of the gowk fart;  
 The lug of ane lyoun, the gufe of ane gryce; 70  
 Ane vnce of ane ofter poik at the nether parte,  
 Annoyntit with nurice doung, for it is rycht nyce,  
 Myngit with myfedirt and with mustart:  
 Ye may clamp to this cure, and ye will mak cost,  
 Bayth the bellox of ane brok, 75  
 With three crawis of the cok,  
 The schadow of ane yule stok,  
 Is gud for the host.

Gud nycht, guk, guk, for fa I began,  
 I haif no come at this tyme langer to tary, 80  
 Bot luk on this lettir, and leird gif ye can,  
 The prectik and poyntis of this pottingary;  
 Sir, minifter this medecyne at evin to fum man,  
 And, or pryme be past, my powder I pary,  
 They fall blifs yow or ellis bittirly yow ban; 85  
 For it fall fle thame, in faith, out of the fary:  
 Bot luk quhen ye gadder thir greffis and gerfs,  
 Outhir sawrand or four,  
 That it be in ane gud our;  
 It is ane mirk mirrour, 90  
 Ane vthir manis erfs.

*Quod* Mr. Ro' Henryfone.

---

CLVII.

[*Sym of Lyntoun, be the Ramis Horn.*]

SYM of Lyntoun, be the ramis horn,  
 Squhen Phebus rang in sing of Capricorn,

And the mone wes past the guffis cro,  
 Thair fell in France ane jeperdie forlo,  
 Be the grit kin of Babilon, Berdok, 5  
 That dwelt in fymmer in till ane bowkaill stok;  
 And in to winter, quhen the froftis are fell,  
 He dwelt for cauld in till a cokkil schell;  
 Kingis vfit nocht to weir clayis in tha dayis,  
 Bot yeid naikit as myne auctor sayis. 10  
 Weill coud he play in clarschocht and on lute,  
 And bend ane aiprim bow, and nipfshot schute,  
 He wes ane stalwart man of hairt and hand;  
 He wowit the golk sevin yeir of maryland,  
 Mayiola, and scho wes bot yeiris thre, 15  
 Ane bony bird and had bot ane e;  
 Neuirtheles king Berdok luvit hir weill,  
 For hir foirfute wes langar than hir heill.  
 The King Berdok he fure our se and land, Fol. 143. a.  
 To reveifs Mayok the golk of maryland, 20  
 And nane with him bot anc bow and ane bowtt;  
 Syne hapnit him to cum amang the nowtt,  
 And as this Berdok about him coud espy,  
 He saw Mayok milkand his mvderis ky,  
 And in ane creill vpoun hir bak hir keft; 25  
 Quhen he come hame it wes ane howlat nest,  
 Full of skait birdis, and than this Berdok grett,  
 And ran agane Meyok for to gett.  
 The King of Fary hir fader than blew out,  
 And socht Berdok all the land abowt, 30  
 And Berdok fled in till a killogy;  
 Thair wes no grace bot gett him or ellis die.  
 Thair wes the kingis of Pechtis and Portingail,  
 The king of Naippillis and Navern alhaill,  
 With bowis and brandis with fegis they vmbeset him, 35  
 Sum bad tak, fum flay, fum bad byd quhill thay get him;  
 Thay stellit gunis to the killogy laich,

And proppit gunis with bulettis of raw daich.  
 Than Jupiter prayit to god Saturn,  
 In liknes of anc tod he wald him turn; 40  
 Bot sone the gratioufs god Mercurius  
 Turnit Berdok in till ane braikane bufs;  
 And quhen thay saw the bufs waig to and fra,  
 Thay trowd it wes ane gaift, and thay to ga;  
 Thir fell kingis thus Berdok wald haif flane, 45  
 All this for lufe, luveris sufferis pane;  
 Boece said, of poyettis that wes flour,  
 Thocht lufe be fweit, aft fyifs it is full four.

*Explicit.*

## CLVIII.

*[I met my lady weil arrayit.]*

**I** MET my lady weil arrayit,  
 I halfit hir all vnaffreyit;  
 Scho wald nocht speik to me, as than  
 Scho blenkit on fyd and sone scho sayit,  
 Quhois aw yone man? 5

I said to hir, my lady deir,  
 I am and wes your prefoneir,  
 With all the seruice that I can.  
 At ane besyd syn cowth scho speir,  
 Ken ye yon man? 10

Haif ye so sone foryet<sup>1</sup> my name,  
 And all my seruice tynt bygane?

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *forget*.

Allace! the tyme I may fair ban.  
Be still, quod scho, greit nocht for schame;  
Quhat wald ye, man?

Fol. 143. b.

15

Your strangenes fair dois truble me,  
Quhill that I am in poynt to de;  
Sen first to lufe yow I began,  
I ken your wirdis ar fals and fle;  
Ga glaik yow, man.

20

Quha is this in my ledder so lait,  
A strange man gane by the gait?  
I schrew yow, for na gud ye cam;  
Ye handill me, quhill I am hait;  
Quhair ar ye, man?

25

Quhat neids yow girtly for to speir,  
Feill ye nocht me and I so neir?  
I am nocht fra your hairt a span,  
I know your labour is soft and fweir;  
Put fra yow, man.

30

He sayis, maistres, I haif gon mis,  
And I durft tell yow how it is.  
Quoth scho, Me thocht ye dwelt to lang;  
Now tak yow all that evir thair is;  
Be blyth, yung man.

35

Trow ye thus gait me to trane?  
I fe your labour is all in vane.  
I man hald to als a woman,  
Or ye haif endit ye wilbe gane;  
Haif at yow, man.

40

Quhen he had done he lichtit doun,  
To ryd his way he maid him boun.



Scho fayis to him, Be fweit Sanct An,  
 Me think ye ar in poynt to foun;  
 Ye dow nocht, man.

45

*Explicit.*

## CLIX.

*[I saw, me thocht, this hindir Nycht.]*

**I** SAW, me thocht, this hindir nycht,  
 A squyar and ane madin bricht,  
 Vn till a chalmer fast thame sped,  
 Bot ony vthir erdly wicht,  
 Allone to mak the lairdis bed.

5

• Quhen that the bed wes reddy maid,  
 He braift hir in his armes, and faid,  
 Wald ye your schankis lat me sched,  
 Ye suld be myne, and thairin laid,  
 And we durft spill the lairdis bed.

10

He put his hand in at hir spair,  
 And graipit dounwart, ye wait quhair.  
 Quoth he, This mowth wald fane be fed;  
 He sicht and his hairt was fair,  
 And durft not spill the lairdis bed.

15

To spill the bed it war a pane,  
 Quoth he, the laird will nocht be fane,  
 To fynd it towtit and ourtred.  
 Quod scho, I fall mak it agane,  
 And ye wald spill the lairdis bed.

Fol. 144. 1.

20

And I had yow in fum vthir place,  
That I micht speik, and no thing spair.  
Quod scho, Ye ma haif me vnled,  
Suppoifs it war ane myill and mair,  
With yow to spill the lairdis bed. 25

Yit I wald draw yow down, he fayis,  
Wer nocht for fyling of your clayis.  
Quhat rek? quod scho, I am weill cled;  
Ye ar our red for windil strayis,  
That dar nocht spill the lairdis bed. 30

Thair wes na bowk in till his breik;  
His doingis wes nocht wirth a leik.  
Fy on him, fowmart, now is he fled,  
And left the madin fwownyng feik,  
And durft nocht spill the lairdis bed. 35

*Explicit.*

CLX.

[*Rycht fane wald I my Quentans mak.*]

**R**YCHT fane wald I my quentans mak  
With Schir Penny; and wat ye quhy?  
He is a man will vndertak  
Landis for to fell and by;  
Thairfoir, me think, rycht fane wald I, 5  
With him in fellofchip to repair,  
Becaus he is in cumpany  
Ane noble gyd bayth laid and air.

Sir Penny for till hald in hand,  
 His cumpany thay think so fweit, 10  
 Sum givis na cair to sell his land,  
 With gud Schir Penny for to meit;  
 Becauks he is a noble spreit,  
 Ane firthy man, and ane foirseand;  
 Thair is no mater to end compleit, 15  
 Quhill he sett to his seill and hand.

Sir Penny is a vailycant man,  
 Off mekle strenth and dignitie,  
 And evir sen the warld began,  
 In to this land autoreift is he; 20  
 With King and Quene may ye nocht se,  
 Thay treit him ay so tendirly, Fol. 144. b.  
 That thair can na thing endit be,  
 Without him in thair cumpany.

Sir Penny is a man of law, 25  
 Witt ye weill, bayth wyifs and war,  
 And mony reffonis can furth schaw,  
 Quhen he is standand at the bar;  
 Is nane so wyifs can him defar,  
 Quhen he proponis furth ane ple, 30  
 Nor yit sa hardy man that dar  
 Sir Penny tyne or diffobey.

Sir Penny is baith scherp and wyifs,  
 The kirkis to steir he takkis on hand;  
 Disponar he is of benefyifs, 35  
 In to this realme, our all the land;  
 Is non so wicht dar him ganestand,  
 So wyifly can Schir Penny wirk,  
 And als Schir Symony his ferwand,  
 That now is gydar of the kirk. 40

Gif to the courte thow makis repair,  
 And thow haif materis to proclame,  
 Thow art vnable weill to fair,  
 Sir Penny and thow leif at hame;  
 To bring him furth thynk thow na schame, 45  
 I do the weill to vndirstand;  
 In to thy bag beir thow his name,  
 Thy mater cumis the bettir till hand.

Sir Penny now is maid ane owlle,  
 Thay wirk him mekle tray and tene, 50  
 Thay hald him in quhill he hair mowle,  
 And makis him blind of baith his ene;  
 Thairowt he is bot feyndill fene,  
 Sa fast thairin thay can him steik,  
 That pure commownis can nocht obtene 55  
 Ane dey to byd with him to speik.

---

CLXI.

*The Sowtar inveyand aganis the Telyeour sayis.*

QUHEN I come by yone telyeouris stall,  
 I saw ane lowifs creipand vp his wall;  
 Snop, quod the telyeour, snap, quod the scheiris,  
 Cokkis bownis, quod the lowifs, I haif loft mine eiris.

*Ane vder.*

Betuix twa foxis a crawling cok, 5  
 Betuix two freiris a maid in hir fmok,  
 Betuix twa cattis a mowifs,  
 Betuix twa telyeouris a lowifs;

Schaw me, gud fchir, nocht as a stranger,  
 Quhilk of thais four is grittest in denger?

10

*Ansuer.*

Fol. 145. a.

Foxis ar fell at crawing cökkis,  
 Freiris ar ferfs at maidis in thair smökkis;  
 Cattis ar cawtelus in taking of myifs,  
 Telyeouris ar tyrranis in kelling of lyifs.

*Explicit.*

---

CLXII.

[*He that hefs na Will to wirk.*]

**H**E that hefs na will to wirk;  
 Nor luvis nocht God nor haly kirk;  
 And hes no gudis for to spend;  
 Nor yit no freyndis, that will him mend;  
 And als no rentis, quhairon to leif;  
 And will nocht beg, thocht men wald geif;  
 And fyne is fund bayth fatt and fair;  
 How fall he byde the iustice air?

5

*Explicit.*

---

CLXIII.

[*And thow be drunken thow suld nocht think.*]

**A**ND thow be drunken thow suld nocht think,  
 To sett the wytt vpoun the drynk;

Nor sett nocht the blame vpoun the wyne,  
Gif thow it drinkis the wytt is thyne.

*Explicit.*

CLXIV.

[*Thair wes ane Channone in this Toun.*]

THAIR wes ane channone in this toun,  
He had ane kaip and that wes broun;  
He gaif it ane ja hir for to jaip,  
And scho wes yaip, and tuk the kaip,  
And of the fame scho maid ane gown.

5

*Explicit.*

CLXV.

[*Quha hes gud Malt and makis ill Drynk.*]

QUHA hes gud malt and makis ill drynk,  
Wa mot be hir werd;  
I pray to God scho rott and stynk,  
Sevin yeir abone the erd;  
Abowt hir beir na bell to clynk,  
Nor clerk sing, lawid nor lerd;  
Bot quytt to hell that scho may sink,  
The taptre quhyll scho steird.

5

    This beis my prayer  
    For that man fleyar,  
Quhill Christ in Hevin fall heird.

10

Quha brewis and gevis me of the best,  
 Sa it be stark and stail,  
 Quhyt and cleir, weill to degest,  
 In Hevin meit hir that aill.  
 Lang mot scho leif, lang mot scho left,  
 In lyking ane gude fail;  
 In Hevin or erd that wyfe be best,  
 Without barcett or bail.  
                     Quhen scho is deid,  
                     Withowttin pleid,  
 Scho pafs to Hevin all haill.

15  
 Fol. 145. b.

20

*Quod Allanis subdert.*

*Followis Sym and his Brudir.*

CLXVI.

[*Thair is no Story that I of heir.*]

**T**HAIR is no story that I of heir  
 Of Johine nor Robene Hude,  
 Nor yit of Wallace wicht but weir,  
 That me thinkis half so gude,  
 As of thir palmaris twa but peir,  
 To heir how thay conclude;  
 In to begging, I trow, fyve yeir  
 In Sanct Androis thay stude  
                     Togidder,  
 Bayth Sym and his bruder.

5

10

Thocht thay war wicht, I warrand yow  
 Thay had no will to wirk;

Thay maid thame burdownis nocht to bow,  
 Twa bewis of the birk,  
 Weill stobbit with steill, I trow, 15  
 To stik in to the mirk;  
 Bot fen thair bairdis grew on thair mow,  
 They saw nevir the Kirk  
                     Within,  
 Nowthir Sym nor his bruder. 20

Syne schupe thame vp to lowp our leifs,  
 Twa tabartis of the tartane;  
 Thay comptit nocht quhat thair clowtis weis,  
 Wes fewit thair on incertane;  
 Syne clampit vp Sanct Peteris keifs, 25  
 Bot of ane auld reid gartane;  
 Sanct James schellis on the tothir fyd fleuis,  
 As pretty as ony pertane  
                     Ta,  
 On Sym and his bruder. 30

Thus quhen thai had reddit thair ragis,  
 To Rome thay war inspyrit;  
 Tuk vp thair jaipis and all thair jaggis,  
 Fure furth as thay war hyrit;  
 And ay the eldest bure the baggis, 35  
 Quhen that the yungest tyrit;  
 Tuk counfall at Kinkellis craggis,  
 Come hame as thay war hyrit  
                     Agane,  
 Bath Sim and his bruther. 40

Than held thay houfs, as men me tellis, 45  
 And spendit of thair feis;  
 Quhen meit wes weit thay flew our fellis,  
 Als biffy as ony beis;



Syne clengit Sanct Jameis schellis, 45  
 And pecis of palme treis;  
 To se quha best the pardone spellis.  
 I schrew thame that ay leifs  
                     But lauchter,  
 Quod Syme to his bruder. 50

Quhen thay wer welthfull in thair wyning,  
 Thay puft thame vp in pryd,  
 Bot quhair that Symy leuit in synnyng,  
 His bruder wald haif ane bryd. 55  
 Hir wedoheid fra the begynning  
 Wes neir ane moneth tyd;  
 Gif scho wes spedy ay in spynning.  
 Tak witnefs of thame besyd  
                     Ilk ane,  
 Baith Sym and his bruder. 60

The carlis thay thikkit fast in cludis,  
 Agane the man was mareit,  
 With breid and beif and vthir budis,  
 Sym to the kirk thay kareit;  
 Bot or thay twynd him and his dudis, 65  
 The tyme of none wes tareit;  
 Wa worth this wedding, for be thir widis,  
 The meit is all miskareit  
                     To day,  
 Quod Sym and his bruder. 70

Our all the hous, be lyne and levall,  
 The ladis come to luk him,  
 To tak a justing of that javell,  
 The bryd wount nocht to bruk him;  
 Thay maneist him with mony nevell, 75  
 Than Symme raifs and schuk him;

I cleme to clergy, quod the cavell,

How dar thow cum to luk him

Yondir,

Quod Sum and his bruder.

80

With that the carle begowth to crak,

Glowrit vp and gaf a glufe;

His beird it wes als lang and blak,

That it hang our his moif;

He wes als lang vpoun the bak,

85

As evir wes Angus Dufe;

He sayis, This iusting I vndirtak,

My coit is of gud stufte,

Call to,

Quod Sym and his bruder.

90

He hoppit fa mycht na man hald him,

Fol. 146. b.

Said, Blame me bot I bind him;

I fall ourtak him, and that I tald him,

In yone feild, gife I fynd him.

On his gray meir fast furth thay cald him,

95

The flokis flew furth behind him,

Thay daschit him down, the dirt ourhaild him,

Than start thay to and tird him

Tycht,

Baith Sym and his bruder.

100

Than brak he lowfs, the horfs that bair him

Ran startling to Stratyrum,

And he gat vp, and Symme fwair him,

Ye meit nocht bot ye myr him;

Off that fowll courfs for to declair him,

105

The cairlis come to requyr him,

Than all the laddis tryd with a lairrum,

To flud him and to flyr him

Bayth,

Quod Syme and his bruder.

110

This was no bourdene to brown Hill,  
That gatt betwene the browis,  
And had no thing ado thairtill,  
As mony vder trowis;  
Bot come furth on his awin gud will,  
To squyar Johine of Mowis,  
He gatt ane sit vp in the schill,  
And that the laddis allowis  
Ilk ane,  
To Syme and his bruder.

Yob Symmer was the firrepman,  
Was nolthird of the toun,  
He faid, I will juft as I can,  
Sen he is strickin down.  
He gatt twa plaitis of ane awld pan,  
Ane breiftplait maid him boun;  
The firft rynk raif his mowth a span,  
And thair he fell in fwoun  
Almaift,  
Bayth Sym and his bruder.

Doun fra the leggis quhen he wes laift,  
He maid a peteoufs panting,  
He fwownit and he fwelt almaift,  
For gaping and for ganting.  
Abyd, quod the leich, I fe a waift,                     135  
His wrangtwth is in wanting,  
God faif him, and the Haly Gaift,  
And keip the man fra manting  
Mekle,  
Quod Suym and his bruder.                                 140

His mowth wes schent and fa forfchorne,  
Held nowdir wind nor watter,  
Fair weill all blaft of blawing horne,  
He mycht nocht do bot blatter.

Fol. 147. a.

He endis the story with harme forlorne; 145  
 The nolt begowth till skatter,  
 The ky ran startling to the corne;  
 Wa worth the tyme thow gat hir  
 Now,  
 Quod Symme till his bruder. 150

*Explicit.*<sup>1</sup>

CLXVII.

[*It that I gife I haif, it that I len I craif.*]

**I**T that I gife I haif, it that I len I craif,  
 It that I spend is myne, it that I leif I tyne;  
 Gett and faif, and thou fall haif;  
 Len and grant, and thou fall want.  
 Quha in welth takis no heid, 5  
 He fall haif falt in tyme of neid;  
 Quhen I len I am a freynd,  
 And quhen I craif I am vnkynd;  
 Thus of my freynd I mak a fo,  
 I schrew me and I moir do so. 10  
 A yong man chiftane, witlefs;  
 A pure man spendar, getles;  
 A auld man trechour, trewthlefs;  
 A woman lowpar, landlefs.  
 Be Sanct Jeill, fall nevir ane of thir do weill. 15  
 Tak tyme in tyme, and nocht diffar;  
 Quhen tyme is past ye ma do war.  
 Almichty God, grant till our king,  
 Sic grace that he in vertew ring,

<sup>1</sup> The author's name has been effaced here.

Sa that this realme ay gydit be  
 With justice, peax and dignite.  
 Bettir is to suffer, and fortoun abyd,  
 Than haiftely to clym, and foddonly to flyd.

20

*Quod quhay to quhome.*

---

CLXVIII.

*The Flyting of Dumbar and Kennedy.  
 Heir efter followis jocound and mirrie.*

[*Dumbar to Kennedy.*]

SCHIR Johine the Rofs, ane thing thair is compild,  
 In generale be Kennedy and Quinting,  
 Quhilk hes thame self aboif the sternis styld;  
 Bot had thay maid of mannace ony mynting,  
 In speciall sic stryfe fould ryfs but stynting;  
 Howbeit with boft thair breiftis wer als bendit,  
 As Lucifer that fra the Hevin discendit,  
 Hell fould nocht hyd thair harnis fra harmis hynting.

5

Fol. 147. b.

The erd fould trymbill, the firmament fould schaik,  
 And all the air in vennaum suddane stink,  
 And all the diuillis of hell for redour quaik,  
 To heir quhat I fuld wryt with pen and ynk;  
 For and I flyt, sum sege for schame fould sink,  
 The fe fould birn, the mone fould thoill ecclippis,  
 Rochis fould ryfe, the world fould hald no grippis,  
 Sa loud of cair the commoun bell fould clynk.

10

15

Bot wondir laith wer I to be ane baird,  
 Flyting to vse, for gritly I eschame,

For it is nowthir wynnyng nor rewaird,  
 Bot tinfale baith of honour and of fame, 20  
 Increfs of forrow, fklander and evill name;  
 Yit mycht thay be fa bald in thair bakbytting,  
 To gar me ryme and raifs the Feynd with flytting,  
 And throw all cuntreis and kinrikis thame proclame.

*Quod Dumbar to Kennedy.*

*[Kennedy to Dumbar.]*

Dirtin Dumbar, quhome on blawis thow thy boift, 25  
 Pretendand the to wryte sic skaldit fkrowis?  
 Ramowd rebald, thow fall doun att the roift,  
 My laureat lettres at the and I lowis.  
 Mandrag, mymmerkyn, maid maifter bot in mowfs,  
 Thryfs fcheild trumpir with ane threid bair gown; 30  
 Say, Deo mercy, or I cry the doun,  
 And leif thy ryming, rebald, and thy rowis.

Dreid, dirtfast dearch, that thow hes diffobeyit  
 My coufing Quintene, and my commiffar;  
 Fantastik fule, trest weill thow falbe fleyit; 35  
 Ignorant elf, aip, owll irregular,  
 Skaldit skaitbird, and commoun skamelar,  
 Wan fukkit funling that natour maid ane yrlle,  
 Baith Johine the Rofs and thow fall fqueill and fkirle,  
 And evir I heir ocht of your making mair. 40

Heir I put fylence to the in all pairtis,  
 Obey and ceifs the play that thow pretendis;  
 Waik walidrag, and werlot of the cairtis,  
 Se fone thow mak my commiffar amendis, Fol. 148. a.  
 And lat him lay fax leichis on thy lendis, 45  
 Meikly in recompanfing of thi fcorne;

Or thow fall ban the tyme that thow wes borne,  
For Kennedy to the this cedull fendis.

*Quod Kennedy to Dumbar.  
Fuge in the nixt quha gat the war.*

[*Dumbar to Kennedy.*]

Ierfche brybour baird, wyle beggar with thy brattis,  
Cuntbittin crawdoun Kennedy, coward of kynd, 50  
Evill farit and dryit, as denfeman on the rattis,  
Lyk as the gleddis had on thy gulefnowt dynd;  
Mismaid monstour, ilk mone owt of thy mynd,  
Renunce, rebald, thy ryming, thow bot roysis,  
Thy trechour tung hes tane ane Heland strynd, 55  
Ane Lawland erfs wald mak a bettir noyis.

Revin, raggit ruke, and full of rebaldrie,  
Scarth fra scorpione, scaldit in scurrilitie,  
I fe the haltane in thy harlotrie,  
And in to vthir science no thing flie; 60  
Off every vertew woyd, as men may fie,  
Quytclame clergie, and cleik to the ane club,  
Ane baird blasphemar, in brybrie ay to be,  
For wit and woisdome ane wisþ fra the may rub.

Thow speiris, daftard, gif I dar with the fecht; 65  
Ye dagone, dowbart, thairof haif thow no dowl,  
Quhair evir we meit thairto my hand I hecht,  
To red thy rebald ryming with a rowt;  
Throw all Bretane it falbe blawin owt,  
How that thow, poyfonit pelour, gat thy paikis; 70  
With ane doig leich I schepe to gar the schowt,  
And nowthir to the tak knyfe, fwerd nor aix.

Thow crop and rute of traitouris tressonable,  
The fathir and moder of morthour and mischeif,

Diffaitfull tyrand, with serpentis tung, vnstable, 75  
 Cukcald cradoun, cowart, and commoun theif;  
 Thow purpest for to vndo our Lordis cheif  
 In Paislay, with ane poyfone that wes fell,  
 For quhilk, brybour, yit fall thow thoill a breif;  
 Pelour, on the I fall it preif my fell. 80

Thocht I wald lie, thy frawart phisnomy  
 Dois manifest thy malice to all men; Fol. 148. b.  
 Fy! traitour theif, fy! glengoir loun, fy! fy!  
 Fy! feyndly front, far fowlar than ane fen,  
 My freyindis thow reprovit with thy pen; 85  
 Thow leis, tratour, quhilk I fall on the preif;  
 Suppois thy heid war armit tymis ten,  
 Thow fall recryat, or thy croun fall cleif.

Or thow durst move thy mynd malitius,  
 Thow saw the saill abone my heid up draw; 90  
 Bot Eolus full woid, and Neptunus,  
 Mirk and monelefs, wes met with woundis waw;  
 And mony hundreth myll hyne coud ws blaw,  
 By Holland, Seland, Zetland and Northway coift,  
 In defert quhair we wer famist aw; 95  
 Yit come I hame, fals baird, to lay thy boift.

Thow callis the rethory with thy goldin lippis;  
 Na, glowrand, gaipand fule, thow art begyld;  
 Thow art bot gluntoch with thy giltin hippis,  
 That for thy lounry mony a leifch hes fyld; 100  
 Wan wifaged widdefow, out of thy wit gane wyld,  
 Laithly and lowfy, als lathand as ane leik,  
 Sen thow with wirschep wald fa fane be styld,  
 Haill, fouerane fenyeour, thy bawis hingis throw thy breik.

Forworthin fule, of all the warld reffuse, 105  
 Quhat ferly is thocht thow reioys to flyte?



Sik eloquence as thay in Erschry vfe,  
 In sic is sett thy thraward appetyte,  
 Thow hes full littill feill of fair indyte;  
 I tak on me ane pair of Lowthiane hippis 110  
 Sall fairar Inglis mak, and mair parfyte,  
 Than thou can blabbar with thy Carrik lippis.

Bettir thou ganis to leid ane doig to skomer,  
 Pynit pykpuris pelour, than with thy maister pingill.  
 Thow lay full prydeles in the peifs this somer, 115  
 And fane at evin for to bring hame a sngle,  
 Sync rubbit at ane vthir auld wyfis ingle;  
 But now in winter, for purteth thou art traikit,  
 Thow hes na breik to latt thy bellokis gyngill;  
 Beg the ane club, for, baird, thou fall go naikit. 120

Lene larbar, loungeour, baith lowfy in lifk and lonye,  
 Fy! skolderit skyn, thou art bot skyre and skrumple; Fol. 149. a.  
 For he that rostit Lawarance had thy grunye,  
 And he that hid Sanct Johnis ene with ane wimple,  
 And he that dang Sanct Augustine with ane rumple, 125  
 Thy fowll front had, and he that Bartilmo flaid;  
 The gallowis gaipis eftir thy graceles gruntill,  
 As thou wald for ane haggeis, hungry gled.

Commirwald crawdoun, na man comptis the ane kerfs,  
 Sueir swappit swanky, swynekepir ay for swaittis; 130  
 Thy commissar Quintyne biddis the cum kifs his erfs,  
 He luvis nocht sic ane forlane loun of laittis;  
 He sayis, Thow skaffis and beggis mair beir and aitis,  
 Nor ony cripill in Karrik land abowt;  
 Vthir pure beggaris and thou ar at debaittis, 135  
 Decrepit karlingis on Kennedy cryis owt.

Matir annwche I haif, I bid nocht fenyie,  
 Thocht thou, fowll trumpour, thus vpoun me leid,

Corruptit carioun, he fall I cry thy fenyie;  
 Thinkis thow nocht how thow cum in grit neid, 140  
 Greitand in Galloway, lyk to ane gallow breid,  
 Ramand and rolpand, beggand koy and ox;  
 I saw the thair, in to thy wachmanis weid,  
 Quhilk wes nocht worth ane pair of auld gray fox.

Erfch Katherene, with thy polk breik and rilling, 145  
 Thow and thy quene, as gredy gleddis ye gang  
 With polkis to mylne, and beggis baith meill and schilling,  
 Thair is bot lyfs, and lang nailis yow amang:  
 Fowll heggirbald, for henis thus will ye hang,  
 Thow hes ane perrellus face to play with lambis; 150  
 Ane thowsand kiddis, wer thay in faldis full strang,  
 Thy lymmerfull luke wald fle thame and thair damis.

In till ane glen thow hes, owt of repair,  
 Ane laithly luge that wes the lippir menis;  
 With the ane fowtaris wyfe, off blis als bair; 155  
 And lyk twa stalkaris steilis in cokis and henis,  
 Thow plukkis the pultre, and scho pullis off the penis;  
 All Karrik cryis, God gif this dowfy be drownd;  
 And quhen thow heiris ane guse cry in the glenis,  
 Thow thinkis it swetar than sacrand<sup>1</sup> bell of found. 160

Thow Lazarus, thow laithly lene tramort,  
 To all the world thow may example be,  
 To luk vpoun thy gryflie peteous port, Fol. 149. b.  
 For hiddowis, haw, and holkit is thyne e,  
 Thy cheik bane bair, and blaiknit is thy ble; 165  
 Thy choip, thy choll garris men for to leif chest;  
 Thy gane it garris ws think that we mon de:  
 I coniure the, thow hungert Heland gaift.

The larbar lukis of thy lang lene craig,  
 Thy pure pynit thrott, peilit and owt of ply, 170

3 G

<sup>1</sup>This word is very indistinct.

Thy skolderit skin, hewd lyk ane saffrone bag,  
 Garris men dispyt thar flesche, thow spreit of Gy:  
 Fy! feyndly front, fy! tykifs face, fy! fy!  
 Ay loundand lyk ane loikman on ane ledder;  
 [Thy ghaiftly luke fleys folkis that pas the by,<sup>1</sup>] 175  
 Lyk to ane stark theif glowrand in ane tedder.

Nyse nagus, nipcaik with thy schulderis narrow,  
 Thow lukis lowfy, loun of lownis aw;  
 Hard hurcheoun, hirpland, hippit as ane harrow,  
 Thy rigbane rattillis, and thy ribbis on raw; 180  
 Thy hanchis hirkilis, with hukebanis harth and haw,  
 Thy laithly lymis ar lene as ony treis;  
 Obey, theif baird, or I fall brek thy gaw;  
 Fowll carrybald, cry mercy on thy kneis.

Thow purehippit, vgly averill, 185  
 With hurkland banis, holkand throw thy hyd,  
 Reiftit and crynit as hangitman on hill,  
 And oft befwakkit with ane ourhie tyd,  
 Quhilk brewis mekle barret to thy bryd;  
 Hir cair is all to clenge thy cabroch howis, 190  
 Quhair thow lysis sawfy in saphron, bak and fyd,  
 Powderit with prymrofs, sawrand all with clowifs.

Forworthin wirling, I warne the it is wittin,  
 How, skyttand skarth, thow hes the hurle behind;  
 Wan wraiglane wasp, ma wormis hes thow beschittin, 195  
 Nor thair is gerfs on grund, or leif on lind;  
 Thocht thow did first sic foly to my fynd,  
 Thow fall agane with ma witnefs than I;  
 Thy gulfoch gane dois on thy back it bind,  
 Thy hostand hippis lattis nevir thy hofs go dry. 200

Thow held the burcht lang with ane borrowit gown,  
 And ane caprowsy barkit all with sweit,

<sup>1</sup> This line, wanting in Bannatyne MS., is taken from Maitland MS.

And quhen the laidis saw the fa lyk a loun,  
 Thay bickerit the with mony bae and bleit: Fol. 150.a.  
 Now vpaland thow leivis on rubbit quheit, 205  
 Oft for ane caufs thy burdclaith neidis no spredding,  
 For thow hes nowthir for to drink nor eit,  
 Bot lyk ane berdles baird, that had no bedding.

Strait Gibbonis air, that nevir ourstred ane hors,  
 Bla berfute berne, in bair tyme wes thow borne; 210  
 Thow bringis the Carrik clay to Edinburgh corfs  
 Vpoun thy botingis, hobland hard as horne;  
 Stra wispis hingis owt, quhair that the wattis ar worne.  
 Cum thow agane to skar ws with thy strais,  
 We fall gar scale our sculis all the to scorene, 215  
 And stane the vp the calfay quhair thow gais.

Off Edinburcht the boyis as beis owt thrawis,  
 And cryis owt, Ay, heir cumis our awin queir clerk;  
 Than fleis thow, lyk ane howlat cheft with crawis,  
 Quhill all the bichis at thy botingis dois bark; 220  
 Than carlingis cryis, Keip curches in the merk,  
 Our gallowis gaipis, lo, quhair ane greceles gais;  
 Ane vthir fayis, I see him want ane fark,  
 I reid yow, cummer, tak in your lynning clais.

Than rynis thow down the gait, with gild of boyis, 225  
 And all the toun tykis hingand in thy heilis;  
 Of laidis and lownis thair ryffis sic ane noyis,  
 Quhill runfyis rynnys away with cairt and quheilis,  
 And cager aviris castis bayth coillis and creilis;  
 For rerd of the, and rattling of thy butis, 230  
 Fische wyvis cryis, Fy! and castis down skillis and skeilis;  
 Sum clafchis the, fum cloddys the on the cutis.

Loun, lyk Mahoun, be boun me till obey,  
 Theif, or in greif, mischeif fall the betyd;

Cry grace, tykis face, or I the chece and fley; 235  
 Oule, rare and yowle, I fall defowll thy pryd;  
 Peilit gled, baith fed, and bred of bichis fyd,  
 And lyk ane tyk, purfpyk, quhat man settis by the.  
 Forflittin, countbittin, beschittin, barkit hyd,  
 Clym ledder, fyle tedder, foule edder, I defy the. 240

Mauch muttoun, byle buttoun, peilit gluttoun, air to Hilhou[fs];  
 Rank beggar, oftir dregar, foule fleggar, in the flet; Fol. 150. b.  
 Chittir lilling, ruch rilling, lik schilling in the milhoufs;  
 Baird rehator, theif of nator, fals tratour, feyindis gett;  
 Filling of tauch, rak fauch, cry crauch, thow art our fett; 245  
 Muttoun dryver, girnall ryver, yadfwyvar, fowll fell the;  
 Herretyk, lunatyk, purfpyk, carlingis pet,  
 Rottin crok, dirtin dok, cry cok, or I fall quell the.

*Quod Dumbar to Kennedy.*

*[Kennedy to Dumbar.]*

Dathane diuillis fone, and dragone dispitous,  
 Abironis birth, and bred with Beliall; 250  
 Wod werwoif, worme, and scorpion vennemous,  
 Lucifers laid, fowll feyindis face infernall;  
 Sodomyt, fyphareit fra sanctis celestially,  
 Put I nocht sylence to the, schiphird knaif,  
 And thow of new begynis to ryme and raif, 255  
 Thow falbe maid blait, bleir eit bestiall.

How thy forbearis come, I haif a feill,  
 At Cokburnis peth, the writ makis me war,  
 Generit betuix ane scho beir and a deill,  
 Sa wes he callit Dewlbeir, and nocht Dumbar: 260  
 This Dewlbeir, generit of a meir of Mar,  
 Wes Corfpatrik, Erle of Merche; and be illufioun,  
 The first that evir put Scotland to confusioun  
 Wes that fals tratour, hardely fay I dar.

Quhen Bruce and Balioll differit for the croun, 265  
 Scottis lordis could nocht obey Inglis lawis;  
 This Corfpatrik betrafit Berwik toun,  
 And flew vij thowfand Scottismen within thay wawis;  
 The battall fyne of Spottismuir he gart caufs,  
 And come with Edwart Langschankis to the feild, 270  
 Quhair xij thowfand trew Scottismen wer keild,  
 And Wallace cheft, as the carnicle schawis.

Scottis lordis chiftanis he gart hald and cheffone  
 In firmance faft, quhill all the feild wes done,  
 Within Dumbar, that awld spelunk of treffoun; 275 Fol. 151. a.  
 Sa Inglis tykis in Scotland wes abone:  
 Than fpulyeit thay the haly ftane of Scone,  
 The croce of Halyrudhoufs, and vthir jowellis.  
 He birnis in hell, body, banis and bowellis,  
 This Corfpatrik that Scotland hes vndone. 280

Wallace gart cry ane counfale in to Perth,  
 And callit Corfpatrik tratour be his ftyle;  
 That dampnit dragone drew him in diferth,  
 And fayd he kend bot Wallace king in Kyle.  
 Out of Dumbar that theif he maid exyle 285  
 Vnto Edward, and Inglis grund agane:  
 Tigris, serpentis and taidis will remane  
 In Dumbar wallis, todis, wolffis and beiftis wyle.

Na fowlis of effectis amangis thay binkis  
 Biggis, nor abydis for no thing that may be; 290  
 Thay ftanis of treffone as the bruntftane ftinkis.  
 Dewlbeiris moder, caffin in by the fe,  
 The wariet apill of the forbiddin tre,  
 That Adame eit quhen he tint paradyce,  
 Scho eit invennomit lyk a cокkatryce, 295  
 Syne marreit with the Diuill for dignite.

*THE FLYTING OF DUMBAR AND KENNEDIE.*

Yit of new tressone I can tell the tailis,  
That cumis on nycht in visoun in my sleip;  
Archbard Dumbar betrafd the hous of Hailis,  
Becaus the yung lord had Dumbar to keip;  
Pretendand throw that to thair rowmis to creip,  
Rycht crewaly his castell he perfewit,  
Brocht him furth boundin, and the place refkewit,  
Sett him in fetteris in ane dungeoun deip.

300

It war aganis bayth natur and gud reffoun  
That Dewlbeiris bairnis wer trew to God or man;  
Quhilkis wer baith gottin, borne and bred with tressoun,  
Belgebubbis ovis, and curst Corspatrikis clan:  
Thow wes prestyt, and ordanit be Sathan,  
For to be borne to do thy kin defame,  
And gar me schaw thy antecessouris schame;  
Thy kin that leivis may wary the and ban.

305

Sen thow on me thus, lymmer, leis and trattillis,  
And fyndis sentence foundit of invy,  
Thy elderis banis ilk nycht ryffis and rattillis,  
And on thy corfs, Vengeance, vengeance, thay cry.  
Thow art the caufs thay may noth rest nor ly;  
Thow sayis for thame few salptaris, salmis or creidis,  
Bot garis me tell thair rentellis and misdeidis,  
And thair auld fyn with new schame certefy.

310

Fol. 151. b.  
315

Infenswat fow, ceifs fals Ewftace air,  
And knaw, kene skald, I hald of Alathia,  
And caufs me nocht the caufs lang to declair  
Of thy curst kin, Dewlbeir and his Allia:  
Cum to the corfs on kneis and mak a cria;  
Confess thy cryme, hald Kennedy thy king,  
And with ane authorne skurge thy self and ding;  
Thus dre thy pennance, Delequisti quia.

320

325

Past to my commissar, and be confest,  
 Cour befoir him on kneis, and cum in will; 330  
 And syne gar Stobo for thy life protest;  
 Renunce thy rymis, baith ban and birn thy bill,  
 Heive to the hevin thy handis, and hald the still.  
 Do thow nocht thus, brigane, thow falbe brint,  
 With pik, fyre, ter, gun powlder and lint, 335  
 On Arthowr Sait or on ane hear hill.

I perambulat of Pernafo the montane,  
 Enspyrit with Mercury fra his goldin spheir;  
 And dulely drank of eloquence the fontane,  
 Quhen it wes purefeit with frost, and flowit cleir: 340  
 And thow come, fule, in Merche or Februeir,  
 Thair till ane pule, and drank the paddok rude,  
 That garris the ryme in to thy termis gude,  
 And blabbaris that noyis menis heiris to heir.

Thow luvis nane Ersche, elf, I vndirstand, 345  
 Bot it fowld be all trew Scottismennis leid;  
 It wes the gud langage of this land,  
 And Scota it causit to multeply and spreid;  
 Quhill Corspatrik, that we of treffoun reid,  
 Thy forfader, maid Ersche and Erschmen thin, 350  
 Throw his treffoun brocht Inglis rumpillis in,  
 Sa wald thy self, mycht thow to him succeid.

Ignorant fule, in to thy mowis and morkis,  
 It may be verifeit that thy wit is thin;  
 Quhair thow wryttis Denfmen dryit on the rattis, 355  
 Denfmen of Denmark ar of the kingis kin.  
 The wit thow fowld haif had, wes cassin in Fol. 152. a.  
 Evin at thy ers, bakwart, with ane stalf flung.  
 Heirfoir, fals harlott, hurfone, hald thy tung:  
 Dewlbeir, thow deivis the Devill, thy eme, with din. 360



Quhair, as thou faid, I staw henis and lammis,  
 I lat the wit, I haif landis, stoir and stakkis.  
 Thow wald be fane to knaw, laird with thy gamis,  
 Vndir my burde, fnoch banis behind doggis bakkis:  
 Thow hes ane tome purfs, I haif steidis and takkis, 365  
 Thow tynt coulter, I haif culter and pluch;  
 For substance and geir thou hes a widdy twch,  
 On Mont Falcone, abowt thy craig to rax.

And yit Mont Falcone gallowis is our fair,  
 For to be fylit with sic ane frutlefs face, 370  
 Cum hame, and hing vndir our gallowis of Air;  
 To erd the vndir it I fall purchefs grace;  
 To eit thy flesch the doggis fall haif na space,  
 The revynis fall ryfe na thing bot thy tung ruttis,  
 For thou sick malice of thy maister mutis, 375  
 It is weill fett that thou sic barret brace.

Small fynance amangis thy freyndis thou beggit,  
 To stanche thy sorne, with haly muldis thou loft;  
 Thow salit to get a dowkar for to dregg it,  
 It lyis clofit in ane clowt on Northway coft: 380  
 Sic rewl garris the be seruit with cauld roft,  
 And sitt onswpit oft beyond the fe,  
 Cryand at durris, Carritas amore Dei,  
 Bairfute, breiklefs, and all in duddis vpdost.

Dewllbeir hes nocht ado with ane Dumbar, 385  
 The Erle of Murray bure that surname rycht,  
 That evir trew and constant to the King grace war,  
 And of that kin come Dumbar of Westfeild knyght:  
 That succeffioun is hardy, wyfe and wicht,  
 And hes na thing ado now with the, diuill; 390  
 Bot Dewllbeir is thy kin, and kennis the weill,  
 And hes in Hell for the ane chalmer dycht.

Curft cropand craw, I fall gar crop thy tounge,  
 And thow fall cry, Cor mundum, on thy kneis;  
 Derch, I fall ding the, quhill thow bayth dryt and dounge, 395  
 And thow fall lik thy hippis, and fueir thow leifs:  
 I fall degraid the, gracelefs, of thy greis;  
 Scale the for fcorne, and fcar the of thy fwle,  
 Gar round thy heid, transforme the as a fule,  
 And with tressone gar trone the on the treis. 400

Rawmowd rebald, rannegald rehatour, Fol. 152. b.  
 My lynnage and forbearis wer ay leill;  
 It cumis oft to the to be ane tratour,  
 To ryd on nycht, to rin, to reif, to steill.  
 Quhen thow putis poyfone to me, I appeill 405  
 The in that pairte, and preif it on thy perfoun;  
 Cleme nocht to clergy, for I defy the, garfoun,  
 Thow falby it deir annuch, derch, of the deill.

In Ingland, owle, fowld be thy habitatioun,  
 Homage to Edwart Langschankis maid thy kin, 410  
 In Dumbar reffaut him thy fals natioun,  
 Thay fowld be exylit Scotland mair and myn.  
 Ane stark gallowis, ane widdy and ane pin,  
 The heid poynt of thy elderis armis ar/  
 Writtin in poyfie abone, Hang Dumbar; 415  
 Quartar and draw, and mak that furname thin.

I am the kingis blude, his trew speciall clerk,  
 That nevir yit imagenit his offence,  
 Conftand in mynd, in thocht, wird and werk,  
 Only dependand vpoun his excellence: 420  
 Trestand to haif of his magnificence,  
 Gwairdoun, rewaird and benefyce bedene;  
 Quhair that the revynis fall ryfe out bayth thy ene,  
 And on the rattis falbe thy refidence.

Fra Atrik Forrest furthward to Drumfreifs, 425  
 Thow beggit, with ane perdoun in all kirkis,  
 Collapps, crudis, meill, grottis, gryce, and geifs;  
 And vndir nycht quhylis thow stall staigis and stirkis.  
 Becaus Scotland of thy begging irkis,  
 Thow schaipis in France to be knycht of the feild; 430  
 Thow hes thy clam schellis and thy burdoun keild,  
 Vnhonest wayis all, wolrun, that thow wirkis.

Thow may nocht pafs Mont Bernard for wyld beiftis,  
 Nor win throw Mont Scarpry for the snaw;  
 Mont Nicholace, Mont Godard the arreiftis, 435  
 Sic beis of briggand blindis thame with ane blaw.  
 In Paris with thy maister burreaw  
 Abyd, and be his prenteifs neir the bank,  
 And help to hang the pece for half ane frank,  
 And at the last thy self man thoill the law. 440

Haltand harlott, the diuill a gude thow heis,  
 For falt of puffance, pelour, thow ma pak the;  
 Thow drank thy thrift, and als wedfett thy clais,  
 Thair is na lord in seruice that will tak the. Fol. 153. a.  
 Ane pak of flaskynis, fynance for to mak the, 445  
 Thow fall ressaif, in Danskyn, of my tailye;  
 With De profundis sett the, and that felye,  
 And I fall fend the blak Deill for to bak the.

In to the Katherene thow maid ane fowll kahute,  
 For thow bedrait hir, doun fra stern to steir; 450  
 Vpoun hir fyddis wes sene that thow coud schute,  
 The dirt cleivis till hir towis this twenty yeir:  
 The firmament nor firth wes nevir cleir,  
 Quhill thow, deuillis birth, Dewlbeir, wes on the see,  
 The sawlis had fuckin throw the sin of thee, 455  
 War nocht the pepill maid sic grit prayer.

Quhen that the schip was fanit and vndir faill,  
 Soule brow in hoill thow purpost for to pass,  
 Thow schott and wes nocht sicker of thy taill,  
 Befchait the steir, the cumpass and the glafs; 460  
 The skippar bad gar land the at the Bafs;  
 Thow spewit and keft owt mony laithly lump,  
 Faster nor all the marineirs coud pump;  
 And yit thy wame is war nor evir it wafs.

Had thay bene sa prowytit of schott of gvn, 465  
 Be men of weir but perrell thay had past;  
 As thow wes lowfs, and reddy of thy bun,  
 Thay nicht haif tane na tollum at the last;  
 For thow wald cuke ane cairtfull at the cast:  
 Thair is no schip that the will now reffaif; 470  
 Thow fylit faster nor fytenefum mycht laif,  
 And myr thame with thy mvk to the midmast.

Throw England, theif, and tak the to thy fute,  
 And boun to haif with the ane fals botwand;  
 Ane horfmerchell thow call the at the mute, 475  
 And with that craft convoy the throw the land;  
 Be na thing airch, tak ferely on hand:  
 Happin thow to be hangit in Northumber,  
 Than all thy kyn ar weill quyt of thy cummer,  
 For that mon be thy dome, I vndirstand. 480

Hie fouerane lord, lat nevir this finfull fote  
 Do schame fra hame vnto your natioun;  
 Lat nevirnane, sic ane, be callit a Scott,  
 Ane rottin crok, lowfs of the dok, thairdoun.  
 Fra honest folk devoyd this laithly loun; 485  
 On sum desert, quhair thair is no repair,  
 For fyling and infecking of the air,  
 Caus<sup>1</sup> cary this cankerit corruptit carioun.

Fol. 153. b.

<sup>1</sup> *Caus* has been afterwards inserted.

Thow wes confaut in the grit ecclippis,  
 Ane monstour maid be grit Mercurius; 490  
 Na hald agane, nor ho is at thy hippis,  
 Infortunat, false and furius.

Evill schrevin, wan threvin, nocht clene nor curius;  
 Ane myting, fule of flyting, the flurdome maist lyk,  
 Ane crabbit, skabbit, evil faicit messane tyk; 500 495  
 Ane schitt, but witt, schrewit and injurius. 7c

Grit in the glaikis gud Maiftir Gwilliane gukkis,  
 Our imperfyte in poetrie and in profs,  
 All cloffis vndir clud of nycht thow cukkis.  
 Rymis thow of me, of rethory the rofs, 505  
 Lunatyk, lymmar, luschbald, loufs thy hoifs,  
 That I may twich thy toung with tribulatioun,  
 In recompaning of thy conspiratioun,  
 Or turfs the owt of Scotland: tak thy choifs.

Ane benefice quha wald gif sic ane beift, 510  
 Bot gif it war to jynghill Judafs bellis;  
 Tak the ane fiddill or floyit to jeift,  
 Vndocht, thow art ordanit to nocht ellis.  
 Thy clowtit cloik, thy crip, and thy clamschellis,  
 Cleik on thy croce, and fair on in to France, 515  
 And cum thow nevir agane but ane mischance,  
 The Feyind fair with the fordwart our the fellis.

Cankerit cayne, tryd trowane, tutevillous,  
 Marmadin, mymmerkin, monstour of all men,  
 I fall gar bak the to the laird of Hilhoufs, 520  
 To swelly the in steid of ane pullit hen.  
 Fowmart, fazart, fosterit in filth and fen,  
 Fowle fownd, fleird fule, vpoun thy phisnomy;  
 Thy dok ay drepis of dirt, and will nocht dry,  
 To twme thy tvn it wald tyre carlingis ten. 525

Conspiratour, curst kokatrice, hellis ka,  
 Turk, trumpour, tratour, tirrane intemperat;  
 Thow yrfull attircop, Pylat appostata,  
 Judafs, jow, juglour, Lollard lawreat;  
 Sayarene, symonyte, prowde pagane pronunceat, 530  
 Mahomeit, manefworne, bugrist abhominable;  
 Devill, dampnit doig, sodomyt vnfaciabill,  
 With Gog and Magog greit glorificat.

Nero thy nevoy, Golias thy grantfchir,  
 Pharo thy fadeir, Egippa thy dame, 535  
 Deulbeir, thir ar the cauffis that I conspyre, Fol. 154.a.  
 Termegantis temptis and Vespasius thy eme;  
 Belzebub thy full broder will clame  
 To be thy air, and Cayphas thy fectour;  
 Pluto the heid of thy kin, and protectour, 540  
 To leid the to hell, of licht day and leme.

Herod thy vthir eme, and grit Egeafs,  
 Martiane, Mahomeit, and Maxentius,  
 Thy trew kynifmen, Antenor and Eneafs,  
 Throip thy neir neice, and awsterne Olibrius, 545  
 Pettedew, Baall and Eubulus;  
 Thir freyndis ar the flour of thy foir braynchis,  
 Steirand the pottis of hell, and nevir stenchis;  
 Dout nocht, Deulbeir, tu es Diabolus.

Deulbeir, thy speir of weir, but feir, thow yeild, 550  
 Hangit, mangit, eddirstangit, ftryndie stultorum,  
 To me, maist he Kennedy, and flie the feild,  
 Pickit, wickit, fstickit, convickit, lamp Lullardorum,  
 Diffamit, fchamit, blamit, primas Pagaorium.  
 Out, out, I schowt, vpoun that fnovt that snevillis; 555  
 Taill tellar, rebellar, indwellar with the diuillis,  
 Spink, sink with stink, ad Tertara termagorum.

*Quod Kennedy to Dumbar.*  
*Juge ye now heir quha gat the war. Finis.*

## CLXIX.

[I, Maister Andro Kennedy.]

I MAISTER Andro Kennedy,  
 I, Curro quando sum vocatus,  
 Gottin with sum incuby,  
 Or with sum freir infatuatus;  
 In faith I can nocht tell redly,  
 Vnde aut vbi fui natus,  
 Bot in trewth I trow trewly,  
 Quod sum diabolus incarnatus.

5

Cum nichill fit certius morte,  
 We mone all de quhen we haif done,  
 Nescimus quando vel qua forte,  
 Nor blynd allane wait of the mone.  
 Ego patior in pectore,  
 This nyght I micht nocht sleip a wink;  
 Licet eger in corpore,  
 Yit wald my mowth be watt with drink.

10

15 Fol. 154.

Nunc condo testamentum meum;  
 I leif my faule for evirmair,  
 Per omnipotentem Deum,  
 In to my lordis wyne fellair;  
 Semper ibi ad remanendum,  
 Quhill domisday without diffiuer,  
 Bonum vinum ad bibendum,  
 With fueit Cuthbert that lufit me nevir.  
 Ipse est dulcis ad amandum,  
 He wald oft ban me in his breth;  
 Det michi modo ad potandum,  
 And I forgaif him laith and wreth.

20

25

Quia in cellario cum ceruicia,  
 I had lever ly baith air and lait, 30  
 Nudus solus in camisia,  
 Nor in my lordis bed of stait.  
 Ane barrell bung ay at my bosum,  
 Off warldis gud I bad na [mair<sup>1</sup>;]<sup>2</sup>  
 Et corpus meum ebriosum, 35  
 I leif in to the toun of Air.  
 In ane draff mydding for evir and ay,  
 Vt ibi sepeliri queam,  
 Quhair drink and draff may ilka day  
 Be caffin super faciem meam. 40

I leif my hairt that nevir wes ficker,  
 Sed semper variabile,  
 That nevir mair wald flow and flicker,  
 Conforti meo Jacobe.  
 Thocht I wald bind it with a wicker, 45  
 Verum Deum renui;  
 Bot and I hecht to teme a bicker,  
 Hoc pactum semper tenui.

Syne leif I the best aucht I bocht,  
 Quod est Latinum propter cape, 50  
 To the hede of my kin, bot wait I nocht  
 Quis est ille, than schro my skape.  
 I tald my lord my heid but hiddill, Fol. 155.a.  
 Sed nulli alii hoc sciuerunt;  
 We wer als sib as seif and riddill, 55  
 In vna filua que creuerunt.

Omnia mea folatia,  
 Thay wer bot lefingis all and ane;  
 Cum omni fraude et fallacia,  
 I leif the Maistir of Sanct Anthane, 60

<sup>1</sup> Cut away when the MS. was inlaid.

<sup>2</sup> This line has been first written *In fleid of ane braid bowstair*, and afterwards erased.



William Gray, sine gratia,  
 My awin deir coufing, as I wene,  
 Qui nunquam fabricat mendacia,  
 Bot quhen the holene growis grene.

My fenyeing and my fals wyning, 65  
 Relinquo falsis fratribus;  
 For that is Goddis awin bidding,  
 Disparffis dedit pauperibus.  
 For menis faulis thay fay and fing,  
 Mentientes pro mvneribus; 70  
 Now God gif thame ane evill ending,  
 Pro suis prauis operibus.

To Jok Fule, my foly fre,  
 Lego post corpus sepultum;  
 In fayth I am mair fule than he, 75  
 Licet ostendo bonum vultum.  
 Off corne and cattell, geir<sup>1</sup> and fie,  
 Ipse habet valde multum,  
 And yit he bleiris me lordis e,  
 Fingendo eum fore stultum. 80

To Maister Johine Clerk fyne,  
 Do et lego intime  
 Godis braid malefone and myne,  
 Nam ipse est causa mortis mee.  
 Wer I a doig and he a fwyne, 85  
 Multi mirantur super me,  
 Bot I fould gar that lurdoun quhryne,  
 Scribendo dentes sine de.

Refiduum omnium bonorum  
 For to dispone my lord fal haif, 90  
 Cum tutela puerorum,  
 Baith Ade, Kittie and all the laif.  
 Fol. 155. b.

<sup>1</sup> Changed by another pen to *gold*.

I faith I will no langar raif,  
Pro sepultura ordino,  
On the new gyfs, fa God me faif,  
Non sicut more solito. 95

In die mee sepulture  
I will haif nane bot our awin ging,  
Et duos rusticos de rure  
Berand ane barrell on a sting; 100  
Drinkand, and playand cop out evin,  
Sicut egomet solebam;  
Singand and greitand with he stevin,  
Potum meum cum fletu miscebam.

I will no preiftis for me sing, 105  
Dies illa, dies ire;  
Nor yit na bellis for me ring,  
Sicut semper folet fiere;  
Bot a bagpyp to play a spring,  
Et vnum ailwisp ante me, 110  
In steid of torchis for to bring  
Quatuor lagnas ceruicie;  
Within the graif to fett sic thing,  
In modum crucis juxta me;  
To fle the feyndis than hardly sing, 115  
De terra plasmafti me.

Heir endis the Tefment of Maiftir Andro Kennedy,  
Maid be Dumbar, quhen he wes lyk to dy.

## CLXX.

[*I yeid the Gait wes nevir gane.*]

**I** YEID the gait wes nevir gane;  
 I fand the thing wes nevir fund;  
 I saw vnder ane tre bowane,  
 A lowfs man lyand bund;  
 Ane dum man hard I full lowd speik; 5  
 Ane deid man hard I sing;  
 Ye may know be my talking eik,  
 That this is no lefing.  
 And als ane blindman hard I reid,  
 Vpoun a buke allane; 10 Fol. 156. a.  
 Ane handles man I saw but dreid,  
 In caichepule fast playane.  
 As I come by yone forrest flat,  
 I hard thame baik and brew;  
 Ane rattoun in a window fatt, 15  
 Sa fair a feme coud schew.  
 And cumand by Loch Lomont huth,  
 Ane malwart tred a maw;  
 Gife ye throw nocht this fang be futh,  
 Speir ye at thame that saw; 20  
 I saw ane gufs virry a fox,  
 Rycht far down in yone flak;  
 I saw ane lavrock flay ane ox,  
 Richt he vp in yone stak.  
 I saw a weddir wirry [ane]<sup>1</sup> wouf, 25  
 Heich vp in a law;  
 The killing with hir mekle mowth,  
 Ane stoir horne coud scho blaw;  
 The partane with hir mony feit,  
 Scho spread the mvk on feild; 30

<sup>1</sup> In MS. *wirry* is repeated instead of *ane*.

In frost and snaw, wind and weit,  
 The lapstar deip furris teild.  
 I saw baith buck<sup>1</sup> da and ra,  
 In mercat skarlet fell;  
 Twa leisch of grew hundis I saw alfwa, 35  
 The pennyis doun coud tell;  
 I saw ane wran ane watter waid,  
 Hir clais wer kiltit hie;  
 Vpoun hir bak ane milstane braid  
 Scho bure, this<sup>7</sup>[is] no lie. 40  
 The air come hirpland to that toun,  
 The preiftis to leir to spell;  
 The hurchoun to the kirk maid boun,  
 To ring the commoun bell;  
 The mowfs grat that the cat wes deid, 45  
 That all hir kin mycht rew;  
 Quhen all thir tailis are trew in deid,  
 All wemen will be trew.

*Finis.*

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CLXXI.

*Of May.*

Fol. 156. b.

**M**AY is the moneth maift amene,  
 For thame in Venus seruice bene,  
 To recreat thair havy hartis;  
 May cauffis curage frome the splene,  
 And every thing in May revartis. 5

In May the plefant spray vpspringis;  
 In May the mirthfull maveifs fingis;

<sup>1</sup> This word is very indistinct.

And now in May to madynnis fawis,  
 With tymmer wechtis to trip in ringis,  
 And to play vpcoil with the bawis. 10

In May gois gallandis bring in fymmer,  
 And trymlly occupyis thair tymmer,  
 With Hunts vp, every morning plaid;  
 In May gois gentill wemen gymmer,  
 In gardynnis grene thair grumis to glaid. 15

In May quhen men yeid everich one,  
 With Robene Hoid and Littill Johne,  
 To bring in bowis and birkin bobbynis;  
 Now all sic game is fastlingis gone,  
 Bot gif it be amangis clovin robbynis. 20

Abbotis by rell, and lordis but reffone,  
 Sic senyeouris tymis ourweill this fessone,  
 Vpoun thair vyce war lang to waik,  
 Quhais falfatt, fibilnes and treffone,  
 Hes rung thryis oure this zodiak. 25

In May begynnis the golk to gail;  
 In May drawis deir to doun and daill;  
 In May men mellis with famyny,  
 And ladeis meitis thair luvaris laill,  
 Quhen Phebus is in Gemyny. 30

Butter, new cheis, and beir in May,  
 Comamis,<sup>1</sup> cokkillis, curdis and quhay, Fol. 15  
 Lapstaris, lempettis, muffillis in schellis,  
 Grene leikis and all sic men may say,  
 Suppois fum of thame fourly smellis. 35

In May grit men within thair boundis,  
 Sum halkis the walteris, fum with houndis

<sup>1</sup> Indistinct in MS., possibly *Condamis*.



The hairis owtthrowch the forreftis cachis,  
 Syne efter thame thair ladeis foundis,  
 To fent the rynnyng of the rachis. 40

In May frank archeris will affix  
 In place to meit, fyne marrowis mix,  
 To schute at buttis, at bankis and brais;  
 Sum at the reveris, sum at the prikkis;  
 Sum laich and to beneth the clais. 45

In May fowld men of amouris go,  
 To serf thair ladeis and no mo,  
 Sen thair releis in ladeis lyis;  
 For sum may cum in favouris fo,  
 To kifs his loif on Buchone wyis. 50

In May gois dammosalis and dammis,  
 In gardyingis grene to play like lammis;  
 Sum at the baireis thay brace like billeis;  
 Sum rynis at barlabreikis like rammis;  
 Sum round abowt the standand pilleis. 55

In May gois madynis till La reit,  
 And hes thair mynyonis on the streit,  
 To horfs thame quhair the gait is ruch;  
 Sum at Inchebukling bray thay meit,  
 Sum in the middis of Muffilburch. 60

So May and all thir monethis thre,  
 Ar hett and dry in thair degre;  
 Heirfoir ye wantoun men in yowth,  
 For helth of body now haif e,  
 Nocht oft till mell with thanklefs mowth. 65

Sen every pastyme is at plefure,  
 I counsale yow to mel with mefure, Fol.157.b.

And namely now, May, June and Julij,  
 Delyt nocht lang in luvaris lefure,  
 Bot weit your lippis and labor hully.

70

*Quod Scott.*

## CLXXII.

*The nyne Ordour of Knavis,  
 Thair vse and thair feir.  
 In mynd quha thame havis,  
 Lo, heir thame heir.*

*Troll Trotter.*

TROLL Trotter on befoir and takis no heid,  
 Ane myle his maiftir fra the way that loun will him leid;  
 He spairis nocht his maiftiris horis be the spurris his awin,  
 With prickin and with pransing that knaif wald be knawin.  
 He is als gay in his hart as ane bryd grome, 5  
 For to speik with ane man he takkis him no tome;  
 He is so glaid, and so licht and full of parramouris,  
 He will nocht wait on his maiftir the space of sex houris:  
 He will thryve, wat ye quhen?<sup>1</sup> Be God I trow nevir,  
 For to be ane verry knaif that fhrew schupis evir. 10

*Troll By.*

Troll By be his maiftir frakly will ryd,  
 And with ane hude on his heid hovis him besyd;  
 Cheik for cheik also and fakfallow lyk;  
 And with ane quarrell to riche and to pure ay reddy to pyk.

<sup>1</sup>Written *quen* in MS.

And with ane knavis contenance his hand on his knyfe, 15  
 With all maneris but mair as he fowld nevir thryfe;  
 He is als hie in his hart as ane warriour,  
 And he and prowde as ane vane wouftour;  
 He is a coward weill kend amangis the rawis;  
 He wald be oft in the stokkis gife he had rycht lawis. 20

*Troll Hafart.*

Troll Hafart of the trace he trottis on soft,  
 Ane myle behind his maiftir he cumis full oft;  
 Bydis noppand and noddand, and takkis na keip, Fol. 158.a.  
 For ony aw of his maiftir that schrew fallis on fleip;  
 Ay lichtand and pifcheand the knave cumis behind, 25  
 And bydis abak at the bank as he wer stane blind;  
 And quhen his maiftir him missis thair mon be keiking,  
 For to gett that faid schrew for he is oft a feiking.  
 He is ane rekles boy in preifs and in neid,  
 To his maiftir nor his geir he takkis no heid; 30  
 Pairt is tynt, pairt is stowin, quhair he can nocht tell,  
 Ane vthir pairt lyis in wed, and pairt will he sell:  
 And he wer to be hung vp this dastard than war wrangit,  
 Bot gif he wer hieft of all on the gallowis hangit.

*Troll of the Tre Trace.*

Troll of the tre trace is reddy ay drukkin, 35  
 He is als evill to fynd as he in Hell war fuckin;  
 And quhen his maiftir cryis horfs and to the fair will mynt,  
 Then the kie of the stable dur is with the knaif tynt;  
 The dur mon be brockin, the maiftir may nocht byd,  
 The diuill a thing of his geir is reddy then to ryd. 40  
 Quhair hes thow bene, hursoun, thow fals curfit loun?  
 Sir, I was on the baxstar spoungeand your gown.



With ilk lefing ma then vthir that knaif will put ammangit,  
 And his countenance than is as he wer to be hangit;  
 All this he will foryet lang or it be ewin, 45  
 Thair is na mendis for that millegant he is fa wan thev[in].

*Fidofragus.*

He comptis on his maiftiris horfs in corne and in hay,  
 All that him self drinkis and at the dyce will play;  
 And so of his maiftiris purfs no thing will he spair,  
 And all his for the horfs faik thay have so gud a fair. 50  
 The tapstar and the fals knave haldis on ane mene;  
 He comptis on his horfs fair baith him and his quene;  
 And quhen his maiftir pleneys on his horfs cheir,  
 And wonderis oft in his mynd thair coft is so deir,  
 He sayis thay ar feik within, or then hes the stule, 55  
 And thus he bleiris his maiftiris ee, and makis him ane fule.  
 And so he standis in ane pleid with ane hie fair,  
 And will fecht with ony man that sayis the contrair.  
 Bot in schort, at ane word, mendis is thair name,  
 Quhill that this fals knaif be to gallois gane. 60

*Chaft Luter.*

Fol. 158. b.

Chaft Luter gois to bed and fyne rubbis his tais,  
 He will nocht ryfs to the pott, bot pischis amang the strais,  
 And lyis still lounderand as he had nocht to done;  
 He will nocht get vp on fute quhill it be neir none.  
 His clais is oft in wanting and sic is his gyifs, 65  
 He thrawis and he puttis fast at his vly pyifs;  
 His faice als stiff is for scleip and his ene fowin,  
 His heid ay vnkemunt is, and with hair ovir growin.  
 Be his hois be pointtit vp and schone on his feit,  
 He gois to skemmill vp and doun, to drynk he is evir meit; 70

To the aill and the wyne glaidly will he gang;  
 He will fecht that fals knaif with wylis and with wrang.  
 With the butis he will fyle the bed and all the array,  
 And ay on his maiftiris spurris he levis the awld clay;  
 And thus he fairis quhan he cumis in everilk place;  
 Sic ane boy may ye wene fall nevir cum to grace.

75

*Gillie Hachatt.*

This Gilly Hatchett in his bed cowthis at his eifs,  
 And fyndis ane mene to ly still and his maiftir pleifs.

*Haill Harlott.*

Haill Harlott in hall to ryifs he is richt laith,  
 Quhill it be none past he drawis him nocht a claith;  
 And quhen it is so he feikis for his fark;  
 Ay to skart and to claw is his first wark.  
 He is lang in lafing and bucling vp his geir,  
 And arrayis him richt so as he wer new to leir;  
 His clais ar nocht weill on quhen it is ewin;  
 He is ane verry loffinger and ane wanthrevin,  
 And ilk day ane new maiftir that harlot will haif;  
 He governis ay with sweirnes as a fals knaif.

80

85

*Fathir Abbott.*

Fathir Abbott of this ordour is fett in his hie stall,  
 To be maiftir as Schir Malapairt and chofin our thame all,  
 And dreidles and schameles his chaipanis ar furth focht,  
 Nowdir can thay sing weill nor yit reid thay ocht;  
 Reklesly on thair sawll religioun can thay tak,  
 Priour and suppriour sone thay thame mak;

90

Fol. 159.a.

And all thair officiariis thay are lyk vthir, 95  
 In govirnance and misgyding lyk vthiris bruthir.  
 Pykharnes to be sicker it becumis best,  
 He will talk mekle thing and nevir be confest.

*Finis.*

CLXXIII.

*Epigrammis of Maistir Haywod.*

**O**N blyndman to supper an vder bad:  
 Quhilk tway fitting at sic meit as thay had,  
 Me think, quod the blynd host, this candle burne dyme;  
 So think me, schir, quod the blynd gaist to him.  
 Wyfe, said the gudman, with forrow mend this licht: 5  
 Scho put owt the candle, quhilk brunt verry bricht,  
 And fet doun empty chandleris two or thre;  
 So, lo, now eit and welcome, nechbour, quod hie.

*A Witty Wyfe.*

Jane, quod James, to ane schort demand of myne,  
 Ansuer nocht with a lie frome that mowth of thyne. 10  
 And tak the a noble: quhilk, quhen scho had tane:  
 Is thy husband, quod he, a cokcald, Jane?  
 Scho held still, and to this wold no word speik:  
 Frome quhilk dum deling, quhen he cowld hir nocht breik.  
 He axt his noble agane Quhy, quod schee, 15  
 Maid I lie to the? nay, quod hie.  
 Than well fill, quod schee, this wage I win cleir.  
 And then of my counsaile no moir the weir

Godis fawle, sayis he, and flong away in tene,  
 I will nevir wod with that woman agane;  
 For as scho in speich can revyle a man,  
 So man in fylene scho begyle can.

20

*Of a evill Governour callit Jude.*

A rewlar thair was in cuntre a far,  
 And of peple a grit extortionar,  
 Quho by name, as I vndirstand, wes callit Jude.  
 On gaif him an ase, quhilk quhen he had vewd,  
 He askit the geve, for quhat intent  
 He brocht him that ase for a present.  
 I bring it, Maistir Jude, quod he, to yow hither,  
 To joyne Maistir Jude and the ase togither;  
 Quhilk two joint in on thus it bringis to pafs,  
 I may bid yow gudday, Maistir Judas.  
 Macabeus or Iscariot, thow knaif, quod he?  
 Quhome it pleifs your maistirfchip, so lat it be.

25

Fol. 159. b.

30

*A Man of Law.*

Twanty clyantis to on man of law,  
 For counsale in xx<sup>th</sup> diuerfs materis did draw;<sup>1</sup>  
 Ilk on praying at on instant to speid,  
 As all attains wald haif speid to proceid.  
 Freyndis all, quod the lernit man, I will speik with none,  
 Till on barbour haif schavin all on by on.  
 To a barbour thay went altogether,  
 And being schavin thay returnd agane hither;  
 Ye haif, quod the lawer, tareid long hence.  
 Sir, quod on, twenty cowlde nocht be schavin fence,  
 Off on barbour, for ye weill vndirstand,  
 On barbour can haif bot on schaving hand.

- 35

40

45

<sup>1</sup> First written *schaw*.

Nor on laweir, quod he, bot [on] talking tung;  
 Lerne, clientis, this lessone off the lawer sprung:  
 Lyk as the barbour on eftir on moft schaive,  
 So clyentis off counfalouris counfale moft haive. 50

*Of a Presoner condemnit.*

In presone a presoner condemnit to die,  
 And for executioun wating on daylie;  
 In his handis for wormes loking on a day,  
 Smyling to him self thir wordis did say;  
 Sen my four quarteris in four quarteris fal stand, 55  
 Quhy harme I thir silly wormes citing my hand?  
 Nocht ellis in this doing bot my self I schaw  
 Enemy to the worme and freynd to the crow.

*Finis quod Maister Haywod.*

CLXXIV.

[*Be mirry Bretherene ane and all.*]

BE mirry bretherene ane and all, Fol. 160.2.  
 And sett all sturt on iyd.  
 And every ane togidder call  
 To God to be our gyd.  
 For als lang leivis the mirry man, 5  
 As dois the wrech for ocht he can;  
 Quhen Deid him streiks he wait nocht quhan.  
 And chairgis him to byd.

The riche than fall nocht sparit be,  
Thocht thay haif gold and land, 10  
Nor yit the fair for thair bewty  
Can nocht that chairge ganestand.  
Thocht wicht or waik wald fie away,  
No dowl bot all mon ransone pay;  
Quhat place or quhair can no man say, 15  
Be fie or yit be land.

Quhairfoir my counsaill, brethir, is  
That we togidder sing;  
And all to loif that Lord of blifs,  
That is of hevynis King; 20  
Quha knawis the secreit thochtis and dowl,  
Off all our hairtis round about;  
And he quha thinkis him nevir fa stout,  
Mone thoill that pvniffing.

Quhat man but stryf in all his lyfe 25  
Doith test moir of deidis pane,  
Nor dois the man quhilk on the fie  
His leving feikis to gane?  
For quhen distrefs dois him opprefs,  
Than to the Lord for his redrefs, 30  
Quha gaif command for all exprefs,  
To call and nocht refrane.

The mirryest man that leivis on lyfe,  
He failis on the fie,  
For he knawis nowdir sturt nor stryfe, 35  
Bot blyth and mirry be.  
Bot he that hes ane evill wyfe  
Hes sturt and sorrow all his lyfe,  
And that man quhilk leivis ay in stryfe,  
How can he mirry be? 40

Ane evill wyfe is the werft aucht, That ony man can haif, For he may nevir fit in faucht, Onlefs he be hir fklaiſ.	Fol. 160. b.
Bot of that fort I knaw nane vder, Bot owthir a kukald or his bruder; Cuntlairdis and cukkaldis all togidder May wiſs thair wyfis in graif;	45
Becaufs thair wyfis hes maiftery, That thay dar nawayifs cheip, Bot gif it be in priuity, Quhan thair wyfis ar on fleip.	50
Ane mirry in thair cumpany Wer to thame worth baith gold and fie, Ane menſtrall could nocht bocht be, Thair mirth gif he could beit.	55
Bot of that fort quhilk I report, I knaw nane in this ring, Bot we may all, baith grit and ſmall, Glaibly baith dance and ſing.	60
Quha liſt nocht heir to mak gud cheir, Perchance his gudis ane vthir yeir Be ſpent quhen [he] is brocht to beir, Quhen [h]is wyfe takis the fling.	
It hes bene fene that wyfe wemen, Eftir thair huſbandis deid, Hes gottin men hes gart thame ken, Gif thay mycht beir grit laid;	65
With ane grene ſting hes gart thame bring The geir quhilk won wes be ane dring, And ſyne gart all the bairnis ſing Ramulloch in thair beddis.	70

Than wad scho fay, Allace this day,  
 For him that wan this geir,  
 Quhen I him had, I skairfly said, 75  
 My hairt anis mak gud cheir:  
 Or I had lettin him spend a plak,  
 I lever haif wittin him brokin his bak,  
 Or ellis his craig had gottin a crak, Fol. 161. a.  
 Our the heicht of the stair. 80

Ye neigartis than example tak,  
 And leir to spend your awin;  
 And with gud freyindis ay mirry mak,  
 That it may be weill knawin,  
 That thow art he quha wan this geir; 85  
 And for thy wyfe se thow nocht spair,  
 With gud freyndis ay to mak repair,  
 Thy honesty may be knawin.

Finis, quod I, quha settis nocht by  
 The ill wyffis of this toun, 90  
 Thocht for dispyt with me wald flyt,  
 Gif thay nicht put me down.  
 Gif ye wald knaw quha maid this fang,  
 Quhiddir ye will him heid or hang,  
 Flemyng is name quhair evir he gang, 95  
 In place or in quhat toun.

*Explicit quod Flemyng.*





Scho fet in hir teith, his eis ran a watter,  
 Scho bait, he cryid, doggis barkit, the peple show[tid,<sup>1</sup>]  
 Hornis blew, bellis rong, the Diuill dred and downtid, 30  
 Thocht he wer in his breik to bring streicht to Hell.  
 At laft to see quhat buggis in his breik frayid him,  
 Foure and fyve manfull men manfully stayid him;  
 The rattis hopping owt at his hoifs pulling of,  
 All this sayd matir turnd to a mirry skofe. 35  
 Quhen he saw theis rattis bythis cheifs brocht this [feir,<sup>1</sup>]  
 Reiofing the skaip, he solempdly did sweir,  
 That in his breik fowld cum no cheifs eftir that,  
 Except in his breik he war fure of a catt.

*Finis quod Maistir Haywod.*

*Jak and his Father.*

Jak, quod his fader, how fall I eifs tak? 40  
 Gif I stand my leggis irk, and gif I kneill  
 My kneis irk; gif I go than my feit ake;  
 Gif I ly my bak irk; gif I sitt I feill  
 My hippis irk, and lene I nevir fo weill  
 My elbowis irk. Sir, quod Jak, pane to exyle, 45  
 Sen all thais eifs nocht, best ye hang a quhyle.

*Finis Idem.*

*Of One askin for Scheip at Maidyins.*

Come thair ony scheip this way, yow scheipifch maidis? Nay,  
 Bot evin as ye come, thair come a calf this way.

*Finis quod Haywod.*

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<sup>1</sup> Cut off by inlaying of MS.

## CLXXVI.

*Ane Discription of Peder Coffeis, having no Regaird  
till Honestie in thair Vocationn.* Fol. 162.a.

**I**T is my purpoifs to discryve  
This holy perfyte genologie,  
Off pedder knavis superlatyve,  
Pretendand to awtoretie,  
That wait of nocht bot beggartie. 5  
Ye burges fonis, prevene thir lownis,  
That wald distroy nobilitie,  
And baneifs it all borrow townis.

Thay ar declarit in fevin pairtis.  
Ane scroppit cofe, quhen he begynnis, 10  
Sornand all and findry airtis,  
For to by hennis reidwod he rynnis;  
He lokis thame vp in to his innis  
Vnto ane derch, and sellis thair eggis,  
Regraitandly on thame he wynniss, 15  
And secondly his meit he beggis.

Ane swyngeour coife amangis the wyvis,  
In landwart dwellis with subteill menis,  
Exponand thame auld sanctis lyvis,  
And fanis thame with deid menis banis; 20  
Lyk Romerakaris with awfterne granis,  
Speikand curlyk ilk ane till vder,  
Peipand peurly with peteous granis,  
Lyk fenyeit Symmye and his bruder.

Thir cur coffeis that failis our fone, 25  
And thretty fum abowt ane pak,

With bair blew bonattis and hobbeld schone,  
 And beir bonnokkis with thame thay tak;  
 Thay schamed schrewis, God gif thame lak,  
 At none quhen merchantis makis gud cheir, 30  
 Steilis doun and lyis behind ane pak,  
 Drinkand bot dreggis and barmy beir.

Knaifatica coff misknawis him fell,  
 Quhen he gettis on a furrit gown,  
 Grit Lucifer, maistir of Hell, 35  
 Is nocht fa helie as that loun;  
 As he cumis brankand throw the toun,  
 With his keis clynkand on his arme,  
 That calf, clovin futtit, fleid custroun,  
 Will mary nane bot a burges bairne. 40

Ane dyvour coffe, that wirry hen, Fol. 162. b.  
 Distroyis the honor of our natioun,  
 Takis gudis to frist fra fremmit men,  
 And brekis his obligatioun;  
 Quhilk dois the marchandis defamatioun, 45  
 Thay ar reprevit for that regratour,  
 Thairfoir we gif our declaratioun,  
 To hang and draw that commoun tratour.

Ane curloreoufs coffe, that hege skraper,  
 He fittis at hame quhen that thay baik, 50  
 That pedder brybour, that scheipkeipar,  
 He tellis thame ilk ane caik by caik;  
 Syne lokkis thame vp and takis a faik,  
 Betuix his dowbett and his jackett,  
 And eitis thame in the buith, that smaik; 55  
 God, that he mort in to ane rakkett.

And cathedrall coff, he is ovr riche,  
 And hes na hap his gude to spend,  
 Hot levis lyk ane warcit wreche,  
 And trestis nevir till tak ane end;  
 With faltheid evir dois him defend,  
 Proceeding still in averice,  
 And levis his sawle na gude commend,  
 Hot walkis ane wilsome wey, I wifs.

I yow exhort, all that is heir,  
That reidis this bill, ye wald it schaw  
Vnto the preuest, and him requeir  
That he will geif thir coffis the law:  
And baneis thame the burgeiss raw.  
And to the scho streit ye thame ken:  
Synce cutt thair huggis that ye may know  
Thir peckir knavis be burgeis men.

**Form and Location:**

2022

THEY ARE NOT IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. IT IS THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

[illegible]

所 有 的 人 都 在 笑

Quod God to the Helandman, Quhair wilt thou now? Fol. 163. a.  
 I will down in the Lawland, Lord, and thair steill a kow.  
 And thou steill a cow, cairle, thair thay will hang the.  
 Quattrack, Lord, of that, for anis mon I die? 10  
 God than he lewch, and owre the dyk lap,  
 And owt of his scheith his gowly owtgatt.  
 Sanct Petir focht this gowly fast vp and down,  
 Yit cowl'd not find it in all that braid rownn.  
 Now, quod God, heir a mervell, how can this be, 15  
 That I sowld want my gowly, and we heir bot thre?  
 Humff, quod the Helandman, and turnd him abowt,  
 And at his plaid nuk the guly fell owt.  
 Fy, quod Sanct Petir, thou will nevir do weill,  
 And thou bot new maid fa fone gais to steill. 20  
 Vmff, quod the Helandman, and fwere be yon kirk,  
 Sa lang as I may geir gett to steill, will I nevir wirk.

*Finis.*

CLXXVIII.

*Ane Ansuer to ane Helandmanis Invectiue, maid be  
 Alexander Montgomery.*

FYNDLAY McConnoquhy, fuf McFadyan,  
 Cativillie geilyie with the poik berik,  
 Smoir ennary takin trewis breikles McBradyan,  
 Yeill fart fast in Baquhiddir or the corne schaik.  
 In steid of grene gynger ye eit gray gradyan, 5  
 For lyce in your limfchoch ye haif na inlaik;  
 Mony muntir moir in mvvggis of mvre madyan

*ANE ANSWER TO ANE INGLISS RAILAR.*

Sawis feindill faffroun in fawt for thair farkis faik.  
 Ocknewling, Occonnoquhy, Ocgreigry, McGrane,  
 With fallifty montir moy,  
 Soy in scho forle boy,  
 Callin feane aggis endoy,  
 Firry braldich ilk ane.

10

*Finis quod Montgummary.*

## CLXXIX.

*Ane Anfuer to ane Inglifs Railar prayfing his awin  
 Genalogy.*

**Y**E Inglifche hurfone, funtyme will avant  
 Your progeny frome Brutus to haif tane,  
 And funtyme frome ane angell or ane fanct,  
 As Angelus and Anglus bayth war ane;  
 Angellis in erth yit hard I few or nane,  
 Except the feyndis with Lucifer that fell.  
 Avant yow, villane, of that lord allane;  
 Tak thy progeny frome Pluto, prence of Hell,  
 Becaufs ye vse in hoillis to hyd your fell;  
 Anglufs is cum frome Angulus in deid.  
 Aboive all vderis Brutus bure the bell,  
 Quha flew his fader howping to succeid;  
 Than chufs yow ane of thais, I rek not ader,  
 Tak Beelzebub or Brutus to your fader.

5

Fol. 163. b.

10

*Finis.*

## CLXXX.

*Heir begynnys the Proclamioun<sup>1</sup> of the Play, made  
 be David Lynsayis, of the Month, Knicht in the  
 Playfeild, in the Moneth of                   , the yeir of God  
 155       Yeiris.*

Fol. 164. a.

*Proclamioun maid in Cowpar of Fyffe.*

R ICHT famous pepill, ye fall vndirstand  
 How that ane Prince, richt wyifs and vigilant,  
 Is schortly for to cum in to this land,  
 And purpoffis to hald ane parliament,  
 His thre estaitis thairto hes done consent,                   5  
 In Cowpar toun in to thair best array,  
 With support of the Lord omnipotent,  
 And thairto hes affixt ane certane day.

With help of him that rewlis all abone,  
 That day falbe within ane litill space;                   10  
 Our purpofs is on the sevint day of June,  
 Gif weddir serve, and we haif rest and pece,  
 We fall be fene in till our playing place,  
 In gude array, abowt the hour of sevin;  
 Off thriftinefs that day I pray yow ceifs,                   15  
 But ordane ws gude drink aganis alleuin.

Faill nocht to be vpone the Castell hill,  
 Befyd the place quhair we purpoifs to play;  
 With gude stark wyne your flaconis fee ye fill,  
 And hald your self the myrieaft that ye may.                   20  
 Be not displeisit quatevir we sing or say,  
 Amang fad mater howbeid we fumtyme relye;  
 We fall begin at seuin houris of the day,  
 So ye keip tryift, forswth we fall nocht felye.

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *Plocamioun*.



*Cotter.*

I falbe thair with Goddis grace,	25
Thocht thair war nevir so grit ane prefe,	
And formest in the fair,	
And drink ane quart in Cowpar toun,	
With my goffep Johine Willamsoun,	
Thocht all the nolt fowld rair.	30
I haif ane quick divill to my wyfe,	Fol. 164. b.
That haldis me evir in sturt and stryfe;	
That warlo, and scho wift	
That I wald cum to this gud toun,	
Scho wald call me fals ladrone loun,	35
And ding me in the dust.	
We men that hes sic wickit wyvis,	
In grit langour we leid our lyvis,	
Ay dreifland in difeifs;	
Ye preiftis hes grit prerogatyvis,	40
That may depairt ay fra your wyvis,	
And cheifs thame that ye pleifs,	
Wald God I had that liberty,	
That I nicht pairt als weill as ye,	
Withowt the constry law;	45
Nor I be stickit with a knyfe,	
For to wad ony vder wyfe,	
That day fowld nevir daw.	

*Nuntions.*

War thy wyfe deid I fee thow wald be fane.

*Cotter.*

Ye, that I wald, fweit fir, be Sanct Fillane.	50
-----------------------------------------------	----

*SCHIR DAVID LYNDSEYIS PLAY.*

*Nuntius.*

Wald thow nocht mary fra hand ane vder wyfe?

*Cotter.*

Na, than the dum Divill stik me with ane knyfe;  
Quha evir did mary agane the Feind mot fang thame,  
Bot, as the preiftis dois, ay stryk in amang thame.

*Nuntius.*

Than thow mon keip thy cheftety as effeiris. 55

*Cotter.*

I fall leif cheft as abbottis, monkis and freiris.  
Maifter, quhairto fowld I my self mifkary,  
Quhair I, as preiftis, may fwyve and nevir mary?

*Wyfe.*

Quhair hes thow bene, fals ladrone loun?  
Doyttand and drinkand in the toun? 60  
Quha gaif the leif to cum fra hame?

*Cotter.*

Ye gaif me leif, fair lucky dame.

*Wyfe.*

Quhy hes thow taryit heir fa lang?

*Cotter.*

Fol. 165. a.

I nicht not thrift owthrow the thrang,  
Till that yone man the play proclamit. 65

*Wyfe.*

Trowis thow that day, fals cairle defamit,  
To gang to Cowpar to see the play?

*SCHIR DAVID LYNDSEYIS PLAY.**Cotter.*

Ye, that I will, deme, gif I may.

*Wyfe.*

Na, I fall cum thairto fickerly,  
And thow salt byd at hame and keip the ky.

70

*Cotter.*

Fair lucky dame, that war grit schame,  
Gif I that day fowld byid at hame;  
Byid ye at hame, for cum ye heir,  
Ye will mak all the toun a steir.  
Quhen ye ar fow of barmy drink,  
Besyd yow nane may stand for stink;  
Thairfoir byid ye at hame that day,  
That I may cum and see the play.

75

*Wyfe.*

Fals cairle, be God that fall thow nocht,  
And all thy crackis fall be deir coft.  
Swyth cairle, speid the hame speidaly  
Incontinent, and milk the ky,  
And mvk the byre, or I cum hame.

80

*Cotter.*

All falbe done, fair lucky dame;  
I am sa dry, dame, or I gae,  
I mon ga drink ane penny or twae.

85

*Wyfe.*

The divill a drew fall cum in thy throte;  
Speid hand,<sup>1</sup> or I fall paik thy cote;  
And to begin, fals cairle, tak thair ane plate.

<sup>1</sup> May be read *hand*.

*Cotter.*

The feind reffaif the handis that gaif me that ; 90  
 I befeik yow for Goddis faik, lucky dame,  
 Ding me na mair this day till I cum hame,  
 Than fall I put me evin in to your will.

*Wyfe.*

Or evir I ftynt, thow fall haif ftraikis thy fill.

*Heir fall the wyfe ding the carle, and he fall cry  
 Goddis mercy.*

*Cotter.*

Now wander and wa be to thame all thair lyvis, 95 Fol. 165. b.  
 The quhilk ar maryit with sic vnhappy wyvis.

*Wyfe.*

I ken foure wyvis, fals ladrone loun,  
 Baldar nor I, dwelland in Cowpar toun.

*Cotter.*

Gif thay be war, ga thow and thay togidder,  
 I pray God nor the Feind reffaif the fiddier. 100

*Fynlaw of the Fute Band.*

Wow, mary, heir is ane fellone rowt ;  
 Speik, fchiris, quhat gait may I get owt ?

I rew that I come heir.

My name, fchiris, wald ye vndirstand,  
 They call me Findlaw of the Fute Band ; 105

A nobill man of weir ;

Thair is na fyifty in this land,  
 Bot I dar ding thame hand for hand ;

Se sic ane brand I beir.

Nocht lang fensyne besyd ane fyik, 110  
 Vpoun the sonny fyd of ane dyk,

I flew with my richt hand

Ane thowfand, ye, and ane thowfand to;  
 My fingaris yit ar bludy, lo,  
                     And nane durft me ganestand. 115  
 Wit ye it dois me mekill ill,  
 That can nocht get fechtng my fill,  
                     Nowdir in peax nor weir.  
 Will na man, for thair ladyis faikis,  
 With me stryk twenty markit straikis, 120  
                     With halbart, fwerd or speir?  
 Quhen Inglifmen come in to this land,  
 Had I bene thair with my bricht brand,  
                     Withowttin ony help  
 Bot myn allane, on Pynky Craiggis, 125  
 I fowld haif revin thame all in raggis,  
                     And laid on fkelp for fkelp.  
 Sen nane will fecht, I think it best  
 To ly doun heir and tak me rest,  
                     Than will I think nane ill; 130  
 I pray the grit God, of his grace  
 To fend ws weir and nevir peace,  
                     That I may fecht my fill.

*Heir fall he ly doun.*

*The Fule.*

My lord, be him that ware the croun of thorne,  
 A mair cowart was nevir sen God was borne; 135 Fol. 166. a.  
 He lovis him self, and vthir men he lakkis,  
 I ken him weill for all his boiftis and crakkis.  
 Howbeid he now be lyk ane captane cled,  
 At Pyncky Clewch he was the first that fled;  
 I tak on hand, or I steir of this steid, 140  
 This crakkand cairle to fle with ane schein heid.

*Here fall the auld man cum in leidand  
 his wyfe in ane dance.*

[*Auld Man.*]

Bessy, my hairt, I mon ly doun and sleip,  
And in myne arme se quyetly thow creip;  
Bessy, my hairt, first lat me lok thy cunt,  
Syne lat me keip the key as I was wount. 145

*Bessy.*

My gud husband, lock it evin as ye pleifs,  
I pray God fend yow grit honor and eifs.

*Heir fall he lok hir cunt, and lay the key vnder  
his heid; he fall sleip and scho fall sit besyd him.*

*The Courteouer.*

Lufty lady, I pray yow hairtfully,  
Gif me licence to beir yow cumpany;  
Ye sie I am ane cumly courteour, 150  
Quhilk nevir yit did woman difhonour.

*Marchand.*

My fair maistres, sweitar than the lammer,  
Gif me licence to luge in to your chalmer;  
I am the richest marchand in this toun,  
Ye fall of silk haif kirtill, hude and gown. 155

*Clerk.*

I yow befeik, my lufty lady bricht,  
To gif me leif to ly with yow all nicht;  
And of your quoman lat me schut the lokkis,  
And of fyne gold ye fall reffaif ane box.

*Fwill.*

Fair dameffell, how pleifs ye me. 160  
I haif na mair geir nor ye sie;

Swa lang as this may steir or stand,  
 It fall be ay at your command;  
 Na, it is the best that evir ye saw.

*Bessy.*

Now welcome to me aboif thame aw.  
 Was nevir wyf sa straitly rokkit,  
 Se ye not how my cunt is lokkit.

165

Fol. 166.b.

*Fule.*

Thinkis he nocht schame, that brybor blunt,  
 To put ane lok vpoun your cunt?

*Bessy.*

Bot se gif ye can mak remeid,  
 To steill the key fra vndir his heid.

170

*Fule.*

That fall I do, withowttin dowl,  
 Lat se gif I can get it owte;  
 Lo, heir the key, do quhat ye will.

*Bessy.*

Na, than lat ws ga play our fill.

175

*Heir fall thay go to sum quyet place.*

*Fynlaw of the Fute Band.*

Will nane with me in France go to the weiris,  
 Quhair I am captane of ane hundreth speiris?  
 I am sa hardy, sturdy, strang and stowt,  
 That owt of Hell the Divill I dar ding owt.

*Clerk.*

Gif thow be gude or evill I can not tell,  
 Thay ar not fonsy that so dois ruse thame sell;

180

At Pyncky Clewch, I knew richt woundir weill,  
 Thow gat na credence for to beir a creill.  
 Sen sic as thow began to brawll and boift,  
 The commoun weill of Scotland hes bene loift; 185  
 Thow cryis for weir, bot I think peax war best;  
 I pray to God till fend ws peice and rest,  
 On that conditioun, that thow and all thy fallowis,  
 War be the craiggis heich hangit on the gallowis.  
 Quha of this weir hes bene the fundament, 190  
 I pray to the grit God omnipotent,  
 That all the warld, and mae, mot on thame wounder,  
 Or ding thame deid with awfull fyre of thunder.

*Fynlaw.*

Domine doctur, quhair will ye preiche to morne?  
 We will haif weir and all the warld had sworne; 195  
 Want we weir heir, I will ga pafs in France,  
 Quhair I will get ane lordly governance.

*Clerk.*

Sa quhat ye will, I think feuer peax is best;  
 Quha wald haif weir God fend thame littill rest.  
 Adew, crakkar, I will na langar tary, 200  
 I trest to see the in ane firy fary;  
 I trest to God to see the and thy fallowis, Fol. 167. a.  
 Within few dayis hingand on Cowpar gallowis.

*Fyndlaw.*

Now art thow gane the dum Divill be thy gyd.  
 Yone brybour was fa fleit he durst not byid; 205  
 Be woundis and passionis, had he spokkin mair ane word,  
 I fowld haif hackit his heid af with my sward.

*Heir fall the gudman walkin and cry  
 for Bessy.*



[*Auld Man.*]

My bony Bessy, quhair art thou now?  
 My wyfe is fallin on fleip I trow;  
 Quhair art thou, Bessy, my awin sweit thing, 210  
 My hony, my hairt, my dayis darling?  
 Is thair na man that saw my Bess?  
 I trow scho be gane to the mefs;  
 Bessy, my hairt, heiris thou not me?  
 My joy, cry peip, quhairevir thou be. 215  
 Allace, for evir now am I fey,  
 For of hir cunt I tynt the key;  
 Scho may call me ane jufflane jok,  
 Or I swyve I mon brek the lok.

*Bessy.*

Quhat now, gudman, quhat wald ye haif? 220

*Auld Man.*

No thing, my hairt, bot yow I craif;  
 Ye haif bene doand sum biffy wark?

*Bessy.*

My hairt, evin fewand yow ane fark,  
 Of Holland claith baith quhyt and tewch;  
 Lat pruve gif it be wyid annewch. 225

*Heir fall scho put the fark over his heid,  
 and the fuill fall steill in the key agane.*

*Auld [Man].*

It is richt verry weill, my hairt,  
 Oure Lady lat ws nevir depairt.  
 Ye ar the fareft of all the flok;  
 Quhair is the key, Bess, of my lok?

*Bessy.*

Ye reve, gudman, be Goddis breid, 230  
I saw yow lay it vnder your heid.

*Auld Man.*

Be my gud faith, Bess, that is trew.  
That I suspectit yow, fair I rew; Fol. 167. b.  
I trow thair be no man in Fyffe,  
That evir had sa gude ane wyfe; 235  
My awin fweithairt, I had it best,  
That we sitt down and tak us rest.

*Fyndlaw.*

Now is nocht this ane grit dispyte,  
That nane with me will fecht nor flyte?  
War Goliath in to this steid, 240  
I doun nocht to stryk of his heid.  
This is the sword that slew Gray Steill,  
Nocht half ane myle beyond Kynneill;  
I was that nobill campyoun,  
That slew Schir Bewas of Sowth Hamtoun; 245  
Hector of Troy, Gawayne or Goliath,  
Had never half sa meikle hardiness.

*Heir fall the fuille cum in with ane scheip heid  
on ane staff, and Fyndlaw fall be fleit.*

Wow, wow, braid Benedicite,  
Quhat sicht is yone, schiris, that I see?  
I[n] nomine Patris et Filij, 250  
I trow yone be the spreit of Gy;  
Na, faith, it is the spreit of Marling,  
Or sum scho gaist or gyrgarling.  
Allace for evir, fow fall I gyd me?  
God fen I had ane hoill till hyd me; 255

But dowt my deid yone man hes fworne,  
 I trow yone be grit Gow Mak Morne;  
 He gaippis, he glowris, howt welloway,  
 Tak all my geir and lat me gay.  
 Quhat fay ye, fchir, wald ye have my fwerd? 260  
 Ye mary, fall ye, at the first word;  
 My gluvis of plait and knapfaw to;  
 Your preffonar I yield me, lo;  
 Tak thair my purfs, my belt and knyfe,  
 For Goddis faik, maifter, fave my lyfe. 265  
 Na, now he cumis, evin for to fla me;  
 For Godis faik, fchiris, now keip him fre me;  
 I fee not ellis bot tak and flae;  
 Wow, mak me rowme and lat me gae.

*Nuntius.*

As for this day I haif na mair to fay yow; 270  
 On Witfone Tyfday cum fee our play, I prey yow;  
 That famyne day is the fevint day of June,  
 Thairfoir, get vp richt airly and difune. Fol. 168. a.  
 And ye ladyis, that hes na fkant of leddir,  
 Or ye cum thair, faill nocht to teme your bleddir; 275  
 I dreid, or we haif half done with our wark,  
 That fum of yow fall mak ane richt wait fark.

*Heir begynnis Schir David Lyndsay Play, maid  
in the Grenesyd, besyd Edinburgh; quhilk  
I writtin bot schortly be Interludis, levand  
the grave mater thair of, becaus the samyne  
abuse is weill reformat in Scotland, prayfit  
be God; quhairthrow I omittit that principall  
mater, and writtin only fertane mirry  
Interludis thair of verry plesand, begynning  
at the first part of the Play.*

[Diligence.]

The Fader, foundar of faith and felicitie,  
That your fassone formit to his similitude;  
And his Sone your Saluour, scheild in necessitie, 280  
That bocht yow frome bailis, ransomit on the rude,  
Replegeing his prissonaris with his pretious blude;  
The Haly Gaißt, governour and grundar of grace, Fol. 168. b.  
Of wifdome and weilfair baith fontane and flude,  
Save yow all that I fe feisit in this place, 285  
And scheild yow fra fyn;  
And with his spreit yow enspyre,  
Till I haif schawin my defyre.  
Scilence, foveranis, I requyre,  
For now I begyn. 290

*Pausa.*

Pepill tak tent to me, and hald yow coy,  
Heir am I sent to yow, ane messingeir  
Frome ane nobill and richt redowttit roy,  
The quhilk hes bene absent this mony ane yeir;  
Humanitie, gif ye his name wald speir, 295  
Quha bad me schaw to yow, but variance,  
That he intendis amang yow to compeir,  
With ane trivmphant awfull ordinance;

With croun and fwerd and sceptour in his hand,  
 Temperit with mercy, quhen penitence appeiris; 300  
 Howbeid that he hes bene langtyme fleipand,  
 Quhairthrow misfrewill hes rung thir mony yeiris;  
 And innocentis bene brocht vpoun thair beiris,  
 Be fals reportaris of this natioun;  
 Thocht yung oppressouris at the elderis leiris, 305  
 Be now weill seur of reformatioun.

Se no misdoaris be so bawld,  
 As to remane in to this hawld,  
 For quhy, be him that Judas sawld,  
                     Thay will be heich hangit. 310  
 Faithfull folk now may sing,  
 For quhy, it is the bidding  
 Off my foverane the king,  
                     That na man be wrangit.  
 Thocht he ane quhyle now in his flowris, 315  
 Be governit be trumpouris,  
 And sumtyme to lufe parramowris,  
                     Hald him excusit.  
 For quhen he meitis with Correctioun,  
 With Verety and Discretioun, 320  
 Thay will be baneift of the toun,  
                     Quhilk hes him abusit.

And heir, be oppin proclamatioun,  
 I warne, in name of his magnificence,  
 The Thre Estaitis of this natioun, 325 Fol. 169.a.  
 That thay compeir, with detfull diligence,  
 And till his grace mak thair obedience.  
 And first I warne the spritualitie,  
 And see the burges spair nocht for expence,  
 Bot speid thame heir, with temporalitie. 330

Als I befeik yow, famous awditouris,  
 Conuenit in to this congregatioun,  
 To be patient the space of certane howris,  
 Till ye haif hard our schort narratioun;  
 And als we mak yow supplicatioun, 335  
 That noman tak our wordis in difdane,  
 Howbeid ye heir be lamentatioun,  
 The commoun weill richt petoufly complane.

Richt fo the verteous lady Veretye  
 Will mak ane peteous lamentatioun, 340  
 And for the trewth scho will imprissonit bee,  
 And baniffit a tyme owt of the toun.  
 And Chestety will mak hir narratioun,  
 How scho can get na lugeing in this land,  
 Till that the hevinly knyght Correctioun 345  
 Meit with our king and commoun hand till hand.

Prudent pepill, I pray yow all,  
 Tak noman greif in speciall;  
 For we fall speik in generall,  
 For pastyme and for play. 350  
 Thairfoir till our rymes be rung,  
 And our mistonit songis be fung,  
 Lat every man keip weill his tung,  
 And every woman tway.

*King.*

O Lord of lordis, and King of kingis all, 355  
 Omnipotent off power, Prince but peir,  
 Eterne rignand in gloir celestiall,  
 Vnmaid makar, quhilk havand no mateir  
 Maid hevin and erth, fyre, air and watter cleir,  
 Send me the grace with peax perpetuall, 360

That I may rewill my realme to thy pleseir;  
 Syne bring my fawill to joy angelicall.

Sen thow hes gevin me dominatioun,  
 And rewill of pepill subiect to my ceur,  
 Be I nocht rewlit be counsale and reffoun, 365  
 In dignitie I may nocht lang indeur. Fol. 169.b  
 I grant my stait my self may nocht assure,  
 Nor yit conserue my lyfe in sickernes;  
 Haif pety, Lord, of me thy createur,  
 Supportand me in all my bisshines. 370

I the requeist, quhilk rent was on the rude,  
 Me till defend frome deidis of defame,  
 That my pepill report of me bot gude,  
 And be my saifgaird both fra syn and schame.  
 I know my dayis indeuris bot a drame, 375  
 Thairfoir, O Lord, hairtly I the exhort,  
 Till gif me grace till vse my diadame  
 To thy plefour, and to my grit confort.

*Heir fall the King pafs to royall fait, and sit  
 with ane grave countenance till Wantones cum.*

[*Wantones.*]

My foverane lord, and prince but peir,  
 Quhat garris yow mak fa dreiry cheir? 380  
 Be glaid fa lang as ye ar heir,  
 And pafs tyme with plefour.  
 For als lang leivis the mirry man,  
 As the fory for ocht he can;  
 His banis bittirly fall I ban, 385  
 That dois yow displefour.  
 Sa lang as Placebo, and I,  
 Remanis in to your cumpany,

Your grace fall leif richt mirrely,  
                     Haiff ye na dowl. 390  
 So lang as your grace hes ws in ceure,  
 Your prudence fall want na plefeur;  
 War Sollace heir, I yow affeure,  
                     He wald reioifs this rowt.

*Placebo.*

Gude bruder, quhair is Solace, 395  
 The mirroure of all mirrenes?  
 I haif mervell, be the mefs,  
                     He taryis fo lang.  
 Byd he away we ar bot schent,  
 I ferly how he fra ws went; 400  
 I trow he hes impediment,  
                     That lattis him to gang.

*Wantones.*

I left Sollace, that loun,  
 Drinkand doun in to the toun;  
 It will coist him half ane croun, 405  
                     Thocht he had na mair.  
 And als he said he wald gang fee  
                                             Fol. 170. a.  
 Fair lady Sensualitie,  
 The beriall of bewtie,  
                     And portratour preclair. 410

*Placebo.*

Be God, I se him at the last,  
 As he war chessit, rynnand fast,  
 He glowris, evin as he war agast,  
                     Or fleid for ane gaift.  
 Na, he is druckin I trow, 415



Wow, quha fa evir sic ane thrang?  
 Me thocht sum said I had gane wrang; 420  
 Had I help I wald sing ane sang,  
     With ane mirry noyifs.  
 I haif sic plesour at my hairt,  
 That garris me sing the tribill pairt;  
 Wald sum gude fallow fill the quairt, 425  
     That wald my hairt reioyfs.  
 Howbeid my coit be schort and nippit,  
 Thankit be God, I am weill hippit,  
 Thocht all my gold may sone be grippit  
     In till ane penny purfs. 430  
 Thocht I ane servand lang hes bene,  
 My purchefs is nocht worth ane prene;  
 I may sing Peblis on the Grene,  
     For ocht that I may turfs.  
 Quhat is my name can ye nocht gefs? 435  
 Ken ye nocht Sandy Sollace?  
 Thay callit my moder bony Befs,  
     That dwelt betwene the bowis.  
 Off twelf yeir awld scho leird to fwyve;  
 Thankit be the grit god of lyve, 440  
 Scho maid me faderis four or fyve,  
     But dowt this is na mowis;  
 Quhen ane was deid I gat ane vder;  
 Was nevir man had fa gud ane moder,  
 For scho hes maid me freindis ane fudder, 445  
     Off lawit and leirit.  
 Scho is baith wyifs, worthy and wicht,  
 For scho spairis nowdir cuik nor knicht,

Ye, four and twenty vpoun ane nicht,  
                     Thair ene scho bleirit; 450  
 And gif I ley, schiris, ye ma speir. Fol. 170. b.  
 Bot saw ye nocht the king cum heir?  
 I am ane sportour and playfeir,  
                     To that yung king.  
 He said he wald, within schort space, 455  
 To pafs his tyme cum to this place;  
 I pray to God to gif him grace,  
                     And lang to ring.

*Placebo.*

Sollace, quhy tareit thow so lang?

*Sollace.*

The feind a faster I nicht gang; 460  
 I nicht not thrift owthrow the thrang,  
                     Off wyvis fyftene fuder.  
 Than for to ryn I tuik ane rink,  
 Bot I felt nevir sic ane stink;  
 For our Lordis lue, gif me ane drink, 465  
                     Placebo, my bruder.

*Heir fall Placebo gif Sollace ane drink.*

*King.*

My fervand Sollace, quhat gart yow tary?

*Sollace.*

I wait nocht, schir, be fweit Sanct Mary;  
 I haif bene in ane feryfary,  
                     Or ellis in till ane trans. 470  
 Schir, I haif sene, I yow affeur,

The fareft erdly criateure,  
That evir was formit be nateur,  
And moift till advance.  
To luik on hir is grit delyte, 475  
With lippis reid and cheikis quhyte;  
I wald gif all this warld quyte,  
To ftand in hir grace.  
Scho is wantone and fcho is wyifs,  
And cled vpoun the new gyifs; 480  
It wald gar all your flefche arrayifs,  
To luik on hir face.  
Wer I ane king it fowld be kend,  
I fowld not fpair on hir to fpend,  
And this fame nicht for hir till fend, 485  
For my plefour.  
Quhatraik of your prosperetie,  
Gif ye want Senfualitie?  
I wald not gif ane flane fle  
For your trefour. 490

*King.*

Forfwith, my freind, I think ye ar nochit wyifs,  
Till counsale me to brek commandiment, Fol. 171. a.  
Direftit be the Prince of Parradyifs;  
Confidering ye know that myne entent  
Is for till be to God obedient, 495  
Quha dois forbid men to be licherufs.  
Do I nochit fo, perchance I fall repent,  
Thairfoir I think your counsale odiufs,  
The quhilk ye gif me till;  
Becaufs I haif bene to this dae, 500  
Tanquam tabula rafa,  
Quhilk is als mekle for till fae,  
Rady for gud and ill.

*Placebo.*

Beleif ye that we will begyle yow,  
 Or frome your vertew for till wyil yow, 505  
 Or with evill counfale for till fyle yow,  
     Bot in to gude and evill?  
 To tak your Gracis pairt we grant,  
 In all your deidis participant,  
 So ye be nocht ane our yung fanct, 510  
     And fyne ane awld divill.

*Wantones.*

Beleif ye, schir, that lichery be fyn?  
 Na, trow nocht that; this is my reasone quhy.  
 First at the Romane court will ye begyn,  
 Quhilk is the lemand lamp of lichery; 515  
 Quhair cardinallis and bischoppis generaly,  
 To luv ladyis thay think ane plesand sport;  
 And owt of Rome hes baneift Chestety,  
 Quha with our prellattis can get na resort.  
 Schir, quhill ye get ane prudent quene, 520  
 I think your maiefty ferene  
 Sowld haif ane lusty concubene,  
     To play yow with all;  
 For I ken be your qualitie,  
 Ye want the gift of chestetie; 525  
 Fall to in nomine Domini,  
     For this is my counfall.

*Placebo.*

Schir, fend furth Sandy Sollace,  
 Or ellis your mynyeoun Wantounes,  
 And pray my lady pryores 530  
     The fwth till declair;  
 Gif it be fyn to tak ane katy,  
 Or to leif lyk ane bummill baty.

The buik fayis, schir, Omne probate,  
And nocht for to spair. 535

*Sollace.*

I speik, schir, vndir protestatioun,  
That none at me haif indignatioun; Fol. 171.b.  
For all the prelattis of this natioun,

For the maist pairt,  
Thay think na schame to keip ane heuir, 540  
And sum hes thre vnder thair ceuir;  
How this bene trew, I yow affeuir,  
Ye fall wit eftirwart.

Schir, knew ye all the matar thrwch,  
To play ye wald begyn; 545  
Speir at the monkis of Balmirrynoch,  
Gife lichery be syn.

*Heir fall entir Dame Sensualitie, with hir madynnys  
Hamelines and Denger.*

*Sensualitie.*

O luvaris walk, behald the fyrie speir,  
Behald the naturall dochter of Venus;  
Behald, luvaris, this lusty lady cleir, 550  
The fresche fontane of knichtis amorus.  
Quhat thay defyre in laitis delitius,  
Or quha wald mak to Venus observance,  
In my mirthfull chalmer mellodioufs,  
Thair fall thay fynd all pastyme and plesance. 555

Behald my heid, behald my gay intyre,  
Behald my hals, luffum and lilly quhyte;  
Behald my vifage flammand as the fyre,  
Behald my palpis of portratour perfyte.  
To luik on me lovaris hes grit dellyte, 560  
Richt so hes all the kingis of Christindome;

To thame I haif done plesouris infynite,  
And specialy vnto the court of Rome.

Ane kifs of me war worth, in ane morrowing,  
Ane mylyeoun of gold to knicht or king, 565  
And yit I am of nateur so towart,  
I latt no lovaris pafs with forry hairt.  
Of my name wald ye witt the verretye,  
Forfwith thay call me Sensualitye;  
I hald it best now, or we forder gang, 570  
To Dame Venus latt ws go fing ane fang.

*Hamelines.*

Madame, but tayreing  
For to serue Venus deir,  
We fall pafs in and sing,<sup>1</sup>  
Cum on sifter Dengeir. 575

*Danger.*

Sifter, I was nevir sweir  
To Venus obseruance.  
Howbeid I mak Dangeir,  
Yit be continewance,  
Men may haif thair plesance; 580 Fol. 172. a.  
Thairfoir lat na man fray,  
We will tak it perchance,  
Howbeid that we fay nay.

*Hamelynes.*

Sifter, cum on our way,  
And lat ws not think lang, 585  
In all the haift we may,  
To fing Venus ane fang.

*Danger.*

Siftir, to fing this fang we mannot,

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *ling*.

Without the help of gud Fund Jonnet;  
Fund Jonet, how, cum tak a pairt.

590

*Fund Jonnat.*

That fall I do with all my hart;  
Sister, howbeid that I am hefs,  
I am content to beir ane befs.  
Ye twa fowld luf me as your lyif,  
Ye knaw I leird yow baith to fwyif,  
In my chalmer, ye wait weill quhair;  
Sen fyne the feind a man I spair.

595

*Hamelines.*

Fund Jonat, fy, ye ar to blame;  
To speik fowill wordis think ye na schame?

*Fund Jonatt.*

Thair is ane hunder heir sittand by,  
That luvis japing als weill as I,  
Micht thay get it in prevetie.  
Bot quha begynnys the fang lat sie?

600

*Wantounes.*

I trow, schir, be the Trinitie,  
Yone fame is Sensualite;  
Gif it be scho, fone fall I see

605

That foverane ferene.

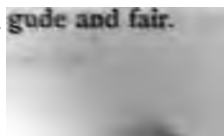
*Heir fall Wantounes ga spy theme, and cum agane to the King.*

*King.*

Quhat war thay yone, to me declair.

*Wantounes.*

Dame Sensualitie baith gude and fair.



*Placebo.*

Schir, scho is mekill till advance,	610
For scho can baith sing and dance;	
That patrone of plesance,	
The perle of pulchritude.	
Soft as filk is hir lyre,	
Hir hair lyk the gold wyre;	615
My hairt birmys in ane fyre,	
Schir, be the rude.	
I think that fre fa woundir fair,	
I wait weill scho hes na compair;	
War ye weill lernit at luvis lair,	620
And fyne had hir sene,	
I wate, be cokkis passoun,	Fol. 172. b.
Ye wald mak supplicatioun,	
And spend on hir ane milyeoun,	
Hir luve till obtene.	625

*Sollace.*

Quhat fay ye, schir, ar ye content,	
That scho cum heir incontinent?	
Quhat waillis your kingdome and your rent,	
And all your grit tressfour,	
Withowt ye haif ane mirry lyfe,	630
And cast assyd all sturt and stryfe?	
And so lang as ye want ane wyfe,	
Schir, tak your plesfour.	

*King.*

Gif it be trew that ye me tell,	
I will na langer tary;	635
I will gang preif that play my fell,	
Howbeid the world me wary.	



Als fast as ye may cary,  
                     Speid yow with diligence,  
 Bring Senfualitie  
                     Fra hand to my prefence. 640  
 Forfwith I wait not how it standis,  
 Bot fen I hard of your tythandis,  
 My body trymbelis feit and handis,  
                     And sumtyme het as fyre. 645  
 I trow Cupido, with his dart,  
 Hes woundit me owthrwche the hart;  
 My spreit will fra my body part,  
                     Get I nocht my defyre.  
 Pas on away with diligence, 650  
 And bring hir heir to my prefence;  
 Spair nocht for travell nor expence,  
                     I cair for na coift.  
 Pafs your way, Wantounes,  
 And tak with yow Sollace, 655  
 And bring that lady to this place,  
                     Or ellis I am loift.  
 Command me to that fweit thing,  
 And hir present this riche ring;  
 And fay I ly in languiffing, 660  
                     Bot scho mak remeid.  
 With ficing foir I am bot schent,  
 Withowt scho cum incontinent,  
 My grit langour for to relent,  
                     And faif me fra deid. 665

*Wantounes.*

Or ye tuik skaith, be Godis croun,  
 I leir thair was not vp and doun,  
 Ane tvme cunt in all this toun,  
                     Nor ten mylis abowt.  
 Downt not, schir, bot ye will get hir, 670Fol. 173a.

We falbe fery for to fet hir,  
 Bot we wald speid far the bettir,  
     To gar our purfs rowt.

*Sollace.*

Schir, lat na forrow in yow fink,  
 Bot gif ws duccattis for to drink, 675  
 And we fall nevir fleip a wink,  
     Till it be bak or age;  
 Ye knaw weill, fir, we haif na cunyie.

*King.*

Sollace, that falbe na funyie;  
 Beir thow that bag vpoun thy lunyie, 680  
     And win weill thy wage;  
 I pray yow speid yow sone agane.

*Wantounes.*

Ye, of this fang, schir, we ar fane,  
 We fall nowdir spair for wind nor rane,  
     Till our day wark be done; 685  
 Fairweill, for we ar at the flicht.  
 Placebo, rewill our roy at richt;  
 We falbe heir, man, or midnicht,  
     Thocht we merche with the mone.

*Heir fall thay depairt fingand mirrelly.*

Pastyme, with plesour and grit prosperitie, 690  
 Be to yow, foverane Sensualitie.

*Sensualitie.*

Sirfs, ye ar wylcum: quhair go ye, eift or west?

*Wantounes.*

In faith, I trow we be at the farrest.

*Sensualitie.*

Quhat is your name. I pray yow that declair?

*Wantounes.*

Mary, Wantounes, the kingis secretaire.

695

*Sensualitie.*

Quhat king is that, quhilk hes sa gay ane boy?

*Wantounes.*

Humanitie, that richt redowttit roy,  
 Quha dois commend him to yow hairtfully.  
 And sendis yow heir a ring with ane ruby.  
 In takin that, abuse all creatour,  
 He hes chosin yow to be his paramour:  
 He bad us say, that he wilbe bot deid,  
 Withowt that ye mak heftelly remeid.

700

*Sensualitie.*

Quhat can I help, howbeit he fowld forfair?  
 Ye ken richt weill I am na medcynnair.

705

*Sollace.*

Yis, lusty laidy, thocht he war nevir so feik,  
 I wait ye beir his helth in to your breik:  
 Ane kifs of yow in to ane morrowing,  
 Till his feiknes micht be grit conforting;  
 And als he makis yow supplicatioun,  
 This nicht to mak with him collatioun.

710 Fol. 173. b.

*Sensualitie.*

I thank his grace of his benivolence;  
 Gude schiris, I fall be reddy evin fra hand;  
 In me thair falbe fund na negligence,  
 Boith nicht and day, quhen his grace will demand.

715

Pafs ye befoir, and fay I am cumand,  
 And thinkis richt lang to haif of him ane ficht,  
 And I to Venus makis ane faythfull band,  
 That in his armes I think to ly all nicht.

*Wantones.*

That falbe done, bot yit or I hyne pafs, 720  
 Heir I proteft for Hamel[in]es, your lafs.

*Sensualitie.*

Scho falbe at command, fchir, quhen ye will;  
 I trest fcho fall fynd yow flynging your fill.

*Wantounes.*

Hay for joy, now I dance,  
 Tak thair ane gawmond of France; 725  
 Am I not wirde till avance,  
 And ane gud page,

That fa fpedely can rin,  
 To tyift my maifter to fin?  
 The diuill ane groit he will win 730  
 Off this mariage.

I rew, be sweit Sanct Michael,  
 Nor I had preuit hir my fell;  
 For quhy? yone king, be Brydis bell,  
 Kenis na mair ane cunt, 735  
 Nor dois the noveis of ane freir.

It war almoufs to pull my eir,  
 That wald not preive yone gayis geir:  
 Fy, that I am fa blunt.

I think this day to win thank; 740  
 Hay, as ane brydlit catt I brank,  
 I haif wreiftit my fchank,

Be Sanct Michael.  
 Quhilk of my leggis, as ye trow,

Was it that I hurt now? 745  
 Quhairto fowld I speir at yow?  
                     Me think thame baith haill.  
 Gude morrow, maiftir, be the mefs.

*King.*

Wylcum, my mynyeoun, Wantounes;  
 How hes thow fairin in thy travell? 750

*Wantounis.*

Richt weill, be him that herreit Hell;  
 Your eirand is weill done. Fol. 174. a.

*King.*

Than, Wantounes, full weill is me,  
 For thow hes faird beth meit and fee,  
                     Be him that maid the mone. 755

Thair is ane thing that I wald speir;  
 How fall I do quhen scho cumis heir?  
 For I know nocht the craft perqueir,  
                     Of luvis gyn;  
 Thairfoir at lenth ye mon me leir, 760  
                     How to begyn.

*Wantounes.*

Kifs hir and clap hir, and be nocht affeird,  
 Scho will not hurt, thocht ye hir kifs a span within the beird;  
 And gif ye se scho thinkis schame, than hyid the bairnis ene,  
 With hir taill, and tent hir weill, ye wat quhat I mene. 765  
 Will ye gif me leif, schir, first till go to,  
 And I fall ken yow the kewis how ye fall do.

*King.*

God forbid, Wantounes, that I gif the leif;  
 Thow art our perrellus ane pege sic practikkis to preif.

*Wantounes.*

Now, schir, preve as ye pleifs, I se hir cummand; 770  
 Ordour yow with gravety, and we fall be yow stand.

*Heir fall Sensualitie cum to the king and say:*

*[Sensualitie.]*

O, Venus goddes, vnto thy celsitude  
 I gife lawid, gloir, honour and reverence,  
 Quhilk grantit me sic perfyte pulchritude,  
 That princis of my perfone hes plesance. 775  
 I mak ane vow, with humill observance,  
 Richt reverently thy tempill to visie,  
 With sacrifice vnto thy deitie.

To every stait I am fo aggreable,  
 That few or none refusis me at all; 780  
 Paipis, patriarkis nor prellattis venerable,  
 Commoun pepill nor princis temporall,  
 Bot subiect all to me, Dame Sensuall;  
 So fall it be ay quhill the world enduris,  
 And specially quhair yowtheid hes the curis. 785

Quha knawis the contrair?

I trest few in this cumpany,  
 Wald thay declair the verety,  
 Vnthrald to Sensualitye, 790  
 Bot with me makis repair.

Bot now my way I mon advance  
 Till ane prince of pissance,  
 Quhilk yung men hes in govirnance, Fol. 174. b.  
 Rolland in his rage.

I am richt glaid, I yow affeuir, 795  
 That potent prince to get in ceuir,  
 Quha is of lustines the luir,  
 And moift of curage.

*Heir fall scho mak reverence and say:*

O potent prince, of pulchritude preclair,  
 God Cupido preserve your celsitude; 800  
 And Dame Venus mot keip your corfs fra cair,  
 As I wald scho did keip my awin hairt blude.

*King.*

Wyleum to me, perles of pulchritude,  
 Wyleum to me, thow sweittar nor the lammer,  
 Quhilk hes me maid of all dollour denude. 805  
 Sollace, convoy this lady to my chalmer.

*Heir fall scho pafs to the chalmer and fay:*

*[Sensualitie.]*

I ga this gait with richt gude will;  
 Sir Wantounes tary ye still.  
 I at Hamelenes the cop fill,  
 And beir yow cumpany. 810

*Hamelenes.*

That sall I do withourten dowr,  
 For he and I sall play cop our

*Wantounes.*

Now wald I be my lady's court,  
 For I am dry  
 And want to be this court.  
 His gaitt upoun the gowms;  
 Quhat all chauchit and I  
 He wald our wiking lymes?

*Sensualitie.*

I wald be with you all the while,  
 Quhat all chauchit and I  
 He wald our wiking lymes.

*Wantounes.*

Now weill faid, be our Leddy;  
 I will beir my maiftir cumpany,  
 Till that I may endeur;  
 Gife he be wiskand wanttonly, 825  
 We fall fling on the fleur.

*Heir fall thay pafs all to the chalmer,  
 and Gude Counsale fall fay:*

*[Gude Counsale.]*

Immortall' God, moift of magnificence,  
 Quhois maiesty no clerk can comprehend,  
 Saif yow, my fenyeouris, that givis sic awdience;  
 And grant yow grace never till him offend, 830  
 Quhilk on the croce did wilfully ascend, Fol. 175. a.  
 And fched his pretious bluid on every fyde;  
 Quhois petious passioun frome feindis yow defend,  
 And be your gratius gove[r]nour and gyd.

Confidder, my foveranis, I yow befeik, 835  
 The cauffis moft principall of my heir cuming;  
 Princis nor poteftattis ar not worth a leik,  
 Be thay nocht gyddit be grace and governyng.  
 Thair was nevir empriour, conquerour or king,  
 Withowt my wifdome, nicht availl thair weill to awance: 840  
 My name is Gude Counsale withowt fenyeing,  
 Lordis, for lack of my law, ar brocht till mischance.

And fo for conclusioun,  
 Quho gydis thame not be Gud Counsale,  
 'All in vane is thair travell, 845  
 And fynally fortoun fall thame fail,  
 And bring thame to confusioun.  
 And this I vndirstand,  
 For I haif maid refidence,  
 With princis of piffance, 850



Ye men of craft, of grit ingyne,

Gif me harbry, for Chryftis pyne,  
And win Goddis bennyffone and myne,  
And help my hungry hairt. 880

*Sowttar.*

Wylcum, be him that maid the mone,  
Till dwell with ws till it be June;  
We fall mend baith your hoifs and schone,  
And planely tak your pairt.

*Tailyeour.*

Is this fair ledy Cheftety? 885  
Now wylcum, be the Trinitie,  
I think it war a grit pitie,  
That ye fowld ly thairowt.  
Your grit displifour we forthink;  
Sit down, madame, and tak a drink, 890  
And lat na sorrow in yow fink,  
Bot lat ws play cop owt.

*Sowttar.*

Fill in and drink abowt,  
For I am wounder dry;  
The Divill fnyp of thair snowt, 895  
That haitis this cumpany.

*Heir fall thay gar Cheftety fit down and drink.*

*Fynny.*

Mynny, how, mynny, mynny.

*Tailyouris Wyfe.*

Quhat wald thow, my deir dochter Jenny?  
Jenney, my joe, quhat dois thy daddy?

*Jenny.*

Mary, drinkand with a lusty laiddy.  
Ane fair yung madin, cled in quhyt,  
Off quhome my daiddy takkis delyt:  
I treft, gif I can rakin richt,  
Scho schaipis to luge with thame all nicht.

*Sowttaris Wyfe.*

Quhat dois the Sowttar, my gudman?

*Jenny.*

Mary, fillis the cop and temifs the can:  
Or ye cum hame, be God I trow,  
He falbe druckin lyk a fow.

*Tailyouris Wyfe.*

This is ane grit diipyt, I think  
For to reffair sic ane cowchynk:  
Quhat is your counfall that we do?

*Sowttaris Wyfe.*

Cummar, this is my counfall, lo:  
Ding ye the ane and I the vider.

*Tailyouris Wyfe.*

I am content, be Goddis moder:  
I think for me, thay harfoun sumakis.  
Thay serve richt well to get that panthis  
Quhat matter feind beidis all this harf.  
For it is half a yeth a small.  
See, ouch that our laboure my laboure.

*Sowttaris Wyfe.*

God, for my trustie menis a reider  
For it is man our trustie dayis.

Sen evir he cleikit vp my clayis;  
 And laft quhen I gat chalmer glew,  
 That fowill Sowttar began to fpew.  
 And now thay will fitt down to drink, 925  
 In cumpany with ane yung cowclink:  
 Gif thay haif done fic difpyte,  
 Lat ws go ding thame quhill thay dryte.

*Tailyeouris Wyfe.*

Go hence, harlot, how durft thou be fo bawld,  
 To luge with oure gudmen but our licence? 930  
 I mak ane vow till him that Judas fawld,  
 This rok of myne falbe thy recompence.  
 Schaw me thy name, duddroun, with diligence.

*Chafstety.*

Mary, Chafstety is my name, be Sanct Blayis.

*Tailyeouris Wyfe.*

I pray God nor he wirk on the vengeance, 935  
 For I luvit nevir chafstety all my dayis.

*Sowttaris Wyfe.*

Bot my gudeman, the trewith I fay the till,  
 Garris me keip chafstety fair aganis my will;  
 Becauſs that monſtour he hes maid fic ane mynt,  
 With my bedſtaff that daſtard beiris ane dynt; 940  
 And als I vow, cum thou this gait agane,  
 Thy buttockis falbe beltit, be Sanct Blane.

*Tailyeouris Wyf.*

Fals hurfone cairle, but dowl thou fall forthink,  
 That evir thou eit or drank with yone cowclink.

*Souttaris Wyfe.*

I mak ane vow to Sanct Crispynane,  
I falbe wrockin on thy graceles gane; 945  
And to begin the play tak thair a platt.

*Souttar.*

The Feind reitair the handis that gair me that.

*Souttar[is] Wyfe.*

Quhat now, hurione, begynnys thow for to ban?  
Tak thair ane vddir vpoun thy peild hame pan. 950  
Quhat now, cummer, will thow not tak a pairt?

*Crispynaris Wyfe.*

That sall I do, cummer, be Goddis hairt.

*Heir they fall ding their gudmen.*

*Crispynar.*

Fol. 176b

Allace, goslop, allace, how standis it with yow?  
Yowr canker carling, allace, hes broikin my brow.  
Now weilis yow, preutis weilis yow in all your lyvis. 955  
That at nocht wadit with sic wicket wyvis.

*Souttar.*

Bishops a dult, howbeit that we be wareit,  
For they may slick their ill and nocht be mareit;  
Goslop, allace, that diak hard we may wary,  
That ordunt to your men as we to mairy. 960  
Quhat may be done but tak in patience,  
And on all wyvis to cry are lowrd reuerence?

*Heir they fall ding their gudmen.*

*Souttaris Wyfe.*

Set on our carls we hai the wicker,  
Quhat a your cummer, cummer, that be done?

*Tailyeouris Wyfe.*

Send for gude wyne, and hald ws blyth and mirry; 965  
I hald that best, gude cummar, be Sanct Clone.

*Sowttaris Wyfe.*

Cummar, will ye draw of my hoifs and schone;  
To fill the quart I fall ryn to the toun.

*Tailyeouris Wyfe.*

That fall I do, be him that maid the mone,  
With all my hairt, thairfoir, cummar, fit down; 970  
Kilt vp your clais abone your waift,  
And speid yow hame agane in haift,  
And I fall provyd for a paift,  
Our corffis to confort.

*Sowttaris Wyfe.*

Than help me for to kilt my clais; 975  
Quhat and the paddois nipt my tais?  
I dreid to droun heir, be Sanct Blais,  
Withowt I get suppart:  
Cummar, I will nocht droun my fell,  
I will go be the Castell Hill. 980

*Tailyeouris Wyfe.*

I am 'content, be Bryddis bell,  
Sa ye haift yow, go quhair ye will.

*Heir fall thay depairt and Diligence fall say:*

[*Diligence.*]

Madame, quhat garris yow gang sa lait?  
Tell me how ye haif done debait,  
With the Temporall and Sprituall Stait? 985  
Quha did yow maift kyndnes?

DAVID LINDSAY'S PLAY.

*Chaiſtetie.*

I am not ill and war,  
 I am not hand frome thame a far,  
 I am not beggar at the bar,  
 And flemit me moir and lefs. 990

*Finis of this firſt Interlude,  
 and followis the Peur Man and the Pardonnar.*

Followis certane mirry and ſportſum Fol. 177. a  
 interludis, contenit in the Play maid be Schir  
 David Lindſay of the Month, Knycht, in the  
 ſcheyld of Edinburcht, to the mocking of Abuſionis  
 in the Cuntre be diuerſs fortis of Eſſait.<sup>1</sup>

*Heir fall entir the Peur Man.*

[*Peurman*].

At your almous, gude folkis, for Goddis luv of Hevin,  
 See I haif moderles bairnis owthir fex or fevin;  
 Gude ye will gif na gude, for luv of sweit Jeſus.  
 Wiſs me the richt way to Sanctandrus.

*Diligence ſayis.*

Quhair haife we gottin this gudly companyoun? 995  
 Swyth, furth of the feild, thow fals raggit loun.  
 God wait, gif heir be ane weill keipit place,  
 Quhen ſic ane wyld beggar kerle may get entres.  
 By on yow, officiaris, that mendis not thir failyeis.  
 I gif yow all to the Diuill, baith proveſt and bailleis: 1000  
 Withowt ye cum ſone and chace this cairle away.  
 The diuill a word ye get of ſport or play.  
 Fals hurione, raggit carle, quhat is that thow ruggis?

<sup>1</sup> In the blank ſpace above this title has been written Heywood's Epigram "Of Seing and Feeling Mercy."—See Appendix.

*Peurman.*

Quhae devill maid yow a gentillman wald nocht stow your luggis?

*Diligence.*

Quhat now, methink this cullroun cairle begynnys to crak; 1005  
Swyth, kerle away, or be this day, I fall brek thy bak.

*Heir fall the carle clym vp and sit in the King[is] chy[re.]*

Cum doun, or be Godis croun, theif loun, I fall flay the.

*Peurman.*

Fol. 177. b.

Now fweir be thy brunt schynnis, the Divill ding thame fray the.  
Quhat say ye, be thir court knavis? Be thay gett haill claifs,  
Sa fone thay leir to ban, to fweir and tap on thair taifs. 1010

*Diligence.*

Methocht the cairle me callit knave, evin in my face.  
Be Sanct Fillane, thow falt be flane, bot gife thow ask grace;  
Lowp, or be the gude Lord, thow falt loifs thy heid.

*Peurman.*

Yit fall I drink or I ga, thocht thow had sworne my deid.

*Heir he takkis away the ledder.*

*Diligence.*

Lowp now, gif thow lift, for thow hes loift the ledder. 1015

*Peurman.*

It is full weill thy kynd to lowp and licht in a tedder;  
Thow falbe fane to fetch agane the ledder, or I lowp;  
I fall fitt heir in to this chyre, till I haif towmit this stowp.

*Heir fall the karle lowp of the caffald.*



*Diligence.*

Swyth, beggir bogill, haift the away,  
Thow art our perte to spill the proces of our play. 1020

*Peurman.*

I will not gif for your play nocht a fulis fart,  
For thair is littill play this day at my hungry hart.

*Diligence.*

Quhat diuill allis the cowid carle?

*Peurman.*

Mary, mekle forrow,  
I can not get, thocht I gasp, to beg nor to borrow. 1025

*Diligence.*

Quhair dwellis thow, dyvour, or quhat is thyn entent?

*Peurman.*

I dwell in to Lowthiane, a myle bot fra Tranent.

*Diligence.*

Quhair wald thow be, karle, the fwth to me schaw?

*Peurman.*

Schir, evin at Sanctandrus, for to feik law.

*Diligence.*

To feik law in Edinburgh is the narrest way. 1030

*Peurman.*

Schir, I haif focht law thair this mony a deir day,  
Bot I cowlid nevir find law at fessioun or fenyie,  
Thairfoir the mekle dun Divill droun all that menyie.

*Diligence.*

Schaw to me thy mater, man, with all fircumstance,  
How thow hes hapinit this vnhappy chance. 1035

*Peurman.*

Fol. 178.a.

Gude man, will ye gife me of your chirretie,  
And I fall declair to yow the blak veritie.  
My fader was ane awld man and ane hair,  
And was of aige fourfcoir yeiris and mair,  
And Mald my moder was fourfcoir and fyiftene; 1040  
And with my labour I did thame baith fustene.  
We had a meir that careit falt and coill,  
And everilk yeir scho brocht ws hame a foill;  
We had thre ky that was baith fatt and fair,  
Nane tydiar hyne to the toun of Air. 1045  
My fader was sa waik of bluide and bane,  
He dyit, quhairfoir my moder maid grit mane;  
Than scho deit to, within ane olk or two,  
And thair began my poverty and wo.  
Our gud gray meir was baitand on the feild, 1050  
Oure landis laird tuik hir for his hereyeild;  
Oure Vicar tuik the best kow be the heid  
Incontinent, quhen my fader was deid;  
And quhen the vicar hard how that my moder  
Was deid, fra hand he tuke fra me ane vther. 1055  
Than Meg my wyfe did mvrne baith evin and morrow,  
Till at the last scho deit for verry sorrow;  
And quhen the vicar hard tell my wyf was deid,  
The thrid kow than he cleikit be the heid.  
Thair vmueft clais, quhilk was of roploch gray, 1060  
The vicar gart his clark cleik thame away;  
Quhen that was gane I nicht mak no debait,  
Bot with my bairnis past for to beg my mait.  
Now haif I tald yow the blak verritie,  
How I am brocht to this miseritie. 1065

*Diligence.*

How did the perfone, was he not thy gud freind?

*Peurman.*

How? the Diuill stik him, he curst me for my teind,  
 And haldis me yit vndir the fame proces,  
 That gart me want my sacrament at Pefs.  
 In gudfaith, schir, thocht ye wald cutt my thrott, 1070  
 I haif no geir except ane Inglis grott,  
 Quhilk I purpoifs to gif ane man of law.

*Diligence.*

Thow art the dafteft fule that evir I faw.  
 Trewis thow, man, be the law to gett remeid, Fol. 178. b.  
 Of men of kirk? na, nevir till thow be deid. 1075

*Peurman.*

Schir, be quhat law, tell me, quhairfoir or quhy,  
 That our vicar fowld tak fra me thre kye?

*Diligence.*

Thay haif na law, except ane conswetude,  
 Quhilk law to thame is sufficient and gude.

*Peurman.*

Ane conswetude aganis the commoun weill, 1080  
 Sowld be no law, I think, be sweit Sanct Jeill.  
 Quhair will ye find that law, tell gif ye can,  
 To tak thre ky fra ane peur husbandman?  
 Ane for my fader, and for my wyfe ane vder,  
 And the thrid cow he twke for Meg my moder. 1085

*Diligence.*

It is thair law, all that thay haif in vse,  
 Thocht it be kow, fow, ganar, gryce or gwfe.

*Peurman.*

Sir, I wald speir at yow ane questioun.  
 Behald fum prellattis of this regioun;  
 Manifestly during thair lusty lyvis, 1090  
 Thay fwyve ladeis, madinis and menis wyvis,  
 And so thair cuntis thay haif in confwetude;  
 Quhidder fay ye that law is evill or gude?

*Diligence.*

Hald thy tung, man, it semis that thow art mangit;  
 Speik thow of preiftis, but dowt thow wilt be hangit. 1095

*Peurman.*

Be him that beure the crewall croun of thorne,  
 I cair not to be hangit evin the morne.

*Diligence.*

Be fure of preiftis thow will get na support.

*Peurman.*

Gif that be trew, the Feind reffaif the fort;  
 So fen I fe I get non vther grace, 1100  
 I will ly down and rest me in this place.

*Heir fall the Peurman ly down in feild and the Pardonar  
 fall cum in and fay:*

*[Pardonar.]*

Devoit pepill, gudday a fay yow,  
 Now tary a lytill quhyll, I pray yow,  
 Till I be with yow knawin.  
 Wait ye not weill how I am nemmit, 1105 Fol. 179.a.  
 A nobill man and vndefamit,  
 And all the fwth war schawin.  
 I am Schir Robert Romerakar,  
 Ane publiſt perfyte pardonar,  
 Admittit be the paip. 1110

Schir, I fall schaw yow for my wage,  
My pardonis and my prevelage,  
                    Quhilk ye fall se and graip.  
I gif to the Divill with gud entent,  
This wofull wicket New Tefment, 1115  
                    With thame that it translaittit.  
Sen lawic men knew the veritie,  
Pardonaris gettis no cherretie,  
                    Withowt that we debaitit.  
Amangis the wyvis with wrinkis and wylis, 1120  
As all my marrowis men begylis,  
                    Be our fair fals flattry:  
Ye, all tha craftis I can perqueir,  
Richt weill informit be a freir,  
                    Callit Ypocrafy. 1125  
Bot now, allace, our grit abusiuon  
Is cleirly knawin to our confusioun,  
                    Quhilk I may fair rapent.  
Off all creddence now am I quyt,  
Ilk man hes me now at dispyte, 1130  
                    That reidis the New Testment:  
Wander be to thame that it wrocht,  
Swa fall thame that the buik hame brocht.  
                    Als I pray to the rude,  
That Martyne Luter, that fals loun, 1135  
Bullengerus and Melanctoun,  
                    Had bene smord in thair crode.  
Be him that bere the croun of thorne,  
I wald Sanct Pawle had nevir bene borne:  
                    And als I wald his buikis 1140  
War nevir red in to the kirk,  
Bot amang freiris into the mirk.  
                    Or revin amang the ruikis.  
*Heir fall he lay down his wairis upon the burde.*

My potent pardonis ye ma fee,  
 Cum fra the Can of Tartarie, 1145  
     Weill feilit with ofter schellis:  
 Thocht ye haif no discretioun,  
 Ye fall haif full remissioun,  
     With help of buikis and bellis.  
 Heir is a rillik, lang and braid, 1150 Fol. 179. b.  
 Of Fyn Makowll the richt chaft bluid,  
     With teith and all togidder.  
 Off Collingis kow heir is a horne,  
 For eitting of Makconnellis corne,  
     Was flane in to Baquhidder. 1155  
 Heir is the coirdis, baith grit and lang,  
 Quhilk hangit Jonnye Armeistrang,  
     Of gud hempt soft and sound:  
 Gude haly pepill, I stand ford,  
 Quha ever beis hangit in this cord, 1160  
     Neidis nevir to be drownd.  
 The culum of Sanct Brydis cow;  
 The grunttill of Sanct Antonis fow,  
     Quhilk bure his haly bell;  
 Quha evir heiris this bell clynk, 1165  
 Gife me a duc cat to the drink,  
     He fall nevir gang till Hell,  
 Withowt he be with Belliall borne.  
 Maisteris, trow ye that this be scorne?  
     Cum win this pardone, cum. 1170  
 Quha luvis thair wyvis not with thair hairt,  
 I haif power thame to depairt;  
     Me think yow deif and dum;  
 Hes nane of you curft wickett wyvis,  
 That haldis yow in to sturt and stryvis, 1175  
     Cum tak my dispensatioun;  
 Off that cummer I fall mak you quyt,  
 Howbeid yowr self be in the wyte,  
     And mak ane fals narratioun.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

IN SENATE  
JANUARY 10, 1906  
REPORT  
OF THE  
COMMISSIONER OF THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE  
IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE SENATE  
MAY 10, 1904

AND  
OF THE  
COMMISSIONER OF THE BUREAU OF LAND MANAGEMENT  
IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE SENATE  
MAY 10, 1904

AND  
OF THE  
COMMISSIONER OF THE BUREAU OF RECLAMATION  
IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE SENATE  
MAY 10, 1904

AND  
OF THE  
COMMISSIONER OF THE BUREAU OF MINES  
IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE SENATE  
MAY 10, 1904

AND  
OF THE  
COMMISSIONER OF THE BUREAU OF GEOLOGICAL SURVEY  
IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE SENATE  
MAY 10, 1904

AND  
OF THE  
COMMISSIONER OF THE BUREAU OF FOREST SERVICE  
IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE SENATE  
MAY 10, 1904

All the lang day scho me dispyttis,  
 And all the nicht scho flingis and flyttis, 1205  
     Thus sleip I nevir a wink;  
 That cokatrice, that commoun heure,  
 The mekle Divill ma not indeure  
     Hir stuburnes and stink.

*Sowtaris Wyfe.*

Theif cairle, thy wordis I hard full weill, 1210  
 In faith my freindschip thow salt feill,  
     And I the fang.

*Sowtar.*

Gif I faid ocht, deme, by the rude,  
 Except ye war baith fair and gude,  
     God, nor I hang. 1215

*Pardonar.*

Fair dame, gif ye wald be a wowar,  
 To pairt yow twa I haif a powar;  
     Tell on, ar ye content?

*Sowtaris Wyf.*

Ye, that I am, with all my hairt,  
 Fra that fals hurfone to depairt, 1220  
     Sa that theif will consent.  
 Cawfis to pairte I haif anew,  
 Becaus I get na chalmer glew,  
     I tell yow verralie;  
 I marvell not, fa mot I thryve, 1225  
 Suppois that fwngour nevir fwyve,  
     He is baith cawld and dry.

*Pardonar.*

Quhat wilt thow gif me for thy pairte?



*Sowtaris Wyf.*

A cuppill of farkis, with all my hairt,  
The best claith in this land. 1230

*Pardonar.*

Fol. 180. b.

To pairt fen ye ar baith content,  
I fall pairt yow incontinent,  
Bot ye mon do command.  
My decreit and my finall sentence is,  
Ilk ane of yow vthiris erffis kifs: 1235  
Slip doun thyne hoifs, me think the cairle is glaikit,  
Sett thow not by, howbeid scho kift and flaikkitt.

*Heir fall scho kifs his erfs.*

Lift vp hir clayis, kifs hir hoill with thy hairt.

*Sowttar.*

I pray yow, fir, forbid hir for to fart.

*Heir the Sowtar fall do the lyk.*

*Pardonar.*

Dame, pas ye to the eist end of the toun; 1240  
And pafs ye waft, evin lyk a cukald loun;  
Go hence ye baith, with Baliaillis braid bliffing.  
Schirris, faw ye evir mair sorrowles departing?

*Heir fall his boy Wilkin cry of  
the hill and fay:*

How, maifter, quhair ar ye now?

*Pardonar.*

I am heir, Wilkyn widdifow. 1245

*Wilkin.*

Schir, I haif done your bidding,

For I haif fund a grit horfs bane,  
 Ane farar faw ye nevir nane,  
     Vpoun Thome flefchouris midding.  
 Schir, ye may gar the wyffis trow 1250  
 It is ane bane of Sanct Brydis cow,  
     Gude for the fevir tartane:  
 Schir, will ye rewill this rilik weill,  
 All haill the wyvis will kifs and kneill,  
     Betuix this and Dumbartane. 1255

*Pardonar.*

Quhat fay thay of me in the toun?

*Wilkyn.*

Sum fayis ye ar a verry loun,  
 Sum fayis legatus natus,  
 Sum fayis ane fals farifrane,  
 And sum fayis ye ar for certane 1260  
     Diabulus incarnatus.  
 But keip yow fra subiectioun Fol. 181.a.  
 Of that curst king Correctioun;  
     For be ye with him fangit,  
 Becaus ye ar ane Rome rakar, 1265  
 A commoun publick calfay paikar,  
     But dowl ye wilbe hangit.

*Pardonar.*

Quhair fall I luge in to the toun?

*Wilkyn.*

With gud kynd Christane Andirfoun,  
     Quhair ye wilbe weill treittit; 1270  
 Gife ony lymmar yow demandis,  
 Scho will defend yow with hir handis,  
     And womanly debaittit.

Bawburde fayis, be the Trinitie,  
 That scho fall beir yow cumpany, 1275  
 Quhowbeid ye byid all yeir.

*Pardonar.*

Thow hes done weill, be Goddis moder,  
 Tak thow the ane and I the vder,  
 So fall we mak gud cheir.

*Wilkyn.*

I pray yow speid yow heir, 1280  
 And mak na langar tarye;  
 Byd ye lang thair but weir,  
 I dreid your werd ye wary.

*Heir fall the begger ryifs and rax him and fay:*

[*Peurman.*]

Quhat thing was yone, that I hard crak and cry?  
 I haif bene dronand and dremand on my ky; 1285  
 With my richt hand my haill body I fane,  
 Sanct Bryd, Sanct Bryd, fend me my ky agane.  
 I fe standand yondar ane haly man,  
 To mak me help lat me fe gif ye can.  
 Haly maifter, God speid yow, and gud morne. 1290

*Pardonar.*

Wylcum to me, thocht thow wer at the horne;  
 Cum win the pardoun, and syne I fall the fane.

*Peurman.*

Will that pardoun get me my kye agane?

*Pardonar.*

Cairle, of thy kye I haif no thing ado;

Cum win my pardoun and kifs my rillikis to. 1295

*Heir fall the pardonar fane him with his rillikis.*

Now lowifs thy purfs and lay doun thy offrand, Fol. 181. b.  
And thow fall haif my pardoun evin fra hand.  
With raipis and rillikis I fall the fane agane,  
Gravell nor gut thow fall nevir haif but panc;  
Now win the pardoun, lymmar, or thow art loft. 1300

*Peurman.*

Now, haly maifter, quhat fall that pardoun cost?

*Pardonar.*

Lat fee quhat money thow beiris in thy bag.

*Peurman.*

I haif ane groit heir bundin in ane rag.

*Pardonar.*

Hes thow nane vthir filuer bot ane grote?

*Peurman.*

Gif I haif mair, fir, cum and ryp my cote. 1305

*Pardonar.*

Gif me that grote, man, gif thow hes no mair.

*Peurman.*

With all my hairt, maifter, lo, tak it thair;  
Now latt me fee your pardoun, with your leif.

*Pardonar.*

A thowfand yeir of pardone I the gife.

*Peurman.*

A thowfand yeir, I will not leif fa lang; 1310  
 Delyver me it, maifter, fyne lat me gang.

*Pardonar.*

A thowfand yeir I lay vpoun thyne heid,  
 With totiens quotiens; now mak me no moir pleid,  
 Thow hes reffaut my pardoun now all reddy.

*Peurman.*

Bot I can fe nothing, fchir, be our Leddy; 1315  
 Forfwth, maifter, I trow I be not wyifs,  
 To pay or I haif fene my merchandyifs.  
 That ye haif gottin my grote full fair I rew;  
 Schir, quhidder is your pardone blak or blew?  
 Maifter, fen ye haif tane fra me my cunye, 1320  
 My merfchandyce fchaw me withowttin fennyie,  
 Or to the bifchop I fall pafs and planyie,  
 In Sanctandrus, and fummond yow to thair fenyie.

*Pardonar.*

Quhat cravis thow, cairle, methink thow art not wyifs?

*Peurman.*

I crave my grote or ellis my merchandyifs. 1325

*Pardonar.*

Fol. 182a.

I gaif the pardoun for a thowfand yeir.

*Peurman.*

Quhan tall I gett that pardoun, latt me heir?

*Pardonar.*

Stand still and I fall tell the all the ftory:  
 Quhen thow art deid and gois to Purgatory,

Beand condampnit to pane ane thowfand yeir, 1330  
 Than fall thy pardoun the releif but weir.  
 Now be content, thow art a mervellus man.

*Peurman.*

Sall I get nathing for my grote quhill than?

*Pardonar.*

That fall thow not, I mak it to the plane.

*Peurman.*

Na than, maifter, gif me my grote agane. 1335  
 Quhat say ye, maisteris? call ye this a gud reffoun,  
 That he fowld prommeifs me ane gud pardoun,  
 And heir reffaif my money in this fteid,  
 Syne mak me na payment till I be deid?  
 Quhen I am deid, I wait full sickerly, 1340  
 My filly fawle fall pafs to Purgatory;  
 Declair me that, now God nor Baliaall bind the,  
 Quhen I am thair, curst cairle, quhair fall I find the?  
 Nocht in to Hevin bot rader in to Hell;  
 Quhan thow art thair, thow can not help thy fell. 1345  
 Quhen wilt thow cum my bailis for to beit?  
 Or I the find, my hippis will get a heit.  
 Trowis thow, bowchour, that I will by blind lammis?  
 Gife me my grote, the Diuill dryte on thy gammis.

*Pardonar.*

Swyth, stand abak; I trow this man be mangit; 1350  
 Thow gettis not this grote, thocht thow fowld be hangit.

*Peurman.*

Gife me my grote, weill bund in to my clowt,

Or, be Goddis breid, Robene fall beir a rowt.

*Heir fall thay fecht togedder,  
and the peurman fall cast down  
the burd and cast the rillikis in the  
watter.*

*Heir endis this Interlud and followis ane  
vthir Interlud of the samyne Play.*

*Heir enteris Folly.*

Fol.182.b.

[*Folly.*]

Gude day, my lordis, and God fane;  
Will na man bid guday agane?  
Quhan fulis ar fow than ar thay fane;  
Ken ye not me?

1355

Quhow call thay me, can ye not tell?  
Now, be him that herryit Hell,  
I wat not how thay call my fell,  
Bot gif I lowd lie.

1360

*Diligence.*

Quhat brybour is yene, that makis sic beiris?

*Feyr.*

The fowd retair that growth that speiris;  
Gedman ga play yow among your feiris,  
With mick vpon your mow.

1365

*Diligence.*

For ye mow, gedman, has thow bene so lair?

*Feyr.*

Wit ye not, ye fool, that the beir gaith;  
So thair has bene the gith beir;  
Secur me and me fow.

The fow cryid guff, and I to gay, 1370  
 Throw speid of fut I gatt away,  
 Bot in the middis of the cawfay,  
     I fell in to ane midding;  
 Scho lap vpoun me with a bend.  
 Quha evir tha middingis fowld ammend, 1375  
 God fend thame ane mischevous end,  
     For that is Goddis bidding.  
 As I was pudlid thair, God wait,  
 Bot with my club I maid debait;  
 I fall nevir cum agane that gait, 1380  
     Schir, be Allhallowis.  
 I wald the officiaris of the toun,  
 That sufferis sic confusioun,  
 That thay war harbrait with Mahoun,  
     Or hangit on the gallowis. 1385  
 Fy, that fa fair a cuntre  
 Sowld stand fa lang but pollecie;  
 I gif thame to the Diuill hairtlie,  
     That hes the wyte.  
 I wald the provest wald tak in heid, 1390  
 Of yone middingis to mak remeid,  
 Quhilk patt me and the fow at feid.  
     Quhat ma I do bot flyte?

*King.*

Pafs on, my schirwand Diligence,  
 And bring yone fule to our prefence. 1395

*Diligence.*

Fol. 183. a.

It falbe done but tareing;  
 Foly, thow mon go to the King.

*Foly.*

The King, quhat kynd a thing is that?



— 222 —

**Figure 1**

— 100 —

500

22.

1975

by

1. *Chlorophyll a* (Chl *a*)

23

1997-1998

**三、二、五、五、五、五**

10

**THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO**

11-1-1954

**THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO**

## 三、主要参考文献

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1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840.

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1. **Introduction**

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41

A Western blot image showing three rows of bands. The top row is labeled 'p-ERK1/2' and shows strong bands for PC9, H1299, A549, H1975, HCT116, H1275, H1975, H1275, H1275, and H1275. The middle row is labeled 'ERK1/2' and shows moderate bands for the same cell lines. The bottom row is labeled 'GAPDH' and shows consistent band intensity across all lanes as a loading control.

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1. *Phragmites* (common)

—

*Diligence.*

Hes thow, Foly, ane wyf at hame?

*Foly.*

Ye, that I have, God fend hir schame.  
I trow be this scho is neir deid,  
I left ane wyf bindand hir heid;  
To schaw hir feiknes I think grit schame;  
Scho hes sic rumling in hir wame,  
That all the nycht my hairt ourcastis,  
With bokking and with hinder blastis.

1425

Fol. 183. b.

1430

*Diligence.*

Peraventure scho be with bairne.

*Foly.*

Allace, I trow scho be forfarne;  
Scho fobbit and scho fell in foun,  
And than thay rowit hir vp and down;  
Scho riftit, ruckit and maid sic stendis,  
Scho yeild and yet at baith the endis,  
Till scho had cassin a cuppill of quartis,  
Syne all turnd till a rak of fartis.  
Scho blubbirt, bokkit and braikit still,  
Hir erfs gaid evin lyk ane wind mill;  
Scho puft and yiskit with sic riftis,  
That verry dirt come furth with driftis;  
Sic dry smell droggis fra hir scho schot,  
Quhill scho maid all the flure on flot;  
Of hir hurdeis scho had na hawld,  
Quhill scho had temid hir monyfawld.

1435

1440

1445

*Diligence.*

Bettir bring hir to the leichis heir.



*Foly.*

Na, tary quhill the market day.  
 I will sit doun heir, be Sanct Clune,  
 And gif my babbeis thair difione; 1470  
 Cum heir gud Gukkis, my dochter deir,  
 Thow falbe maryit within ane yeir,  
 Vpoun ane freir of Tullilum;  
 Na, thow art nowder deif nor dum.  
 Cum heir, Stulty, my fone and air, 1475  
 My jo, thow art baith gude and fair;  
 Now fall I feid yow as I mae,  
 Cry lyke the gorbettis of ane kae.

*Diligence.*

Get vp, Folly, but tareing,  
 And speid yow haiftelly to the King; 1480  
 Gett vp, me think the carle is dum.

*Foly.*

Now bumbalary, bum, bum.

*Diligence.*

I trow the truccour lyis in ane tranfs;  
 Get vp, man, with a mirry mischanfs,  
 Or be Sanct Dynneifs of Franfs, 1485  
                     Thow fall want thy wallat.  
 Its schame, man, to fe how thow lyis.

*Foly.*

Wa, yit agane, now this is thryifs;  
 The Divill wirry me, and I ryifs,  
                     Bot I fall brek thy pallat. 1490  
 Me think my pillok will not ly doun;  
 Hald doun your heid, ye ladroun loun,

**Yone fair lafs with the fating gown  
Garris yow this bek and bend.**

Tak thair a neidill for your cace,  
Now for all the hyding of your face,  
Had ye it in till a quiet place,

Ye wald not wane to fiend.

Thir bony anis that ar cled in silk,  
Thay ar als wantoun as ane wilk;  
I wald forbeir baith breid and milk.

To kifs thy bony lippis.

Suppois ye luik as ye war wreth,  
War we at quiet behind a claith,

Ye wald nocht spair to preve my graith,

With hobbing of your hippis.

Be God, I ken vov weill annewch,

Ye ar fane thoct ye mak it twich:

Think ye not on into the iewch.

Reivd the quarrell hoillis?

Ye want fra me baith heids and ichone.

And gart me mak mewis to the mune.

And art far on your oars above.

**ДЛЯ**

There may be ~~done~~ with poollis:

ಸುರಕ್ಷಿತವಾಗಿ ಮುಂದುವರಿಯುವ ಕಿಟ.

அவர் பி: அம்மா நீ: வாழ்த்து:

1. Not a Fair Use - in fact.

A note from the author to the Editor.

Enq

ನಿರ್ದಿಷ್ಟ ಸಮಯಕ್ಕೆ ಸೀಮಿತವಾಗಿರುತ್ತದೆ.

[illegible]

2015-2016

Q. Now, did you not say that you were not a member of the Communist Party?

Bot thow hard nevir sa plesand teiching;  
Yone bischop will preiche thruche all the cost.

*Foly.*

|                                           |              |
|-------------------------------------------|--------------|
| Than stryk ane hag in to the post,        |              |
| For I hard nevir in all my lyfe,          | 1525         |
| A bischop cum to preiche in Fyfe.         |              |
| Gife bischopis to be preichouris leiris,  |              |
| Walloway, quhat fall word of freiris?     |              |
| And prellattis preiche in bruch and land, |              |
| The silly freiris, I vndirstand,          | 1530         |
| Thay will get na mair meill nor malt;     |              |
| So I dreid freiris fall dee for falt.     |              |
| Sen fwa is that, yone nobill king         |              |
| Will mak men bischoppis for preiching.    |              |
| Quhat say ye, schir, hald ye not best,    | 1535         |
| That I ga preiche amang the rest?         | Fol. 185. a. |
| Quhen I haif preichit on my best wyifs,   |              |
| Than will I fell my merchandyifs,         |              |
| To my breidir and tendir maitis,          |              |
| That dwellis amang the Thre Estaitis;     | 1540         |
| For I haif heir gud chaffray,             |              |
| Till ony fwle that listis to by.          |              |

*Heir fall Folly hing vp his hattis vpon the pulpet.*

God sen I had ane doctouris hude.

*King.*

Quhy, Foly, wald thow mak ane preiching?

*Foly.*

|                                      |      |
|--------------------------------------|------|
| Ye, that I wald, schir, be the rude, | 1545 |
| But owder flattry or fleiching.      |      |

*King.*

Now, bruder, lat ws heir yone teiching.  
To pafs our tyme and heir him raiff.

*Diligence.*

He war far meitar in the ketching,  
Amang the pottis, fa Chryft me faiff. 1550  
Fond Foly, I will be thy clark,  
And anfchir ay with amene.

*Foly.*

Now, att the begynnyng of my wark,  
The Feind reffaive that graces gane.

*Heir fall Folly begin his fermen:*

*Text.*

Stultorum numerus infinitus.

Salamone, the moit sapient king, 1555  
In Ifraell quhen he did ring,  
Thir wordis in effect he did wryte,  
The number of fulis ar infinyte.  
I think no schame, fa Chryft me faive.  
To be ane fule amang the laive; 1560  
Howbeid ane hundreth standis heirby,  
Peranter ar als guckit fulis as I.

Stultorum numerus infinitus.

I haif of my genology,  
Dwelland in every cuntry,  
Erlis, duckis, kingis and empriouris, 1565  
With mony gukkit conquerouris: Fol. 185. b.

Quhilk dois in foly perfeveir,  
 And hes done fo this mony a yeir;  
 Sum feikis in warldly digniteis,  
 And fum in fensuall vaniteis. 1570  
 Quhat vailis all thir vane honouris,  
 Nocht beand feur to leve twa houris?  
 Sum gredy fule dois fill the box,  
 Ane vthir fule cumis and brekis the lokkis,  
 And spendis that vthir fulis hes spaird, 1575  
 Quha nevir thocht on thame to waird;  
 Sum dois as thay fowld nevir dee.  
 Is not this foly, quhat fay yie?

*Sapientia huius mundi est stultia apud Deu[m].*

Becaus thair is fa mony fulis,  
 Rydand on horfs, and fum on mulis, 1580  
 Heir I haif brocht gud chaffry  
 Till ony fule that lykis to by;  
 And specialy for the Thre Staitis,  
 Quhair I haif mony tendir maitis;  
 Quhilk gart thame gang, as ye ma fe, 1585  
 Bakwart thruche all the cuntre.  
 With my cramery gif ye lift mell,  
 Heir I haif foly hattis to fell:  
 Quhomefor is this hat, wald ye ken?  
 Mary, for infaciable merchand men, 1590  
 Quhen God hes send thame haboundance,  
 Ar nocht content with sufficance,  
 Bot failis in to the stormy blastis,  
 In wintter to get grittar castis,  
 In mony terrible grit torment, 1595  
 Aganis the actis of parliament;  
 Sum tynis thair geir, and fum ar dround:  
 With this sic merchandis fowld be cround.



*Diligence.*

Quhometo myndis thow to fell that hude?  
I trow, to fum grit man of gude.

1600

*Foly.*

This hude, to fell richt fane I wald,  
To him that is baith awld and cald,  
Reddy to pafs till Hell or Hevin,  
And hes fair bairnis fax or fevin;  
And is of aige fourfcoir of yeir,  
And takkis a lafs to be his peir,  
Quhilk is not fourtene yeiris of aige,  
And bindis with hir in mariage,  
Gifand hir trest that scho not wald  
Richt haiftelly mak him cukcald.  
Quho mareis beand fo neir deid,  
Sett on this hatt vpoun his heid.

Fol. 186.a.

1605

1610

*Diligence.*

Quhat hwde is that, tell me, I pray the?

*Foly.*

This is ane haly hude, I say the;  
This hude is ordanit, I the asseure,  
For sprituall fulis, that takkis in cure  
The fawlis of grit dyoceis,  
And regiment of grit abbafeis;  
For gredines of wardly pelf,  
That can not justly gyd thamefelf;  
Vthir fawlis to faive, it fettis thame weill,  
Syne sendis thair awin fawle to the Deill.  
Quho evir dois fo, this I conclude,  
Vpoun his heid fett on this hude.

1615

1620

*Diligence.*

Foly, is thair ony sic men, 1625  
Now in the kirk, that thow can ken?  
How fall I ken thame?

*Foly.*

Na, keip that clofs.  
Ex fructibus eorum cognoscetis eos;  
And fulis speik of the prellacie, 1630  
It will be haldin here sic.

*King.*

Speik on, Foly, I gif the leif.

*Foly.*

Than haive I remissioun in my sleif,  
Will ye leif me to speik of kingis?

*King.*

Ye, hardelly speik of all kin thingis. 1635

*Foly.*

Conformand to my first narratioun,  
Ye ar all fulis, be Goddis passioun. Fol. 186. b.

*Diligence.*

Thow leis; I trow the fule be mangit.

*Foly.*

Gif I lie, God, nor thow be hangit;  
For I haif heir, I to the tell, 1640  
Ane nobill kaip imperiell,  
Quhilk is not ordanit for dringis,  
Bot for duikis, empriouris and kingis,  
For princely and imperiall fulis.

|                                            |             |
|--------------------------------------------|-------------|
| Thay fowld have luggis als lang as mvlis;  | 1645        |
| The pryd of princis, withowttin fail,      |             |
| Garris all the warld rin top our taill;    |             |
| To win thame warldly gloir and gude,       |             |
| Thay cure not sshedding of Cristin blude.  |             |
| Quhat cummer haif we had in Scotland,      | 1650        |
| Be our awld ennemeis of Ingland;           |             |
| Had not bene the support of France,        |             |
| We had bene brocht to grit mischance.      |             |
| Now I heir say, the empriour               |             |
| Schaipis for to be ane conquerour,         | 1655        |
| And is movand his ordinance,               |             |
| Aganis the nobill king of France;          |             |
| Bot I knaw not his just querrell,          |             |
| That he hes for to mak battell.            |             |
| All the princis of Allmanyie,              | 1660        |
| Spanyie, Flanderis and Italie,             |             |
| This present yeir ar all on flocht;        |             |
| Sum will thair waxis find deir bocht.      |             |
| The Paip, with bumbard, speir and scheild, |             |
| Hes fend his army to the feild;            | 1665        |
| Sanct Petir, Sanct Pawle, nor Sanctandrow, |             |
| Rasit nevir sic ane oist, I trow.          |             |
| Is this fraternall cheritie,               |             |
| Or furius folly, quhat say yie?            |             |
| Thay leird not this at Chryftis sculis,    | 1670        |
| Thairfoir I think thame verry fulis;       |             |
| I think it folly, be Goddis moder,         |             |
| Ilk Cristin prince to ding down vder.      |             |
| Becaufs that this hatt fowld belang thame, |             |
| Ga thow and pairte it richt amang thame.   | 1675        |
| The profesy, withowttin weir,              |             |
| Off Marling beis compleit this yeir;       | Fol. 187.a. |
| For my guddame, the gyrecarling,           |             |
| Leird me this prophecy of Marling,         |             |

Quhair of I fall schaw the sentence, 1680  
Gif ye will gif me awdience.

Flan, Fran refurgent, simul Ispan viribus vrgent,  
Dani vastabunt, Valances bella parabunt.  
Sic tibi nomen in a,  
Mulier caccauit in olla: 1685  
Hoc epulum commedes.

*Diligence.*

Mary, that is ane evill faird mefs.

*Foly.*

So, be this prophecy, planely it appeiris,  
That mortall weir falbe amang the freiris;  
That thay fall not weill knaw in to thair cloisteris, 1690  
To quhome that thay fall fay thair pater nofteris;  
Wald thay fall to, and fecht with speir and scheild,  
The Divill mak cair quhilk of thame tynt the feild.  
Now of my fermond I have maid ane end,  
To Gilly Mowband I yow recommend; 1695  
And als I yow befeik richt hertfully,  
Pray for the fawle of gud Kae Cappetie,  
Quha laitly drownd him self in to Lochlevin,  
That his sweit fawle may be aboif in hevin.

*Finis of this Interlude.*

*Ane uthir Interlude.*

*Heir entiris Flattery new landit owit of France  
and stormest at the May.*

[*Flattery.*]

Mak roun, firis, how, that I may rin; 1700  
Lo, fe how I am new cum in,  
Begareit all in findry hewis:



*Flattry.*

Quhy, bruder Falfat, knawis thow not me?  
I am thy bruder, Flattre.

*Falfat.*

Now, welcum, be the Trinitie,  
This meting cumis for gude.  
Now lat me braifs the in myne armes; 1740  
Quhen freindis meitis, hairtis warmes,  
Quod Johine, that frely fude.  
How hapnit thow in to this place?

*Flattry.*

Now, be my fawlc, bot evin be cace,  
I come in sleipand at the port, 1745  
Or evir I wift, amang this fort.  
Quhair is Diffait, that lymmar loun?

*Falfat.*

I left him drinkand in the toun;  
He will be heir incontinent. Fol. 188. a.

*Flattry.*

Now, be the haly sacrament, 1750  
Tha tydanis confortis all my hairt;  
I wat Diffait will tak ane pairte;  
He is richt crafty as ye ken,  
And counfalour to the merchand men.  
Lat ws ly still baith heir, and spy 1755  
Gife we perfaif him rynnand by.

*Heir fall Diffait entir.**[Diffait].*

Bongour, breidir, with all myne hairt,  
Heir am I cum to tak your pairte,  
Baith in to gude and evill.

I met Gud Counsale be the way, 1760  
 Quha pot me in ane fellone fray,  
 I gife him to the Divill.

*Falsett.*

How chaippit thow, I pray the tell?

*Diffait.*

I flippit in ane fowll bordell,  
 And hid me in ane bawburdis bed; 1765  
 Bot suddanly hir schankis I sched,  
 With hochurhudy amang hir howis;  
 God wait gif we maid mony mowis.  
 How come ye heir, I pray yow tell me?

*Falfat.*

Mary, feikand King Humanitie. 1770

*Diffait.*

Now be the gud lady that did me beir,  
 That samyn hors is my awin meir:  
 Now till our purpoifs lat ws ga,  
 Quhat is your counsale, I pray yow fa? 1775  
 Sen we thre feikis yone nobill king,  
 Lat ws devyifs sum subtell thing;  
 And als I pray yow as your bruder,  
 That we be ilk ane trew till vder.  
 I mak ane wow, with all my hairt,  
 In evill and gude to tak your pairte; 1780  
 I pray to God, nor I be hangit,  
 Bot I fall dy or ye be wrangit.

*Falset.*

Quhat is your counsale that we do?

*Diffait.*

Fol. 188. b.

Mary, this is my counsale, lo;  
 Till tak our tyme quhill we ma get it, 1785  
 For now thair is no man to let it  
 Fra tyme the king begin to steir him,  
 Gud Counsale than I dreid cum neir him;  
 And be we knawin with Correctioun,  
 It will be our confusioun. 1790  
 Thairfoir now, brethir, devyis  
 To find fum toy of the new gyis.

*Flattry.*

Mary, I fall fynd ane thowfand wylis;  
 We mon tvrne our claithis and chainge our stylis,  
 And diffagyis ws that na man ken ws. 1795  
 Hes na man clerkis clething to len ws?  
 And lat ws keip grave countenance,  
 As we war new cumin owt of France.

*Diffait.*

Be my sawle, that is weill devyfit;  
 Ye fall fee me sone diffagyfit. 1800

*Falset.*

So fall I be, man, be the Rude;  
 Now fum gud fallow len me ane hude.

*Heir fall Flattry help his twa marrowis.*

*Diffait.*

Now am I buskit, quha can spy?  
 The Diuill stik me gif this be I;  
 Is this I, or nocht I, can ye not say, 1805  
 Or hes the Feind, or fairfolk, borne me away?



*Falset.*

And war my hair vp in ane how,  
 The feind a man wald ken me now.  
 Quhat fayis thow of my gay garmoun?

*Diffait.*

I fay thow lukis evin lyk a loun.  
 Now, bruder Flattry, quhat do ye?  
 Quhat kynd a man schaip ye to be?

1810

*Flattry.*

Now, be my faith, my bruder deir,  
 I will ga counterfute the freir.

*Diffait.*

A freir, quhairto, thow can not preiche?

1815

*Flattry.*

Quhattrak, bot I can flattir and fleiche;  
 Peraventur cum to that honour,  
 To be the kingis confeffour.  
 Peur freiris ar fre at every fest,  
 And merchellit ay amang the best;  
 Als God hes lent to thame sic gracis,  
 That bishoppis puttis thame in thair placis,  
 Owtthrwch thair dyoceis to preiche,  
 Bot farly not howbeid thay fleiche,  
 For schaw thay all the veretie,  
 Thaill want the bishoppis cheretie.  
 Yit thocht the corne be nevir so scant,  
 Gud wyvis will nevir lat freiris want;  
 For quhy? thay ar thair confeffouris,  
 Thair prudent hevinly counfalouris;  
 Thairfoir wyvis planely takkis thair pairtis,  
 And schawis the secreitis of thair haitis

Fol. 189. a.

1820

1825

1830

To freiris, with bettir will, I trow,  
Nor thay do to thair bedfallow.

*Diffate.*

And I reft anis a freiris cowl,  
Betuix Sanct Johinstoun and Kynnowll;  
I fall ga fetcche it, gif thow wilt tary. 1835

*Flattry.*

Now play me that of cumpanary;  
Ye saw him nocht this hundreth yeir,  
That bettir can counterfet the freir. 1840

*Diffait.*

Heir is thy ganenyng all and fum,  
This is the cowl of Tullylum.

*Flattry.*

Quha hes ane porteris to len me?  
The feind a fawll, I trow, will ken me.

*Falset.*

Bruder, pafs on quhair evir thow will,  
Thow may be fallow to freir Gill;  
Bot with Correctioun and we be kend,  
I dreid we mak a schamefull end. 1845

*Flattry.*

For that mater I dreid na thing,  
Freiris ar exemit fra the King;  
For freiris will reddy entrefs gett,  
Quhen lordis ar haldin at the yett. 1850  
Fol. 189. b.

*Falsat.*

We mon do mair yit, be Sanct James,  
3 X

For we mon change all thre our names;  
 Cristin me, and I fall bapteifs the. 1855

*Diffait.*

Be God, and thairabowt mot it be;  
 How will thow call me, I pray the tell?

*Falset.*

Mary. I wat not how to call my fell.

*Diffait.*

Bot yit anis name the bairnis name.

*Falset.*

Discretioun. Discretioun, a Goddis name. 1800

*Diffait.*

I neid not now to cair for thrift.  
 Bot quhat falbe my godbairne gift?

*Falset.*

I gif the all the divillis of Hell.

*Diffait.*

Na, bruder. hald that to thy fell;  
 Now sit down, lat me bapteifs the. 1865  
 Bot yit I wat not quhat to call the.

*Falset.*

I pray the. name the bairnis name.

*Diffait.*

Sapience, Sapience. a Goddis name.

*Flattry.*

Bruder Diffait, cum bapteifs me.

*Diffait.*

Than fit doun lawly on thy kne.

1870

*Flattry.*

Now, bruder, name the bairnis name.

*Diffait.*

Devotioun, in the Diuillis name.

*Flattry.*

The Diuill reffaif the, laidroun loun,  
Thow hes wat all my new fchevin croun.

*Diffait.*

Devotioun, Sapience, and Discretioun,  
We thre may rewill a haill regioun;  
We fall fynd mony crafty thingis,  
For to begyle ane hundreth kingis;  
For thow fall crak, and thow fall clattir,  
And I fall fenyie, and thow fall flattir.

1875

1880

*Flattry.*

Bot I wald haif, or we depairtit,  
A drink to mak ws bettir hairtit.

Fol. 190.a.

*Diffait.*

Weill faid, be him that herreit Hell,  
I was evin thinkand that my fell.

*Heir fall thay drink, and the King fall cum  
furth of his chalmer, and call for Wantones.*

Now till we get the kingis prefence,  
We will fit doun and keip fylence;  
I se ane yonder, quhatevir he be,  
I trow ful weill yone fame is hie.

1885

Steir nocht, bruder, bot hald ws still,  
Till we haif hard quhat be his will. 1890

*Heir the King hes bene with his concubyne, and  
thaireftir returnis to his yung cumpany.*

*King.*

Now quhair is Placebo and Solace?  
Quhair is my mynyeoun Wantonefs?  
Wantones, how, cum to me fone.

*Wantones.*

Quhy cryid ye, fchir, till I had done?

*King.*

Qu[h]at was thow doand, tell me that? 1895

*Wantones.*

Mary, leirand how my fader me gat.  
I wait not how it standis, but dowt,  
Methink the warld rynniss round abowt.

*King.*

And so think I, man, be my thrift,  
I fe fyiftene monis in the lift. 190

*Wantones.*

Lat Hamelines, my lafs, allane,  
Scho bendit vp ay twa for ane.

*Hamelines.*

Howbeid, ye gat that ye defyrit,  
Or I was temprit ye was tyrit.

*Denger.*

And als for Placebo and Sollace, 1905  
I held thame baith in mirrenes;  
Howbeid I maid it fumthing tewch,  
I fand thame chalmer glew annewch.

*Sollace.*

Mary, thow wald gar ane hundreth tyre;  
Thow hes ane cunt lyk ane quaw myre. 1910

*Danger.*

Fol. 190. b.

Now, fowll fall yow, it is na bourdis,  
Befoir ane king to speik fowll wourdis;  
Or evir ye cum that gait agane,  
To kifs my cloff ye falbe fane.

*Sollace.*

Now schaw me, fchir, I yow exhort, 1915  
How ar ye of your luv content;  
Think ye not this ane mirry sport?

*King.*

Ye, that I do, in verement.  
Quhat bernis ar yone vpoun the bent?  
I did not fe thame all this day. 1920

*Wantones.*

Thay will be heir incontinent;  
Stand ftill and heir quhat thay will fay.

*Heir fall the thre Vycis cum and mak thair  
salutatioun to the King, and fay:*

[*Thre Vycis.*]

Lawd, honor, gloir, trivmphand victorie,  
Be to your moift excellent maieftie.

*King.*

Ye ar wylcum, gud freindis, be the Rude; 1925  
 Apperendly ye feme grit men of gud.  
 Quhat ar your names, tell me, withowt dellay?

*Diffait.*

Difcretioun, fchir, that is my name perfay.

*King.*

Quhat is your name, fchir, with the clippit croun?

*Flattry.*

But dowt my name is callit Devotioun. 1930

*King.*

Wylcum Devotioun, by Sanct Jame.  
 Now, firray, tell quhat is your name.

*Falset.*

Mary, thay call me, quhat call thay me?  
 I wat not weill bot gif I lie.<sup>1</sup>

*King.*

Can thow not tell quhat is thy name? 1935

*Falset.*

I kend it or I com fra hame.

*King.*

Quhat aillis the can not fchaw it now?

*Falset.*

Mary, thay call me Thyn Drink, I trow.

*King.*

Thyn Drink; quhat kin a name is that?

<sup>1</sup> This line has been written on the margin, possibly by another hand.

*Diffait.*

Sapience, thow servis to beir a plat;  
Me think thow schawis the not weill wittit. 1940

*Falset.*

Sypyns, schir, Sypynis, mary, thair ye hittit. Fol. 191. a.

*Flattry.*

Sir, gif ye pleifs to lat me fa,  
Forfuth his name is Sapientia.

*Falset.*

That fame is it, be Sanct Michael. 1945

*King.*

Quhy cowlde thow not tell thy name thy fell?

*Falsat.*

I pray your grace to pardone me,  
And I fall schaw the verritie.  
I am fa full of sapience,  
That sumtyme I will tak a trance;  
My spreit was rest fra my body, 1950  
Now heich abone the Trinitie.

*King.*

Sapience fowld be ane man of gude.

*Falset.*

Sir, ye may knaw that be my hude.

*King.*

Now haive I Sapience and Discretioun,  
How can I faille to rewill this regioun? 1955



And Devotioun to be my confessor;  
 I trow thir thre come in a happy hour.  
 Heir I mak the my secretar,  
 And thow fall be my thefawarar,  
 And thow falt be my counfallour,  
 In sprituall thingis to be confessor.

1960

*Flattry.*

Soverane, I fweir yow, be Sanct An,  
 Ye mett nevir with ane wyfar man;  
 Mony a craft, schir, I can,  
                     War thay weill knawin.  
 I haif na feill of flattry,  
 Bot fosterit with filosofie,  
 A strange man in astronomy,  
                     Quhilk falbe sone schawin.

1965

1970

*Falsat.*

And I haif grit intelligence,  
 In quelling of the quyntacence;  
 Bot to preve my experience,  
                     Sir, len me fourty crownis,  
 To mak mvltiplicatioun,  
 And tak my obligatioun;  
 Gif we mak fals narratioun,  
                     Hald ws for verry lownis.

1975

*Diffait.*

Fol. 191. b.

Schir, I ken be your phisnomye,  
 Ye fall conquere, or ellis I lye,  
 Danskyn, Denmark and all Almane,  
 Spittelfeild and the realme of Spaine;  
 Ye fall haive at your govirnance,  
 Remfrew and the realme of France,

1980

Ye Rugling and the toun of Rome,  
Corftorphyne and all Criftindome;  
Quhairto, fchir, be the Trinitie,  
Ye ar ane verry aperfee. 1985

*Flattry.*

Schir, quhen I dwelt in Italy,  
I leirit the craft of palmeftry;  
Schaw me the luffe, fchir, of your hand, 1990  
And I fall gar yow vndirftand,  
Gif your grace be infortunat,  
Or gife ye be predestinat.  
I fee ye will have fyiftene quenis, 1995  
And fyiftene fcoir of concubenis.  
Now, the Virgin Mary fave your grace,  
Saw evir man fa quyt a face,  
Swa grit ane arme, fa fair ane hand,  
Thair is not fic a leg in all this land. 2000  
War ye in harnes, I think na wounder,  
Howbeid ye dang doun twenty hunder.

*Diffait.*

Be my fawle, that is trew thow fais,  
Was nevir man sett fa weill his clais;  
Thair is na man in Criftianitie, 2005  
So meit to be ane king as ye.

*Falfet.*

Schir, thank the haly Trinitie,  
That fend ws to your cumpany;  
For, God, nor I gaip in ane gallowis,  
Gif evir ye fand thre bettir fallowis. 2010

*King.*

Ye ar all wyicum, be the made:  
Ye seme to be thre men of gude.

*Fours of this Interlude, and part of Play.  
Blessed full God Counsaile requir, and  
false infir requir, and Lady Douglas and  
Terre full be put in, and Sargant  
full and the young man for a time.*

*King.*

How quhat is yone that standis sa still?  
Go spy, and speir quhat is his will:  
And get he yairis my preience.  
Bring him to me with diligence.

Fol. 192.a

2015

*Disfait.*

That false done, be Godis breid,  
We full him bring owdir quick or deid.

*Flattry.*

I dreid full soir, be God him sell,  
That yone awld carle be Gud Counfall;  
Get he anis to the kingis preience,  
We thre will get na audience.

2020

*Disfait.*

That mater fall I tak in hand,  
And say it is the kingis command,  
That he annone devoyd this place,  
And cum not neir the kingis grace,  
And that vndir the pane of treffone.

2025

*Flattry.*

Bruder, I think that counsaile resfone;<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *resfome*.

Now lat ws heir quhat he will fay.  
Awld berdit mowth, gude day, gud day. 2030

*Gude Counfall.*

Gud day, agane, schiris, be the Rude,  
I pray God mak yow men of gude.

*Diffait.*

Pray not for that to lord nor leddy,  
For we ar men of gude all reddy;  
Sir, schaw till ws quhat is your name. 2035

*Gud Counfall.*

Gude Counfale thay call me at hame.

*Falset.*

Quhat fayis thow, cairle, art thow Gud Counfale?  
Swyth, pafs the hence, vnhappy vnfare.

*Gud Counfale.*

I pray yow, schiris, gife me licence,  
To cum anis to the kingis prefence, 2040  
To speik bot thre wordis with his grace.

*Flattry.*

Swyth, hurfone cairle, devoyd this place.

*Gud Counfale.*

Fol. 192. b.

Bruder, I ken yow weill annewch,  
Howbeid ye mak it nevir fa tewch;  
Flattry, Diffait and Fals Report, 2045  
Thay will not suffer to resort  
Gude Counfale to the kingis prefence.

*Diffait.*

Swyth, hurfone karle, ga pak the hence.

*Heir fall thay hurle away Gud Counsale.*

*[Gud Counsale.]*

Sen at this tyme I can gett na prefence,  
Is no remeid bot tak in pacience;  
Howbeid Gud Counsale heftaly be not hard  
With yung princis, yit fowld thay not be skard;  
Bot quhen yowtheid hes blawin his wantoun blast,  
Than fall Gude Counsale rewill him at the laft.

2050

*Heir fall the Thre Vycis pafs to ane counsale.*

*Flattry.*

Now quhill Gud Counsale is absent,  
Bredir, we mon be diligent,  
And mak betuix ws fover bandis,  
Quhen vacanis fallis in ony landis,  
That every man fall help his fallow.

2055

*Diffait.*

I hald, deir bruder, be Allhallow,  
So thow fische not within our boundis.

2060

*Flattry.*

That fall I not, be cokkis woundis,  
Bot I fall planely tak your pairtis.

*Falset.*

So fall we thyne, with all our hairtis;  
Bot haift ws quhill the king is yung,  
And lat ilk man keip weill a tung,  
And in ilk quartir have a spy,  
Ws till aduerteifs haiftelly,  
Quhen ony cawfualiteis

2065



Sall happin in our cuntreis; 2070  
 And lat ws mak provisioun,  
 Or he cum to discretioun.  
 No moir he wat now, nor ane sanct,  
 Quhat thing it is to haive of want;  
 Or he cum to his perfyte aige, 2075  
 We falbe sicker of our waige, Fol. 193.a.  
 And than, lat ilk ane cairle craves vthir.

*Diffait.*

That mowth speik mair, my awin deir bruthir.

*Heir fall Veritie entir and pafs to hir place,  
 quhair Flattry fall spy hir with feir.*

[*Veritie.*]

Gif men of me wald haif intelligence,  
 Or knaw my name, thay call me Veritie; 2080  
 Off Chryftis law I haif experience,  
 And hes ourfalt mony stormy sie.  
 Now am I feikand king Humanitie,  
 For of his grace I have gud esperance;  
 Fra tyme that he acquentit be with me, 2085  
 His heich honour and gloir I fall avance.

*Diffait.*

Sancte Pater, quhair haif ye bene?  
 Declair to ws of your novellis.

*Flattry.*

Thair is new lichtit on the grene,  
 Dame Veritie, be bukis and bellis; 2090  
 Bot cum scho to the kingis prefence,  
 Thair is na bute for ws to byde;  
 Thairfoir, I rid ws all go hence.

*Falset.*

That will we not yit, be Sanct Bryd,  
 Bot we fall owdir gang or ryd 2095  
 To lordis of Spritualitie,  
 And gar thame trow, yone bag of pryd  
 Hes spokin manifest herefie.

*Heir the Vycis gais to the Sprituall Esfaisit, and  
 lvis vpoun Veretie, desiring hir to be put in  
 captiuitie, quhilk is done with diligence.*

*Flattry.*

Quhat buk is that, harlat, in to thy hand?  
 Owt, walloway, this is the New Testament, 2100  
 In Inglis tung, and prentit in Ingland:  
 Herefy, herefy, fy, fyre incontinent.

*Veretie.*

Forfwith freind, ye haive ane wrang jugment,  
 For in that buike thair is no herefie,  
 Bot Chryftis word richt dulce and redolent, 2105 Fol. 193. b.  
 Ane<sup>1</sup> springand well of sinceir veretie.

*Diffait.*

Cum on your way, for all your yallow lokkis,  
 Your wantone wordis, but dowt ye fall repent;  
 This nicht ye fall bedryt ane pair of stokkis,  
 And fyne the morne be brocht to jugment. 2110

*Veretie.*

For Chryftis saik I am richt weill content,  
 To suffer all thing that fall pleifs his grace;  
 Howbeid ye put a thowsand to torment,  
 A hundreth thowsand fall ryfs in thair place.

*Heir fall Veretie sit down on hir kneis and say:*

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *And*.

Gett vp, thow fleipis all to lang, O Lord, 2115  
 And mak ane reffonable reformatioun,  
 On thame quhilk dois tramp doun thyne hevinly word,  
 And hes ane deidly indignatioun,  
 At thame quhilk makis trew narratioun.  
 Suffer thame not no moir to be mollest; 2120  
 O Lord, I mak the supplicatioun,  
 With thyne vnfreindis lat me not be opprest.  
 I haif no moir to fay.

*Flattry.*

Sit doun, and tak yow rest,  
 All nicht till it be day. 2125

*Diffait.*

My lordis, we have, with diligence,  
 Bucklit weill vp yone bladdrand baird.

*Spritualtie.*

I think ye farve sum recompence;  
 Tak thair ten crownis for your rewaird.

*Heir fall entir Chaisfetie and say:*

[*Chaisfetie.*]

How lang fall this inconstant world endure, 2130  
 That I sowld baneift be sa lang, allace?  
 Few crateuris, or none, takis of me ceure,  
 Quhilkis garris me mony nichtis ly harbreles;  
 Thocht I have past all nicht fra place to place,  
 Amang the Temporall and Sprituall Estaitis; 2135  
 Nor amang princis I can gett na grace,  
 Bot bufteously ar haldin at thair yaittis.



*Dilligence.*

Fol. 194. a.

Lady, I pray yow schaw to me your name,  
It dois me noy your lamentatioun.

*Chaiſtetie.*

My freind, thair of I neid not think na ſchame;  
Dame Cheſtetie, baneift frome toun to toun. 2140

*Dilligence.*

Than pafs to ladeis of religioun,  
Quha makkis thair vow to obſerve cheſtetie;  
Lo, quhair thair ſittis ane priores of renown,  
Amang the reſt of Sprituallitie. 2145

*Heir fall ſcho pafs to the hail Sprituall Eſtate,  
and ſcho fall not be reſſauit, bot put away.*

*Dilligence.*

Madame, quhat garris yow gang fa lait?  
Tell me how ye haif done debait,  
With the Temporall and Sprituall Stait;  
Quha did yow moift kyndnes?

*Cheſtetie.*

In faith, I fand bot ill and war, 2150  
That gart me ſtand frome thame afar,  
Evin lyk a beggar at the bar,  
And flemit me moir and lefs.

*Dilligence.*

I counſale yow, but tareing,  
Pafs till Humanitie the king, 2155  
Perchance he of his grace benyng,  
Will mak to yow ſupport.

*Chaiſtetie.*

Off your counſale I am content,  
 To paſs to him incontinent,  
 And my ſcheruice till him preſent, 2160  
                     In howp of ſum confort.

*Sollace.*

Soverane, get vp and ſie ane hevinly ſicht,  
 Ane fair lady in quhyt abilyement;  
 Scho may be peir to ony king or knycht,  
 Moift lyk ane angell, be my jugement. 2165

*Senſualitie.*

Now, lat me ſe quhat this mater ma mene,  
 Perchance that I may knaw hir be hir face;  
 But dowt this is dame Cheſtetie, I wene.  
 Sir, ſcho and I ma not byd in a place, Fol. 194. b.  
 Bot, gif it be the plefour of your grace, 2170  
 That I remane in to your cumpany,  
 Than this woman richt haiftelly gar chace,  
 That ſcho be not no moir ſene in this cuntre.

*King.*

As evir ye pleifs, ſweit hairt, ſo fall it be;  
 Diſpone hir as ye think expedient; 2175  
 Evin as ye liſt to latt hir leif or de,  
 I will refer to yow that jugement.

*Senſualitie.*

Paſs on than, Sapience and Diſcretioun,  
 And baneifs hir owt of the kingis prefence.

*Diffait.*

That fall we do, madame, be Goddis paſſioun, 2180  
 We fall do your command with diligence,

And at your hand ferve gudly recompence.  
 Dame Chestetie, cum on, be nocht agaft;  
 We fall richt fone, vpoun your awin expence,  
 In to the stokkis your bony feit mak fast. 2185

*Heir fall thay harle Chestety to the stokkis,  
 and scho fall say:*

[*Chestety.*]

I pray yow, schiris, be patient,  
 For I falbe obedient  
     Till do quhat ye command;  
 Sen I fe thair is no remeid,  
 Howbeid it war to suffer deid, 2190  
     Or flemd fourth of the land.  
 I wyt the empriour Constantyne,  
 That I am put to sic rewyne,  
     And baneist frome the kirk;  
 For, fen he maid the Paip a king, 2195  
 In Rome I cowlde get na lugeing,  
     Bot hyd me in the mirke.  
 Bot lady Senfualitie  
 Senfyne hes gydit that cuntre,  
     And mekle of the reft; 2200  
 And now scho rewlis all this land,  
 And hes directit hir command,  
     That I fowld be opprest.  
 Bot all cumis for the best  
 To thame that lovis the Lord; 2205  
 Thocht I be now opprest,  
 I treft to be restord.

*Heir fall thay put hir in the stokkis, and scho fall   Fol. 195.<sup>a</sup>  
 say [to Verete.<sup>1</sup>]*

Sister, allace, this is a cairfull caice,  
 That we with princis fowld fa be abhord.

<sup>1</sup>Inserted by a different hand.

*Verete.*

Be blyth, sifter, I treft, within schort space, 2210  
 That we falbe richt honorablie restord,  
 And with the king we falbe at concord;  
 For I heir tell Devyne Correctioun,  
 Is new landit, thankit be God our Lord;  
 I wat he will be our protectioun. 2215

*Finis of this Interlude.*

*Ane Proclamatioun to be tane in eftirwart of the  
 Pa[r]liament.<sup>1</sup>*

*Heir fall messinger Dilligence say:**[Dilligence.]*

At the command of king Humanitie,  
 I warne and chairge all memberis of parliament,  
 Baith Sprituall Stait and Temporalitie,  
 That to his grace thay be obedient,  
 And speid thame to the court incontinent, 2220  
 In gud ordour arrayit ryally.  
 Quho beis absent ar inobedient,  
 The kingis displefour thay fall vndirly.

And als I mak yow exortatioun,  
 Sen ye haif hard the first pairt of our play, 2225  
 Ga tak ane drink and mak collatioun;  
 Ilk man drink to his marrow, I yow pray.  
 Tary nocht lang, it is lait of the day;  
 Lat sum drink aill and fum the cleret wyne;  
 Be grit doctouris of phesik I heir say, 2230  
 That mighty drink confortis a dull ingyne.

*This verss eikit [quhilk is in the first proclamatioun:]*

Prudent pepill, I pray yow all,

<sup>1</sup> Inserted afterwards, but probably by the same hand as the MS.

Tak no man greif in speciall,  
 For we fall speik in generall,  
                     For pastyme be my fay.<sup>1</sup> 2235  
 Thairfoir till our rymes be rung,  
 And our mistonit fangis be fung,  
 Lat every man keip weill a tung,  
                     And every woman tway.  
 And ye ladeis that lift to pische, 2240  
 Lift vp your taill, steill in a dische,  
 And gife your quhiflecaw cry quhiche,  
                     Stop in ane wispe of stray.  
 Latt not your bleddir birft, I pray yow,  
 For that is evin annewch till flay yow, 2245  
 Becaus thair is to cum, a fay yow,  
                     The best pairte of our play.

Fol. 195. b.

*Heir fall entir Correctionis Varlet, for reformation,  
 and say:*

[*Correctionis Varlet.*]

Schiris, stand a bak and hald yow coy,  
 I am the king Correctionis boy  
                     Cum heir to drefs his place. 2250  
 Se that ye mak obedience  
 Vnto his nobill excellence,  
                     Fra tyme ye se his face;  
 For he makis reformationis,  
 Owtthrwch all Cristin nationis, 2255  
                     Quhair he findis grit debaitis;  
 And, sa far as I vndirstand,  
 He fall reforme in to this land  
                     All the Thre Estaitis.  
 God furth of Hevin he hes him fend, 2260  
 To punneifs all that dois offend  
                     Vnto his maieftie;  
 As evir him lift to tak vengeance,

<sup>1</sup> This line was first written *For pastyme and play.*

Sum tyme with fwerd and pestilence,  
                     With derth and povertie. 2265  
 Bot quhen the pepill dois repent,  
 And beis to God obedient,  
                     Than will he geif thame grace;  
 Bot thay that will not be correctit,  
 Richt suddanly will be derectit, 2270  
                     And flemid far frome his face.  
 For scylence I protest,  
                     Of lord, laird and leddy;  
 Now will I rin, but rest,  
                     And tell that all is reddy. 2275

*Diffait.*

Bruder, hard ye yone proclamatioun?  
 I dreid full fair for reformatioun  
                     Yone message makkis me mangit.  
 Quhat is your counsale, to me tell?  
 Remane we heir, be God him fell, 2280  
                     We will all thre be hangit.

*Flattry.*

I will ga to Spritualitie,  
 And preiche owt thruche his dyocie,  
                     Quhair I wilbe vnknawin;  
 Or keip me cloifs in to sum clofter, 2285  
 With mony peteous pater noster,  
                     Till all the boift be blawin.

*Diffait.*

Fol. 196. a.

I will be treittit, as ye ken,  
 With my maisteris, the merchandmen,  
                     Quhilk can mak small debait; 2290



It may weill mak ws landward lairdis; 2315  
Now latt ws cast away thir clais,  
In dreid fum follow on the chace.

*Falsat.*

Richt weill devyfit, be Sanct Blais;  
Wald God we war owt of this place.  
*Heir fall thay cast away thair counterfit clais.*

*Diffait.*

Now, fen thair is no man to wrang ws, 2320  
I pray yow, bruder, with all myne hairt,  
Latt ws now pairt this pelf amang ws;  
Syne heftelly latt ws depairt.

*Falsatt.*

Fol. 196. b.

Trowis thow to get als mekle as I?  
That fall thow not; I stall the box; 2325  
Thow did na thing bot luikit by,  
And lurkit lyk a wyly fox.

*Diffait.*

Thy heid fall beir a cuppill of knokkis,  
Pelour, withowt I get my pairt.  
Swyth, hurfone fmaik, ryve vp the lokkis, 2330  
Or I fall stik the thruch the hairt.  
*Heir fall thay fecht, with sylence.*

*Falsat.*

Allace, for evir myne ee is owt;  
Walloway, will no man red the men?

*Diffait.*

Vpoun thy clof tak thair a clowt,  
To be cowrtace I fall the ken. 2335





Thay play bokeik, evin as I war a fkar. 2360  
 Thair come thre knavis in clething conterfait,  
 And fra the king thay gart me stand a far,  
 Quhois names war Falfat, Flattry and Diffait;  
 Bot, quhen thay knavis hard tell of your cuming,  
 Thay stall away, ilk ane a findry gait, 2365  
 And kest fra thame thair conterfait clething.  
 For thair leving full weill thay can debait;  
 The merchandmen thay haive resset Diffait,  
 And for Falfat, full weill, my lord, I ken,  
 He will be richt weill treitit air and lait, 2370  
 Amang the maist pairt of the craftismen.  
 Flattry hes tane the habeit of a freir,  
 Purposing to begyle the Sprituall Estait.

*Correllioun.*

But dowt, my freindis, and I leive half a yeir,  
 I fall ferche owt thair iniquitie. 2375  
 Quhair lyis yone ladyis in captiuitie?  
 How now, sifteris, quho hes yow so difgyfit?

*Veretie.*

Vnmercifull memberis of iniquitie  
 Difpytfully hes ws, my lord, suppryfit.

*Correllioun.*

Ga, put yone ladyis to thair libertie 2380  
 Incontinent, and brek doun all the stokkis;  
 But dowt thay ar full deir wylcum to me.  
 Mak diligence; methink ye do bot mokkis;  
 Speid hand, and spair not for to brek the lokkis,  
 And tendirly tak thame vp be the hand. 2385  
 Had I thame heir, thay knavis fowld ken my knokkis,  
 That thame opprest and baneist of this land.

*Heir fall thay be tane owtt of the stokkis, and  
 thay fall say:*

[*Gude Counsaile, Veretie, Chesttie.*]

We thank yow, schir, of your benigntie;  
 Bot, I befeik your maiestie royall,  
 That ye wald pafs to king Humanitie, 2390  
 And fleme fra him yone lady Sensuall,  
 And entir in his scheruice Gude Counfall, Fol. 197. b.  
 For ye will find him verry counfalable.

*Correc̃tioun.*

Cum on, sifteris, as ye haif said I fall,  
 And gar him stand at yow thre, firme and stable. 2395

*Heir fall Gud Counsaile, Veretie and Chesttie,  
 cum to the king with Correc̃tioun.*

*Correc̃tioun.<sup>1</sup>*

Get vp, schir king, ye haif slepit annewch,  
 In to the armes of lady Sensuall;  
 Be feure that moir belangis to the plewch,  
 As eftirward perchance reheris I fall.  
 Remembir fow the king Sardanapall 2400  
 Amang fair ladyis tuk his lust fa lang,  
 So that the moist pairt of his liegis all  
 Rebeld, and syne him dulfully doun thrang.

Remembir how in to the tyme of Noy,  
 For the fowle stinkand syn of lichery, 2405  
 God, be my wand, did all the world distroy:  
 Sodome and Gomer richt so full rigourusly,  
 For that self syn war brint rycht crewally.  
 Thairfoir I the command incontinent  
 Banneis frome the that huir Sensualitie. 2410  
 Or ellis but dowl rudly thow salt repent.

*King.*

Be q̃athome haif ye so grit awtoritie,  
 Q̃ath̃k dois prefome for till correct a king?

<sup>1</sup> So in MS.

Knaw ye nocht me, the king Humanitie,  
That in my regioun royally did ring? 2415

*Correctioun.*

I haif power grit princis to doun thring,  
That leivis contrar the maiestie devyne;  
Agane the trewth quhilk planely dois maling,  
But thay repent, I put thame to rewyne.  
I wilbegin at the, quhilk is the heid, 2420  
And mak on the first reformatioun;  
Thy liegis than will follow the but pleid.  
Swyth, harlot, henfs the withowt dillatioun.

*Sensualitie.*

My lord, I mak yow supplicatioun,  
Gif me licence to pafs agane to Rome; 2425  
Amang the princis of that natioun,  
I lat yow wit my bewty thair will blome.

*Heir fall Sensualitie depairt fra the king.* Fol. 198.a.

*Correctioun.*

My lord, sen ye ar quyt of Sensualitie,  
Reffaif in to your scheruice Gud Counsale,  
And richt so this fair lady Chestetie, 2430  
Till ye mary sum quene of blude royall;  
Observe than chestetie matrimoniall.  
Richt so reffaif heir Veretie be the hand;  
Vse thair counsale, your fame fall nevir fall,  
Thairfoir with thame mak ane perpetuall band. 2435

*Heir fall the king reffaif the Thre Vertewis.*

[*King.*]

I am content your counsale till inclyne,  
Ye beand of so gud conditioun.  
At your command fall be all that is myne,  
And heir I gif yow full commissioun,

To pvneifs faltis and gif remiffioun; 2440  
 To all vertew I falbe conforable;  
 With yow I fall confirme ane vnioun,  
 And, at your counfale, stand ay firme and ftable.

*Correſtioun.*

I counfale yow incontinent,  
 Agane proclame the parliament, 2445  
                     Of all the Thre Eftaitis;  
 That thay be heir with diligence,  
 To mak to yow obedience,  
                     And fone drefs all debaitis.

*King.*

That fall be done, but mair demand. 2450  
 How, Diligence, cum heir fra hand,  
                     And tak your informatioun;  
 Go, warne the Spritualitie,  
 Richt fo the Temporalitie,  
                     To gif ws thair counfailis. 2455  
 Quho fo beis abſent to thame ſchaw,  
 That thay fall vndirly our law,  
                     And puneift be that failis.

*Diligence.*

Schir, I fall, baith in bruch and land,  
 With diligence do your command, 2460  
                     Vpoun my awin expens.  
 Schir, I haif ſcheruit all this yeir,  
 Bot I gat nevir ane dynneir  
                     Yit, for my recompence.

*King.*

Pafs on, for thow falbe regairdit, Fol. 198. b. 2465  
 And for thy ſcheruice weill rewairdit;  
                     For quhy? with my conſent,

Thow fall haif yeirly for thy hyre,  
 The teind mvffillis of the ferry myre,  
                     Confirmd in parliament. 2470

*Dilligence.*

I will get riches with that rent,  
 Eftir the day of dome,  
 Quhen, in the coillpottis of Trannent,  
                     Buttir will grow on brome.  
 All nicht I had fa mekle drowth 2475  
                     I nicht not sleip a wink;  
 Or I proclame ocht with my mowth,  
                     But dowl I mon haif drink.

*Correſtioun.*

Cum heir Placebo and Solace,  
 With your companyeoun Wantones, 2480  
                     I ken weill your conditioun.  
 For tyfting of Humanitie,  
 To reffaif Senfualitie,  
                     Ye mon fuffir pvnitoun.

*Wantonefs.*

We grant, my lord, we haif done ill, 2485  
 Thairfoir we put ws in your will;  
                     Bot we haif bene abufit,  
 For in gudfaith, ſchir, we belevit,  
 That lichery fowld no man haif grevit,  
                     Becaufs it is ſo vfit. 2490  
 Schir, we fall mend our conditioun,  
 So ye gif ws ane fre remiffioun;  
                     Bot gif ws leif to fing,  
 To dance, and play at chefs and tabillis,  
 To reid ſtoryis and mirry fabillis, 2495  
                     For plefour of the king.

*Corretioun.*

So that ye do non vthir cryme,  
 Ye fall be pardond at this tyme;  
     For quhy? as I suppois,  
 Princes sumtyme mon feik follace, 2500  
 With mirth and lefull mirrenes,  
     Thair spreitis to reioifs.

*King.*

Fol. 199.a.

Quhair is Sapience and Discretioun?  
 And quhy cumis not Devotioun nar?

*Veretie.*

Sapience, fchir, was ane verry loun, 2505  
 And Discretioun was nyne tymes war.  
 The fwth, fchir, gif I wald report,  
 Thay did begyle your excellence,  
 And wald not suffer to refort  
 Non of ws thre to your prefence. 2510

*Chaiſtetie.*

Thay thre was Flattry and Diffait,  
 And Falfat, that vnhappy loun,  
 Aganis ws thre quhilk maid debait,  
 And baneift ws frome toun to toun;  
 Thay gart ws tway fall in to foun, 2515  
 Quhen thay ws lokkit in the stokkis;  
 That daftard quhilk ye call Discretioun,  
 Full thiftouſly he ſtall your box.

*King.*

The Divill tak thame, fen thay ar gane,  
 Me thocht thame ay thre verry ſmaikis;  
 I mak ane vow to fweit Sanct Fillane, 2520  
 Get I thame thay fall beir thair paikis;

I fe thay playd with me the glaikkis.  
 Gud Counsale, now schaw me the best;  
 Sen I fix on yow thre my staikis, 2525  
 How fall I keip my realme in rest?

*Heir fall the Thre Estaitis compeir to the  
 parliament, and the king fall say:*

My prudent lordis of the Thre Estaitis,  
 It is our will, aboif all vthir thing,  
 For to reforme all thay that makis debaitis  
 Contrair the richt, quhilk daylie dois maling. 2530  
 And thay that dois the commoun weill doun thring,  
 With help and counsale of king Correctioun,  
 It is our will for to mak puniffing,  
 And plane oppreffouris put to subiectioun.

*Dilligence.*

Fol. 199. b.

All mener of men I warne, that bene opprest, 2535  
 Cum and complene, and thay fall be redrest;  
 For quhy? it is yone nobill princis willis,  
 That all complenaris fall gif in thair billis.

*Fohine the Commoun weill.*

Owt of my gait, for Goddis faik lat me gae;  
 Tell me agane, gudmaifter, quhat ye fae. 2540

*Dilligence.*

I warne all that bene wrangusly offendit,  
 Cum and complene, and thay fall be amendit.

*Commoun weill.*

Thankit be Chryft, that ware the croun of thorne,  
 For I was nevir fa blyth fen I was borne.

*Dilligence.*

Quhat is thy name, fallow, that wald I feill? 2545



*Johine.*

Forfwith, thay call me Johine the Commoun weill.  
Gud maister, I wald speir at yow ane thing;  
Quhair treft ye fall I find yone new maid king?

*Dilligence.*

Cum our, and I fall schaw the till his grace.

*Johine.*

Now Godis braid bennifoun licht vpoun that face; 2550  
Stand by the gait, lat fe gif I can lowp,  
I mon rin fast, in dreid I gett a cowp.

*Heir fall Johine ryn to lowp our the water,  
and he fall fall in the middis of it.*

*Dilligence.*

Speid the away, thow taryis all to lang.

*Johine.*

Schir, be this day, I nicht not faster gang.  
Gudday, gudday, grit God faive baith your graxis; 2555  
Wally, wally, faw tha twa weill fard facis.

*King.*

Schaw me thy name, gud man, I the command.

*Johine.*

Mary, Johine the Commoun weill of fair Scotland.

*King.*

The Commoun weill hes benc amang his fais.

*Johine.*

Ye, that, schir, garris the Commoun weill want clais. 2560

Fol. 200. a.

*Correlioun.*

Johine, quhome vpoun complene ye, or quho makis yow debaitis?

*Johine.*

Schir, I complene vpoun the King and all the Thre Estaitis;  
 As for our reverend faderis of Spritualitie,  
 Ar led be Covettyce, and<sup>1</sup> this cairle and Temporalitie;  
 And als ye se Temporalitie hes neid of Correctioun, 2565  
 Quhilk hes lang tyme bene led be publict oppreffioun.  
 Lo, see quhair the loun lyis lurkand at his bak;  
 Get vp, I think to se thy craig gar a raip crak.  
 How, fenyeit Flattry, the Feind fart on that face,  
 Quhen ye war gydar of the court we gat littill grace; 2570  
 Ryfs vp Falfat and Diffait, without ony sonyie,  
 I pray God nor the Divillis dam dryt on that grunye.  
 Behald as the loun luikis evin lyk a theif,  
 Mony wicht workmen ye haif brocht to mischeif.  
 My soverane lord Correctioun, I mak yow supplicatioun, 2575  
 Put thir tryit trucouris frome Cryftis congregatioun.

*Correctioun.*

As ye haif devyfit, but dowl it falbe done;  
 Cum heir annone, my scherwandis, and do your det sone;  
 Put first the thre pilouris in to the priffone strang,  
 Howbeid ye hang thame heftelly, yedo thame nowrang. 2580

*First Sariand.*

Soverane lord, we fall obey all your commandis.  
 Bruder, vpoun thay harlottis lay on your handis;  
 Ryifs vp, Lowry, ye luik evin lyk a lurdane,  
 Your mowth war meit evin to drink owt a jurdane.

*Secund Sariand.*

Cum heir, goffep, cum heir, cum heir, 2585  
 Your rakles lyf ye fall repent;  
 Quhen had ye wont to be so fweir?  
 Stand still and be obedient.

4 B

<sup>1</sup> *And* has perhaps been deleted.

*i Sariand.*

Thair is not ane in all this toun,  
 Bot I wald nocht this taill war tawd, 2590  
 Bot I wald hang him for his gown,  
 Quhiddir he war lord or lawid.  
 I trow this pylour be spurgawd;  
 Thow art ane stif knaif I stand ford,  
 Howbeid I fe thy skalp skyr skawd; 2595  
 Put in thyne handis in to this cord.

*Heir ar they led and put in the stokkis.*

*Gud Counsale.*

Fol. 200. b.

My wirdy lordis, fen ye haif on hand  
 Sum reformatioun to mak in to this land,  
 And als ye knaw it is the kingis mynd,  
 Quhilk to the commoun weill hes ay bene kynd, 2600  
 Thocht reiff and thift war stanchit weill annewch,  
 Yit sum thing moir belangis to the plewch.  
 Now in to peice ye fowld provyd for weiris,  
 And be seur off how mony thowfand speiris  
 The king ma be, quhen he hes ocht ado; 2605  
 For quhy? my lordis, this is my reffone, lo,  
 The husbendmen and commouns thay war wount,  
 Go in the battell formeft in the brount.  
 Bot I haif tynt myne experience,  
 Withowt ye mak sum bettir dilligence, 2610  
 The commoun weill mon vthir wayis be stylit,  
 Or, be my faith, the realme will be begylit.  
 Thir peur commouns, daylie as ye may fe,  
 Declynis down till extreme povertie;  
 For sum ar heichtit fo in to thair maill, 2615  
 Thair wyning will nocht find thame wattir caill.  
 How kirkmen heichtis thair teindis, it is weill knawin,  
 That husbendmen no wayis may hald thair awin;  
 And now begynis ane plaig vpoun thame new,

That gentillmen thair steidingis takis in few; 2620  
 Thus mon thay pay grit ferme or leif the steid;  
 And sum ar planely hurlit owt be the heid,  
 Thay ar distroyit withowt God on thame rew.

*Povertie.*

Schir, be Godis breid, that taill is verry trew;  
 It is weill kend I had baith nolt and horfs, 2625  
 Now all my geir ye se vpoun my corfs.

*Correſtioun.*

Or I depairt, I think to mak gud ordour.

*Commoun weill.*

I pray yow, fir, begin than at the bordour;  
 For how fowld we defend ws agane Ingland,  
 Quhen we can nocht, within our native land, 2630  
 Distroy our awin Scottis commoun trator theivis,  
 That to leill labowraris daylie dois mischeivis?  
 War I ane king, my lord, be cokkis woundis,  
 Quha evir held commoun theivis within thair boundis,  
 Quhairthrow that leill men daylie nicht be wrangit, 2635  
 Withowt remeid thair cheftanis fowld be hangit; Fol. 201. a.  
 Quhidder he war ane knycht, lord or laird,  
 The Diuill beir me till Hell and he war spaird.

*Temporalitie.*

Quhat vthir ennemyis hes thow, lat ws ken?

*Commoun weill.*

Schir, I complene vpoun all ydill men, 2640  
 For quhy, schir? it is Goddis awin bidding,  
 All Cristiane men to wirk for thair leving;  
 Sanct Pawle, the pillar of the kirk,  
 Sayis to tha wratchis that will nocht wirk,  
 And bene to vertewis labour laith, 2645  
 Qui non laborat non menduceth;

THE LINDSAY'S PLAY.

And he will bring to treit,  
 And he will be fill not eit.  
 And he will bring beggaris,  
 And he will bring pardonaris; 2650  
 And he will bring ydill henfouris,  
 And he will bring gaynte fenfouris;  
 And he will bring the bairdis,  
 And he will bring with lordis and lairdis,  
 And he will bring may fastene, 2655  
 And he will bring beifull bene;  
 And he will bring the of discordis,  
 And he will bring among the lordis;  
 And he will bring man be treitit,  
 And he will bring an vndebaitit. 2660  
 And he will bring channonis and freiris,  
 And he will bring Cordeleiris;  
 And he will bring bene cled,  
 And he will bring net and bene weill fed.

*Corrañion.*

And he will thow complene? 2665

*Feline.*

And he will bring mae agane;  
 And he will bring cryis with cairis  
 And he will bring of justice airis,  
 And he will bring covettyce,  
 And he will bring of vyce. 2670  
 And he will bring that steilis a kow  
 And he will bring that he that steilis a bow,  
 And he will bring geir as he may turfs, 2675  
 And he will bring hangit be the purfs.  
 And he will bring pegrall theivis ar hangit,  
 And he will bring that all the world hes wrangit,  
 And he will bring a strang transgressour,  
 And he will bring the common publick plane oppressour,

By buddis will he obtene favouris,  
 Off thesawrar and compositolowris; 2680  
 Thocht he serve grit pvnifioun,  
 Gettis esy compositioun.  
 And thruche lawis consistoriall,  
 Prolixt, corrupt and pertiall,  
 The commoun pepill ar put at vnder; 2685  
 Thocht thay be peure, it is na wounder.

*Correctioun.*

Gud Johine, I grant all that is trew,  
 Your infortoun full fair I rew;  
 Or I pairte of this natioun,  
 I fall mak reformatioun. 2690  
 And als, my lordis Temporalitie,  
 I yow command in tyme, that yie  
 Expell oppressioun of your landis;  
 And als I say to yow merchandis,  
 And evir I fynd, be land or sie, 2695  
 Diffait in to your cumpanye,  
 Quhilk ar to commoun weill contrare,  
 I wow to God, I fall not spair  
 To put my sword to executioun,  
 And mak on yow extreme pvniffioun. 2700  
 Mairattour, my lord Temporalitie,  
 In gudly haift I will that yie  
 Sett in to few your temporall landis,  
 To men that labowris with thair handis,  
 Bot nocht to jynkyne gentill man, 2705  
 That nowdir will he wirk or can,  
 Quhairby that pollecy may increfs.

*Temporalitie.*

I am content, schir, be the mefs,  
 Swa that the Spritualitie  
 Sett thairis in few als weill as we. 2710

[*Correction.*]

My Sprituall lordis, ar ye content?

*Spiritualitie.*

Na, we mon tak avysement;  
In sic materis for to conclude  
Our heftelly, I think nocht gude.

Fol. 202. a.

*Correctioun.*

Conclude ye not with the commoun weill,  
Ye salbe puncift, be fweit Sanct Jeill.

2715

*Spiritualitie.*

Schir, I can schaw yow exemptioun  
Fra your temporall pvniffioun,  
The quhilk we purpoifs to debait.

*Correctioun.*

Wa, than ye think to stryve for stait.  
My lordis, quhat fay ye to this pley?

2720

*Temporalitie.*

My foverane lord, we will obey,  
And tak your pairte with hairt and hand,  
Quhat evir ye pleifs ws to command.

*Heir fall they sit down and ask grace.*

Bot we befeik yow, our foverane,  
Of all our crymes that ar bygane,  
To gif ws twa ane full remiffioun;  
And heir we mak to yow condiffioun,  
The commoun weill for till defend,  
Frome hynefurth till our lyvis end.

2725

2730

*Correctioun.*

On that conditioun, I am content  
Tell pardoun yow, sen ye repent,

And Commoun weill tak be the hand,  
And mak with him perpetuall band.

*Heir fall thay imbrace the Commoun weill.*

*Correclioun.<sup>1</sup>*

Johine, haif ye ony ma debaitis  
Aganis my lordis the Sprituall Estaitis? 2735

*Johine.*

Na, schir, we dar not speik a word;  
To plene on preiftis it is na bowrd.

*Spritualitie.*

Flyt on thy fill, fule, I defy the,  
Sa thow schaw bot the verety. 2740

*Johine.*

Gramercy, than fall I not spair.  
First to complene on our vicair;  
The peur cottar lyand to die,  
Havand small bairnis two or thre,  
And hes two ky withowttin mo, 2745  
The vicar most haif on of tho;  
With the gray coit that happis the bed, Fol. 202. b.  
Howbeid the wyf be peurly cled.  
And gif the wyf de on the morne,  
Thocht all the bairnis fowld be forlorne, 2750  
The vthir cow he cleikis away,  
With hir peur coit of roploch gray.  
Wald God this custome war put down,  
Quhilk nevir was foundit be resfoun.

*Temporalitie.*

Ar all thay tailis trew, that thow tellis? 2755

<sup>1</sup> So in MS.



*Prologue*

Now John, vae the Dinill rik me ellis,  
 For be the holy Trinitie  
 That same was praefik vpoun me  
 For on vae, God gif him pync  
 His oif this fedy ky of myne, 2700  
 And to my lader, and for my wyf and vder,  
 The chow cow he tuik for Meg my moder

*Scenes*

On exoun, her he takis na vder pync  
 Ky to geid his feindis, and spend thame fyne,  
 How he, that he be obleit be reffoun, 2705  
 To preach the euangel to his parichoun,  
 And thoch they want the preiching fevintene year,  
 On reason, will not want and schell of beir

*Interlude*

Now, my lordis, I think we towld conclude,  
 Preiching this law to hail and confweturde, 2710  
 We will decrene, her that the kingis grace  
 Say we, unto the Papis hatenets,  
 With his content, he proclamatioun,  
 Rill his pretent and cow we tak cry doun

*Scenarius*

I that, my lordis, planeth we discontent, 2715  
 Nae thame, tak and instrument

*Act I*

Vae me, my wyf, mon, fader, all,  
 And I, my vae, now call to a black

*Poverty.*

Ha, my lordis, for the holy Trinitie,  
Remembir for to reforme the consistory; 2780  
It hes mair neid of reformatioun;  
Nor Plutois court, be cokkis passioun.

*Person.*

Fol. 203. a.

Quhat caufs hes thow, pylour, for to plenyie?  
Quhair was thow evir summond to thair fenyie?

*Povertie.*

Mary, I lent my gossop my meir to fetcche in coilis, 2785  
And he hir drownit in to the quarrell hoilis,  
And I ran to the constry for to plenyie,  
And thair I hapnit amang ane greidy menyie.  
Thay gaif me first ane thing thay call citandum,  
Within awcht dayis I gat bot libellandum, 2790  
Within ane moneth I gat ad opponendum.  
In half ane yeir I gat interloquendum,  
And fyne I gat, quhow call yeid? ad replicandum;  
Bot I could nevir ane word yit vndirstand him.  
And than thay gart me cast owt mony plakkis, 2795  
And gart me pay for four and twenty actis;  
Bot or thay come half gait ad concludendum,  
The feind ane plak was left for to defend him.  
Thus thay postponit me twa yeir with thair trane,  
Syne, hodie ad octo, bad me cum agane, 2800  
And than, thay ruikis, thay rowpit woundir fast,  
For centence silver thay cryit at the last;  
Off pronunciandum thay maid me woundir fane,  
Bot I gat nevir my gud gra meir agane.

*Temporalite.*

My lordis, we mon reforme thir consistory lawis, 2805  
Quhois grit defame abone the hevin blawis.

I wift ane man, in perfewing ane kow,  
 Or he had done he spendit half a bow;  
 So that the kingis honor we may advance,  
 We will conclud as thay haif done in France; 2810  
 Lat sprituall materis pas to Spritualitie,  
 And temporall materis to Temporalitie:  
 Quho failis in this fall coift thame of thair gude.  
 Scrib, mak ane act, for so we will conclude.

*Spritualitie.*

That act, my lordis, planely I yow declair, 2815  
 It is aganis our proffeit singulair.  
 Till all your actis planely I disconsent,  
 Notar thair of I tak ane instrument.

*Heir fall entir Commoun Thift.**[Common Thift.]*

Ga by the gait, man, lat me gang;  
 How diuill come I in to this thrang? 2820  
 With sorrow I may sing my sang,  
 And I be tane.

I haif run baith nicht and day, Fol. 203. b  
 Throw speid of fute I gat away;  
 Bot be I kend heir, walloway, 2825  
 I wilbe flane.

*Povertie.*

Quhat is thy name, man, be thy thrift?

*Thift.*

Hurione thay call me Commoun Thift,  
 For I had never na vder chift.  
 Sen I was borne, 2830  
 In Fwiddail was my dwelling place,  
 Mony wyfe gat I cry, Ailace.  
 At my hand thay gat never grace.  
 Bot ay forlorne.

Sum fayis ane king is cum amang ws, 2835  
That purposis to heid and hang ws;  
Thair is na grace, and he may fang ws,

Bot on ane pin.

Ring he, we theivis will get na gude;  
I pray God and the holy rude, 2840  
Sen he had smord in till his cude,

And all his kin.

Get this curst king me in his grippis,  
My craig will wit quhat weyis my hippis;  
The Divill I gif thair tung and lippis, 2845  
That of me tellis.

Adew, I dar nocht langar tary,  
For be I kend, thay will me kary,  
And put me in ane fery fary,  
I see nocht ellis. 2850

I raif, be him that herreit Hell,  
I had almaist foryet my fell;  
Will na gud fallow to me tell,  
Quhare I may fynd

The Erle of Roth's best haiknay? 2855  
That was my erand heir away;  
He is richt stark, as I heir say,  
And swift as wind.

Heir is my brydill and my spurris,  
To gar him lan's our feild and furris, 2860  
Mycht I him gett now Ewis the durris,  
I tak na cure;

Off that hors's nicht I get ane sicht,  
I haif na dowl yit or midnicht,  
That he and I fowld tak the flicht 2865  
Thruche Dyfart mvre.

Off cumpany, tell me, bruder, Fol. 204. a.  
Quhilk is the richt way to the Struder;  
I wald be wylcum to my moder,  
Gif I nicht speid. 2870

2875

## 2880

## 2885

## 2895

<sup>1</sup> Omitted in MS.

Bruder, tak patience in thy pane,  
For I fweir the, be Sanct Fillane,  
We twa fall nevir meit agane,  
In land nor toun.

2900

*Thift.*

Maifter, will ye not keip conditioun,  
And put me furth of this fuspitioun?

*Oppressioun.*

Na nevir, quhill I get remiffioun.  
Adew my companyeoun;  
I fall command the to thy dame.

2905

*Thift.*

Adew than, in the Divillis name;  
For to be fals thinkis thow na schame;  
To leif me in this pane,  
Thow art ane loun, and that ane liddir.

Fol. 204. b.

2910

*Oppressioun.*

Bo, man, I will go to Baquihiddir,  
It fall be Pasche, be Goddis moder,  
Or evir we meit agane.  
Haif I nocht maid ane honeft chift,  
That hes betrafit Commoun Thift?  
For thair is nocht vnder the lift,  
A curstar corfs.

2915

I am richt feur that he and I,  
Within this half yeir, craftely  
Hes stowin ane thowsand fcheip and ky,  
By meiris and horfs.

2920

Wald God, that I war found and haill,  
Now liftit in to Liddifdaill,  
The Merfs fowld fynd me beif and caill,  
Quhattrak of breid.

2925

War I thair liftit with my lyfe,  
 The Diuill fowld stik me with a knyfe,  
 And evir I come agane in Fyfe,  
                     Quhill I wor deid. 2930  
 Adew, I leif the Divill amang yow,  
 That in his fingaris he may fang yow,  
 With all leill men that dois belang yow;  
                     For I may rew,  
 That evir I come in to this land. 2935  
 For quhy? ye may weill vnderstand,  
 I gat na geir to turne myne hand;  
                     Yit anis adew.

*Correſtioun.*

I counfale yow, schir, now fra hand,  
 Gar baneifs yone freir owt of this land, 2940  
                     And that incontinent.  
 Do ye not so, withowttin weir,  
 We will mak all this toun on feir,  
                     I knaw his fals intent.  
 Yone flattrand knavis, withowttin fable, 2945  
 I think thay ar nocht proffitable,  
                     For Chryftis regioun.  
 To begin reformatioun,  
 Mak of thame deprivation,  
                     This is my opinioun. 2950

*First Sariand.*

Schir, pleifs ye that we twa invaid thame,  
 And ye fall fe ws fone degrauid thame, 2955  
                     Of cowle and fkaiplarie.

*Correſtioun.*

Pas on, I am richt weill content;  
 Syne baneifs thame incontinent, 2955  
                     Owt of this cuntrie.

*First Sariand.*

Cum on, schir freir, and be nocht fleit,  
The king, our maister, mon be obeyit,  
                    Bot ye fall haif no harme;  
Gif ye wald travell fra toun to toun;  
I think this huid, and hevvy gown,  
                    Will hald your wame our warme.

***Flattery.***

Now, quhat is this, thir monstouris menis?  
I am exemit fra kingis and quenis,  
And fra all humane law.

*Secound Sariand.*

Tak ye the huid, and I the gown;  
This lymmar luikis als lyk a loun,  
As ony that evir I saw.

*First Sariand.*

Thir freiris, to escaip pvniffioun,  
Haldis thame at thair exemptioun,  
And no man will obey;  
Thay ar exemit, I yow assure,  
Fra paipis, kingis and empriour,  
And that makis all the play.

*Second Sariand.*

On Domifday, quhen Chryft fall fay,  
 Venite benediçti,  
 The freiris will fay, withowt delay,  
 Nos fumus exempti.

*Heir fall thay spulye Flattray of the kings habeit.*



\_\_\_\_\_

[illegible]

1. *Chlorophyll a* (Chl *a*)  
 2. *Chlorophyll b* (Chl *b*)  
 3. *Chlorophyll c* (Chl *c*)  
 4. *Chlorophyll d* (Chl *d*)  
 5. *Chlorophyll e* (Chl *e*)  
 6. *Chlorophyll f* (Chl *f*)  
 7. *Chlorophyll g* (Chl *g*)  
 8. *Chlorophyll h* (Chl *h*)  
 9. *Chlorophyll i* (Chl *i*)  
 10. *Chlorophyll j* (Chl *j*)  
 11. *Chlorophyll k* (Chl *k*)  
 12. *Chlorophyll l* (Chl *l*)  
 13. *Chlorophyll m* (Chl *m*)  
 14. *Chlorophyll n* (Chl *n*)  
 15. *Chlorophyll o* (Chl *o*)  
 16. *Chlorophyll p* (Chl *p*)  
 17. *Chlorophyll q* (Chl *q*)  
 18. *Chlorophyll r* (Chl *r*)  
 19. *Chlorophyll s* (Chl *s*)  
 20. *Chlorophyll t* (Chl *t*)  
 21. *Chlorophyll u* (Chl *u*)  
 22. *Chlorophyll v* (Chl *v*)  
 23. *Chlorophyll w* (Chl *w*)  
 24. *Chlorophyll x* (Chl *x*)  
 25. *Chlorophyll y* (Chl *y*)  
 26. *Chlorophyll z* (Chl *z*)  
 27. *Chlorophyll aa* (Chl *aa*)  
 28. *Chlorophyll ab* (Chl *ab*)  
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 30. *Chlorophyll ad* (Chl *ad*)  
 31. *Chlorophyll ae* (Chl *ae*)  
 32. *Chlorophyll af* (Chl *af*)  
 33. *Chlorophyll ag* (Chl *ag*)  
 34. *Chlorophyll ah* (Chl *ah*)  
 35. *Chlorophyll ai* (Chl *ai*)  
 36. *Chlorophyll aj* (Chl *aj*)  
 37. *Chlorophyll ak* (Chl *ak*)  
 38. *Chlorophyll al* (Chl *al*)  
 39. *Chlorophyll am* (Chl *am*)  
 40. *Chlorophyll an* (Chl *an*)  
 41. *Chlorophyll ao* (Chl *ao*)  
 42. *Chlorophyll ap* (Chl *ap*)  
 43. *Chlorophyll aq* (Chl *aq*)  
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 56. *Chlorophyll adz* (Chl *adz*)  
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 59. *Chlorophyll agz* (Chl *agz*)  
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 62. *Chlorophyll ajz* (Chl *ajz*)  
 63. *Chlorophyll akz* (Chl *akz*)  
 64. *Chlorophyll alz* (Chl *alz*)  
 65. *Chlorophyll amz* (Chl *amz*)  
 66. *Chlorophyll anz* (Chl *anz*)  
 67. *Chlorophyll aoz* (Chl *aoz*)  
 68. *Chlorophyll apz* (Chl *apz*)  
 69. *Chlorophyll aqz* (Chl *aqz*)  
 70. *Chlorophyll arz* (Chl *arz*)  
 71. *Chlorophyll asz* (Chl *asz*)  
 72. *Chlorophyll atz* (Chl *atz*)  
 73. *Chlorophyll auz* (Chl *auz*)  
 74. *Chlorophyll avz* (Chl *avz*)  
 75. *Chlorophyll awz* (Chl *awz*)  
 76. *Chlorophyll axz* (Chl *axz*)  
 77. *Chlorophyll ayz* (Chl *ayz*)  
 78. *Chlorophyll ayz* (Chl *ayz*)  
 79. *Chlorophyll azz* (Chl *azz*)  
 80. *Chlorophyll azaa* (Chl *aza*)  
 81. *Chlorophyll abz* (Chl *abz*)  
 82. *Chlorophyll acz* (Chl *acz*)  
 83. *Chlorophyll adz* (Chl *adz*)  
 84. *Chlorophyll aez* (Chl *aez*)  
 85. *Chlorophyll afz* (Chl *afz*)  
 86. *Chlorophyll agz* (Chl *agz*)  
 87. *Chlorophyll ahz* (Chl *ahz*)  
 88. *Chlorophyll aiz* (Chl *aiz*)  
 89. *Chlorophyll ajz* (Chl *ajz*)  
 90. *Chlorophyll akz* (Chl *akz*)  
 91. *Chlorophyll alz* (Chl *alz*)  
 92. *Chlorophyll amz* (Chl *amz*)  
 93. *Chlorophyll anz* (Chl *anz*)  
 94. *Chlorophyll aoz* (Chl *aoz*)  
 95. *Chlorophyll apz* (Chl *apz*)  
 96. *Chlorophyll aqz* (Chl *aqz*)  
 97. *Chlorophyll arz* (Chl *arz*)  
 98. *Chlorophyll asz* (Chl *asz*)  
 99. *Chlorophyll atz* (Chl *atz*)  
 100. *Chlorophyll auz* (Chl *auz*)  
 101. *Chlorophyll avz* (Chl *avz*)  
 102. *Chlorophyll awz* (Chl *awz*)  
 103. *Chlorophyll axz* (Chl *axz*)  
 104. *Chlorophyll ayz* (Chl *ayz*)  
 105. *Chlorophyll ayz* (Chl *ayz*)  
 106. *Chlorophyll azz* (Chl *azz*)  
 107. *Chlorophyll azaa* (Chl *aza*)  
 108. *Chlorophyll abz* (Chl *abz*)  
 109. *Chlorophyll acz* (Chl *acz*)  
 110. *Chlorophyll adz* (Chl *adz*)  
 111. *Chlorophyll aez* (Chl *aez*)  
 112. *Chlorophyll afz* (Chl *afz*)  
 113. *Chlorophyll agz* (Chl *agz*)  
 114. *Chlorophyll ahz* (Chl *ahz*)  
 115. *Chlorophyll aiz* (Chl *aiz*)  
 116. *Chlorophyll ajz* (Chl *ajz*)  
 117. *Chlorophyll akz* (Chl *akz*)  
 118. *Chlorophyll alz* (Chl *alz*)  
 119. *Chlorophyll amz* (Chl *amz*)  
 120. *Chlorophyll anz* (Chl *anz*)  
 121. *Chlorophyll aoz* (Chl *aoz*)  
 122. *Chlorophyll apz* (Chl *apz*)  
 123. *Chlorophyll aqz* (Chl *aqz*)  
 124. *Chlorophyll arz* (Chl *arz*)  
 125. *Chlorophyll asz* (Chl *asz*)  
 126. *Chlorophyll atz* (Chl *atz*)  
 127. *Chlorophyll auz* (Chl *auz*)  
 128. *Chlorophyll avz* (Chl *avz*)  
 129. *Chlorophyll awz* (Chl *awz*)  
 130. *Chlorophyll axz* (Chl *axz*)  
 131. *Chlorophyll ayz* (Chl *ayz*)  
 132. *Chlorophyll ayz* (Chl *ayz*)  
 133.

1000 2000 3000 4000 5000 6000 7000 8000 9000 10000

[illegible]

1000

For, in every day in the jolts and  
swept his marrow.

*Dissait.*

Now Flattry, my awld companyeoun,  
Quhat dois yone king Correctioun,  
Knewis thow not his entent?  
Declair till ws of thy novellis.

*Flattery.*

Yeill all be hangit, I fe nocht ellis,  
And that incontinent. 3005

*Diffait.*

Now, walloway, will he gar hang ws?  
The Divill brocht yone curft king amang ws,  
For mekle sturt and stryfe.

*Flattry.*

I had bene put to deid amang yow,  
 War nocht I tuik on hand to hang yow,  
                     And so I favit my lyfe.  
 I heir thame say, thay will cry doun  
 All freiris and preiftis of this regioun,  
                     Sa far as I can feill;  
 Becaus thay ar not necessar,  
 And als thay ar all hail contrar,  
                     To Johine the Commoun Weill.

*Povertie.*

Now I befeik yow, for Allhallowis,  
Gar hang Diffait and all his fallowis,  
And baneifs Flattry af the toun,  
For thair was nevir sic ane loun;  
That beand done, I hald it best,  
That every man go tak his rest.

*Correllioun.*

As thow hes faid, it fall be done; 3025  
 Swyth, fariandis, hang yone swyngeouris lone.

*Heir fall the fariandis lowifs thame furth Fol. 206. a.*  
*of the flokkis and leid thame to the gallowis.*

*Firft Sariand.*

Cum heir, fchir theif, cum heir, cum heir,  
 Quhen war ye wont to be so fweir?  
 To hunt cattell ye war ay speidy,  
 Thairfoir ye fall waif in a widdy. 3030

*Thift.*

Man I be hangit, allace, allace?  
 Is thair nane heir may get me grace?  
 Yit, or I dee, gif me a drink.

*Firft Sariand.*

Fy, hurfone cairkle, I feill a stink.

*Thift.*

Thocht I wald not that it war wittin, 3035  
 Schir, in gud faith, I am beschittin,  
 To wit the veretie, gif ye pleifs,  
 Lowifs doun my hoifs, put in your neifs.

*Firft Sariand.*

Thow art ane lymmar, I stand ford,  
 Slip in thy heid in to this cord, 3040  
 For thow had nevir ane metar tippat.

*Thift.*

Allace, this is ane fellone rippat;  
 The widdefow wardanis tuik my geir,

And left me nowdir horis nor meir,  
Nor erdly gude that me belangit; 3045  
Now, walloway, I mon be hangit.

Repent your lyvis, all plane oppreßfouris,  
All myrdressaris and strang transgressfouris,  
Or ellis ga chuse yow gud confessfouris,  
And mak yow ford; 3050  
For and ye tary in this land,  
And come vnder Correctionis band,  
Your grace falbe, I vndirstand,  
Ane gud scharp cord.

Adew my brethir commoun theivis, 3055  
That helpit me in my mischeivis;  
Adew, Grossaris, Nikfonis and Bellis,  
Oft haif we fairne owtthruche the fellis;  
Adew Robfonis, Hawis and Pylis,  
That in our craft hes mony wylis; 3060  
Littillis, Trumbillis and Armeßtrangis;  
Adew all theivis that me belangis,  
Tailyeouris, Erewynis and Elwandis,  
Speidy of feit and flicht of handis;  
The Scottis of Eisdail and the Grames; Fol. 206. b.  
I haif na tyme to tell your names. 3065  
With king Correctioun be ye fangit,  
Beleif richt seur ye will be hangit.

*First Sariand.*

Speid hand, man, with thy clittir clatter.

*Thift.*

For Goddis faik, man, latt me mak watter, 3070  
Howbeid I haif bene cattell greidy,  
It is schame to pische in a widdy.

*Heir fall Flattery hang Thift.*

THE FIRST PART OF THE FIRST PART.

*Second Surmount*

Now we shall see how we shall see:

As we shall see the sun

And the moon the galloway? 3075

*Dejant*

This is the first of the first

And the first of the first

And the first of the first

And the first of the first

And the first of the first 3080

And the first of the first

And the first of the first

And the first of the first

And the first of the first

And the first of the first 3085

*Second Surmount*

Now we shall see how we shall see:

And the first of the first

*Dejant*

And the first of the first

*Second Surmount*

Now we shall see how we shall see:

And the first of the first 3090

*Dejant*

And the first of the first

And the first of the first

And the first of the first

And the first of the first

And the first of the first 3095

And the first of the first

And the first of the first

|                                         |                   |
|-----------------------------------------|-------------------|
| Vpaallandis wyvis for to begyle,        |                   |
| Vpoun the mercat day;                   |                   |
| And gart thame trow your stuf was guid, | 3100 Fol. 207. a. |
| Quhen it was rottin, be the rude,       |                   |
| And fwer it was not fway.               |                   |
| I was ay roundand in your eir,          |                   |
| And leird yow for to ban and sweir,     |                   |
| Quhat your geir coist in France,        | 3105              |
| Howbeid the divill a word was trew.     |                   |
| Your craftines gif Correctioun knew,    |                   |
| Wald turne yow to mischance.            |                   |
| I leird yow wylis monyfald;             |                   |
| To mix the new wyne with the ald,       | 3110              |
| That fassone was na folly;              |                   |
| To fell richt deir and by gud chaip,    |                   |
| And mix ry meill amang the faip,        |                   |
| And fassroun with oyldolly.             |                   |
| Foryett not ockar, I counsale yow,      | 3115              |
| Mair nor the vicar dois the cow,        |                   |
| Or lordis thair dowbill mail;           |                   |
| Howbeit your elwand be to scant,        |                   |
| Or your pund wecht twa vncis want,      |                   |
| Think that bot lyttill faill.           | 3120              |
| Adew, the grit clan Jamesoun,           |                   |
| The blude rowyall of Cowpar toun,       |                   |
| I was ay to yow trew;                   |                   |
| Boith Anderfone and Paterfone,          |                   |
| Abone thame all, Thome Williamfone,     | 3125              |
| My absens fair will rew.                |                   |
| Thome Williamfone, it is your parte,    |                   |
| To pray for me with all your harte,     |                   |
| And think vpoun my warkis;              |                   |
| How I leird yow ane gud lessoun,        | 3130              |
| For to begyle, in Edinburcht toun,      |                   |
| The bifchop and his clerkis.            |                   |

Ye yung merchandis may cry allace,  
 Lucklaw, Welandis, Carruderfs, Dowglace,  
                     Yon curst king ye may ban;                   3135  
 Had I leuit bot half ane yeir,  
 I fowld haif leird yow craftis perqueir,  
                     To begyle wyfe and man.  
 How, may ye merchandis mak debait,  
 Fra ye want me, your man Diffait;                   3140  
                     For yow I mak grit cair.  
 Withowt I ryfs fra deid to lyve,  
 I wait weill, ye will nevir thryve,  
                     Fairdar nor the fourt air.

*Heir fall Diffait be hangit.*

*Firfl Sariand.*

Fol. 207. b.

Cum heir, Falfet, and menfs this gallowis;                   3145  
 Ye mon hyng vp amang your fallowis,  
                     For your cankart conditioun;  
 Mony ane wicht man haif ye wrangit,  
 Thairfoir, but dowl, ye fall be hangit,  
                     But mercy or remiffioun.                   3150

*Falfet.*

Allace, mon I be hangit to?  
 Quhat mekle diuill is this ado?  
                     How com I to this cummer?  
 My gud maisteris, ye craftismen,  
 Want ye Falfat, full weill I ken,                   3155  
                     Ye will de all for hunger.  
 Ye men of craft may cry, Allace,  
 Quhen ye want me, ye want your grace;  
                     Thairfoir put in to wryte  
 My lessonis that I did yow leir,                   3160  
 Howbeid the commownis ene ye bleir,  
                     Compt ye not that a myte.

Find me ane wobstar that is leill,  
 Or ane walker that will not steill,  
     Thair craftines I ken; 3165  
 Or ane millar that hes na falt,  
 That will steill nowdir meill nor malt;  
     Hald thame for hely men.  
 At our fieschouris tak ye no greif,  
 Thocht that ye blaw lene mvttone and beif, 3170  
     To gard seme fat and fair,  
 Thay think that praclik bot a mow,  
 Howbeid the divill a thing it dow,  
     To thame I leird that lair.  
 I leird telyeouris, in every toun, 3175  
 To schaip fyve quarteris fra a gown,  
     In Angus and in Fyffe;  
 To vpalandis telyeouris I geve gud leve,  
 To steill a silly stump or fleve,  
     To Kittok his awin wyfe. 3180  
 My gud mester, Andro Fortoun,  
 Of telyeouris that may weir the croun,  
     For me he will be mangit;<sup>1</sup>  
 Telyeour Beverage, my fone and air,  
 I wait for me will rudly rair, 3185  
     Fra tyme he se me hangit.  
 The bairfit dekin, Jamy Raff,  
 Quha nevir yit bocht kow nor caff, Fol. 208. a.  
     Becaus he can not steill;  
 Willy Caidyeoch will mak no pleid, 3190  
 Howbeit his wyf want beif and breid,  
     Get he gud mat and meill.  
 To the browstaris of Cowpar toun,  
 I leif thame my blak malefoun,  
     Als hairtly as I may; 3195  
 To mak thin aill thay think na falt,  
 Off mekle barme and littill malt,  
     Agane the mercat day.

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *hangit*, and repeats it in line 3186.





And ilk ane to reffet ane vder. 3235  
 I knaw fals schiphirdis fifty fuder,  
     War all thair cawteillis kend,  
 How thay mak thair conventionis,  
 On montanis far fra ony townis;  
     God, lat thame nevir mend. 3240  
 Amang craftismen it is ane woundir,  
 To find ten leill amang ane hundir;  
     The trewth I to yow tell.  
 Adew, I ma na langar tary,  
 I mon pas to the king of Fary, 3245  
     Or ellis strecht way till Hell.  
     *Heir fall he luik up to his marrowis  
         that ar hingand, and say:*  
 Wais me for the, gud Commoun Thift,  
 Was nevir man<sup>1</sup> maid mair honest chift,  
     His leving for to win;  
 Thair was nocht in all Liddisdaill, 3250  
 That ky mair craftelly coud staill,  
     Quhair thow hingis on that pin.  
 Sawthan reffaif thy fawle, Diffait,  
 Thow was to me ane faithfull mait,  
     And als my fader bruder. 3255  
 Duill fell the filly merchand men,  
 To mak thame scherwice weill I ken,  
     Sall nevir get ane vder.  
     *Heir fall Flattry fessin the cord about his  
         nek, and thaireftir Falsat fall say:*  
 Gif ony man list for to be my mait,  
 Cum follow me, for I am at the gait; 3260  
 Cum follow me, all cative cuvettous kingis,  
 Revaris but richt of vthir menis realmes and ringis;  
 Togidder with all wrangus conquerouris;  
 And bring with yow all publiet oppressowris,  
 With Pharo king of the Egiptianis, 3265

4 E

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *mand*.

With him in Hell fall be your recompences;  
 All crewall scheddaris of bluid innocent,  
 Cum follow me, or ellis ryn and repent.  
 [Prelats that hes ma benefeits nor thrie,<sup>1</sup> Fol. 209. a.  
 And will not preiche nor teiche the veretie; 3270  
 Withowt at God in tyme thay cry for graces,  
 In hiddoufs Hell I fall prepair thair places;  
 Cum follow me, all fals corruptit juges,  
 With Ponte Pylat I fall prepair your lugis;  
 All the officialis that pairtis men with thair wyvis, 3275  
 Cum follow me, or ellis ga mend your lyvis;  
 With all fals ledaris of the constry law,  
 With wantone scrybis and clarkis all in ane raw,  
 That to the peur makis mony pertiall trane,  
 Syne hodie ad octo garis thame cum agane; 3280  
 And ye that takis rewaird at both the handis,  
 Ye fall with me be bund in Belliallis bandis.

Cum fallow me, all curft vnhappy wyvis,  
 That with your gudmen dayly flyttis and ftryvis;  
 And quyetly with rebaldis makis repair, 3285  
 And takis na ceur to mak ane wrangus air;  
 Ye fall in Hell rewardit be, I wene,  
 With Jefabell, of Yfraell the quene.  
 I haif ane curft vnhappy wyf my fell,  
 Wald God scho war befoir me in till Hell; 3290  
 That bismair, war scho thair, withowttin dowl,  
 Owt of the Hell the Divill scho wald ding owt.  
 Ye maryit men, evin as ye lvif your lyvis,  
 Lat nevir no preiftis be haimly with your wyvis;  
 My wyfe with preiftis scho did me grit vnricht, 3295  
 And maid me nyne tymes cukald on a nicht.  
 Fair weill, for I mon to the widdy wend,  
 For quhy? Falfett maid nevir ane bettir end.

*Heir fall. Flattry hing him up, and: a*

*A* *in coffin up, as it war his sawll.*

<sup>1</sup> This line

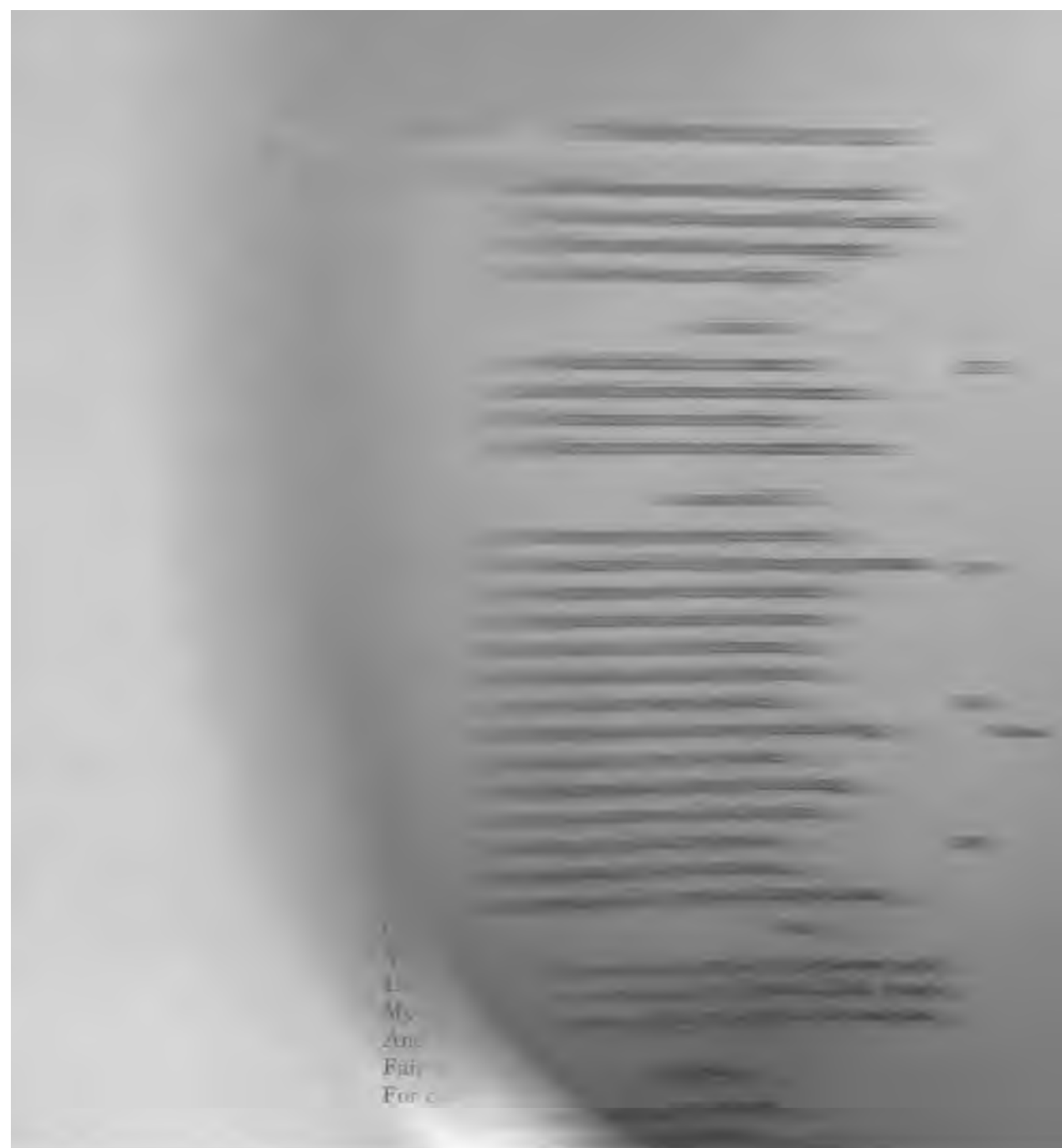
is in the MS.

*Flattry.*

|                                           |              |
|-------------------------------------------|--------------|
| Haif I nocht chaipit the widdy weill?     |              |
| Yee, that I haif, be fweit Sanct Jeill;   | 3300         |
| For I had nocht bene wrangit,             |              |
| Becaufs I servit, be Alhallowis,          |              |
| To haif bene merchellit with my fallowis, |              |
| And heich abone thame hangit.             |              |
| I maid far ma faltis nor my maitis;       | 3305         |
| I begyld all the Thre Estaitis,           | Fol. 209. b. |
| With my ypocresie;                        |              |
| Quhen I had on the freiris hude,          |              |
| All men belevit that I was gude;          |              |
| Now juge ye gif I lie.                    | 3310         |
| Tak ane rakles rubiature,                 |              |
| Ane theif, ane tirrand or ane trature,    |              |
| Off every vyce the plant;                 |              |
| Gif him the habeit of ane freir,          |              |
| The wyvis will trow, withowttin weir,     | 3315         |
| He be ane verry sanct.                    |              |
| I knaw the cowill and skaipлары           |              |
| Generis moir heit nor cheretie,           |              |
| Thocht thay be blak or blew;              |              |
| Quhat halines is thair within             | 3320         |
| Ane wolf cled in ane lambis skin?         |              |
| Juge ye gif this be trew.                 |              |
| Sen I haif chaipit this fery fary,        |              |
| Adew, I will na langar tary,              |              |
| To cummer yow with my clatter;            | 3325         |
| Bot I will with ane humill spreit,        |              |
| Ga serve the heremeit of Lawreit,         |              |
| And leir him for to flatter.              |              |

*Gude Counsale.*

|                                               |      |
|-----------------------------------------------|------|
| Or ye depairt, schir, of this regioun,        |      |
| Gif Johine the Commoun Weill ane gay garmoun; | 3330 |



We treft in God, leif we ane vder yeir, 3355  
 Quhair we haif falit we fall do diligence,  
 With moir plesour mak yow gude recompence;  
 Becausf we haif bene fumparte tediousf,  
 With mater rude, denude of eloquence,  
 And als, perchance, to fum men odioufs. 3360

Adew, we will mak no langar tary,  
 Prayand to Jefu Chryft, oure Saluiour,  
 That, be the requeift of his moder Mary,  
 He do preferve this famous awditour.  
 Withowt that grittar materis do incure, 3365  
 For your plesour we fall devyse and sport,  
 Plesand till every gentill creatour,  
 To raifs your spreitis to plesour and confort.

Now lat ilk man his way awance,  
 Lat fum go drink and fum ga dance; 3370  
 Menstrallis blaw vp ane brawll of France,  
 Lat see quha hobbillis beft;  
 For I will rin incontinent,  
 To the taverne or evir I stent;  
 I pray to God omnipotent, 3375  
 To fend yow all gud rest.

*Heir endis the schort interludis of Schir David Lyndfayis play  
 maid in the Grenfyd beyd Edinburcht in anno 155 yeiris.*

NOTE.—On folio 210b., originally blank in the MS., a later hand has inserted two pieces, *Dantie and derty to all manis eyes*, two stanzas of 4 lines; *Now, Goffop, I must needs be gone*, 25 lines; and 10 lines of a third, *My Miftres is in Musik passing skilfull*, the continuation (12 lines) being written in at the foot of folio 211a, and (8 lines) at the top of 211b—in all, 5 stanzas of 6 lines. A "Sonet," *Lyke as the littill Emmet haith hir gait*, of 14 lines, is written in at the foot of 211b. These four pieces will be found in the Appendix.

HEIRE ENDIS THE BUIK OF MIRRY BALLETTIS,  
SET FURTH BE DIUERS NEW AND ANCIENT POETTIS.

Fol.211.a.

HEIR FOLLOWIS BALLATIS OF LUVE  
 DEVYDIT IN FOUR PAIRTIS.  
 THE FIRST AR SONGIS OF LUVE;  
 THE SECOUND AR CONTEMPTIS OF LUVE  
 AND EVILL WEMEN;  
 THE THRID AR CONTEMPIS OF EVILL  
 FALS VICIUS MEN; AND THE FOURT AR  
 BALLATTIS DETESTING OF LUVE  
 AND LICHERY.

THE FOURT PAIRT OF THIS BUIK.

*To the Reidar.*

Fol. 211. b.

**H**EIR haif ye luvaris ballattis at your will,  
 How evir your natur directit is vntill;  
 Bot wald ye luv eftir my counsfalling,  
 Luv first your God aboif all vder thing;  
 Nixt as your self, your nichtbur beir gud will.

5



*Ballattis of Lufe.*

Fol. 212. a.

CLXXXI.

[O, foly Hairt, fetterit in Fantesye.]

*Disputatio.*

O FOLY hairt, fetterit in fantesye,  
 Wincust with werry wardly wane plesance,  
 Compone thy self and lat thi sychin be,  
 Think that this world is all bot wariance.  
 Tak nevir no thing in to remembrance, 5  
 That may displeifs thi makar immortail;  
 Think quhat he sufferit and keip thyne observance,  
 Remembir als that thow man die but faill.

Syche for no sorrow bot for thi syn allane,  
 Greit for thi gilt thow ma get forgifnaifs; 10  
 Sen of thy deid the day is incertane,  
 Keip the ay clene fra cryme in every caifs.  
 Thow hes no caufs to tak sic havinefs,  
 Thairfoir be blyth or thow fall beir the blame;  
 Thow sychis so fair with pane in every plaifs, 15  
 That fickerly thow garris me think grit schame.

*Rejpontio Cordis.*

I may nocht seifs bot syche, I am sa fair,  
 Thairfoir get vp, and tak ane pen, and wryt,  
 And all the caifs I fall to the declair,  
 Off my peteous and peroles pane perfytt. 20  
 I dreid me foir that thow be fund the wyt,  
 Corpus. Than in a greif I grathit me to ryfs,  
 Quhen I sat down and drestet me to dyt,  
 Sychand full foir, my hairt faid on this wyfs.

Cor. Fair weill all joy, and walcum steidfastnefs, 25  
 Euir mair with me for to be mancipait;  
 My hoip, my haill, is turnit in hawynefs;  
 Thair is no mirth my mynd may recetait,  
 Sen that my lufe hes left me defolait,  
 Quhilk I luvit best attour all erdly thing; 30  
 Thair is nocht wucht in to this warld I wait,  
 That hes moir caufs to fyche quhen he fuld sing.

That lady leill of wirchep wes the well,  
 To quhome wes lent sic liberalitie,  
 That now my wit exceidis for to tell; 35  
 Amang all vthir scho wes ane a per se,  
 Curtais and kynd, full of humilitie,  
 Bayth gyd and grund of all gud gouernance.  
 Corpus. Quhen I hard this, I said, Alace, lat be,  
 Cast out of mynd sic wardlie wane plesance. 40

Cair nocht for hir, scho wes ay wnkynd,  
 Pensyt and prowde, rycht fenyeit and frawdolent;  
 Cor. Allacce, lat be, I wait I knaw hir mynd;  
 The for to pleifs scho wes ay deligent,  
 And sickerlie scho set all hir intent, 45 Fol. 212. b.  
 To lufe the best abouf all creatur;  
 Thairfor me think that thow fuld nocht repent,  
 That chosin hes so trew a paramour.

To lufe I wet it is bot naturall  
 Till all mankynd, is youtheid specialie; 50  
 Bot sen that thow ~~is~~ <sup>thy</sup> self and principall,  
 out be God to <sup>thy</sup> bodie,  
 el the fet <sup>him</sup> idently,  
 in best ti <sup>he</sup> with his blud;  
 membri <sup>is</sup> couth by, 55  
 the <sup>the</sup> rud.

Cor. Thy langege is to me intollerabill,  
 Thairfoir I will thow sobir the and heir;  
 I lat the wit I am nocht variabill,  
 Na nevir fall vnto my lady deir. 60  
 I will hir luve quhill I be brocht on beir,  
 And mak hir scherwice futhlie incertane;  
 Reproif me nocht, for I warne the but weir,  
 War scho to luve I wald hir luve agane.

Corpus. Quhen of my hairt, I hard the fynall end, 65  
 That schort wald scherwe this foirlaid lady fre;  
 I did wrang, me thocht, for to contend,  
 Bot I befocht to lat sic fyching be;  
 Syne to my hairt I haill confermit me;  
 For quhy? I luve that lady in a pairt, 70  
 The quhilk wes flour of all faminitie,  
 And thus endit my body with my hairt.

*Finis.*

---

CLXXXII.

[*Bc ye ane Luvar, think ye nocht ye fuld.*]

**B**E ye ane luvar, think ye nocht ye fuld  
 Be weill adwyfit in your gouerning?  
 Be ye nocht fa, it will on yow be tauld;  
 Bewar thairwith for dreid of misdemyng.  
 Be nocht a wreche, nor skerche in your spending, 5  
 Be layth alway to do amis or schame;  
 Be rewlit ryght and keip this doctring,  
 Be secreit, trew, increffing of your name.

Be ye ane lear, that is werft of all,  
 Be ye ane tratlar, that I hald als ewill; 10  
 Be ye ane janglar, and ye fra vertew fall,  
 Be nevir mair on to thir vicis thrall;  
 Be now and ay the maiftir of your will,  
 Be nevir he that lefing fall proclame;  
 Be nocht of langage quhair ye fuld be ftill, 15  
 Be fecretit, trew, increffing of your name.

Be nocht abafit for no wicket tung,  
 Be nocht fa fet as I haif faid yow heir;  
 Be nocht fa lerge vnto thir fawis fung,  
 Be nocht our prowde, thinkand ye haif no peir; 20  
 Be ye fo wyifs that vderis at yow leir,  
 Be nevir he to fklander nor defame;  
 Be of your lufe nor prechour as a freir,  
 Be fecretit, trew, increffing of your name.

*Finis quod Dumbar.*

---

CLXXXIII.

*[Off Luve quhay lyikis to haif Joy.]*

**O**FF luve quhay lyikis to haif joy or confort,  
**Ye man begin and leir this A B C**

Fol. 213.a.

Heireftir writtin; quha will it rycht repoint?  
 Firft to be courtels, wyifs, gentill and fre,  
 Lairge, honeft, gentill, bayth fecretit and preve, 5  
 And of him felf na vantour, as I wene.  
 Be fobir, trew, and every day lufe,  
 And quhair thow luvis fe thow be fenedill fene.

Be nocht our hamely in to presens,  
 Nor yit our wandand in to secreit wifs; 10  
 Se all thy deidis be mixt with plesance,  
 And quhen thow maj prophir hir thy scherwifs.  
 Paynit nocht thy wirdis, se that thow be nocht nifs,  
 Speik nocht in termis of clergy;  
 Vse the to rewlis that may the weill suffis. 15  
 And, as I trest, thair fall the few denny.

My sone, quhill thow of yowthed hes the flour,  
 Yarnand to be of luvis obfcherwans,  
 Alswa cheifs the a lusty paramour.  
 Fulfillit of gudly gouirnance. 20  
 Thow yarnand of hir to haif plesans,  
 Wirk by this counsale that I the gif,  
 Tak tent to this lair, be ay leill<sup>1</sup> to thi luf.

Gif that I fall the wifs the narrest way,  
 Be nocht lang out of hir presens; 25  
 Certis it is suth, I hard men say.  
 Is no thing hinderand moir than lang absens.  
 Be nocht of wirdis our grit perfluens,  
 Nor yit of langage aw thair left,  
 In myddill way, thi tung be ay nureft. 30

Se for na thing that thow abasid be.  
 In the begynnyng thocht scho wer nevir so nyfs:  
 On the first day, and the kepar be fle,  
 Ane castell is nocht ay win be geperdyfs;  
 Clayth is nocht haldin at the first pryfs. 35  
 I say for me, lat ilk man say quhat thai list,  
 Quhay weill abidis is abill to speid best.

Gif mony luvaris thi lady will perfew,  
 Swa at thow leif nocht in jolefy;  
 Scho is the bettir swa that scho be trew. 40

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *leill and trew*, the two latter words being partially erased.

Non wald hir luve war scho nocht womanly.  
Repair nocht till hir ay oppinly,  
Bot in all tyme be redde hir to pleifs,  
Howbeit thi haire thou think sumtyme at weifs.

Be nocht a vantour, gif thou thinkis to speid, 45  
For that is haiteit of wemen atour all thing;  
Harche not, se thou haif no dreid,  
Gif thou hir luf, thou man mak sum conkinning,  
For harchenefs dois grit hindering,  
Howbeit<sup>1</sup> for luf that thou wald almaist de, 50  
Bot reveling mone be first in the.

Fair weill, sweit sone, thou speidis, schir, now or nevir, Fol. 213.b.  
Sen I haif teld the all haill my devyfs,  
Do my counsaile, and fra it nocht diffevir,  
For and thou do, certifs, thou art nocht wyfs. 55  
Leif hir nocht thocht scho be nevir so he empyrfs,  
Bot ay be gudly to that gay,  
Turne thyne intent quhen that scho wrythis away.

*Finis quod Merlar.*

CLXXXIV.

[*Luve preysis, but Comparefone.*]

**L**UVE preysis, but comparefone,  
Both<sup>2</sup> gentill, sempill, generall;  
And of fre will gevis warefone,  
As fortoun chanfis to befall.

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *Howeit*.    <sup>2</sup> Originally *Bot*.

For luve makis nobill ladeis thrall, 5  
 To baffir men of birth and blud,  
 So luve garris fobir wemen small  
 Git maifrice our grit men of gud.

Ferme luve for fauour, feir or feid,  
 Of riche nor pur to speik fuld spair; 10  
 For luve to hienes hes no heid,  
 Nor lychtleis lawlines ane air;  
 Bot puttis all perfonis in compair,  
 This prowerb planely for till preue,  
 That men and wemen, lefs and mair, 15  
 Ar cumd of Adame and of Eue.

So thocht my lyking wer a led dy,  
 And I no lord, yit nocht the lefs  
 Scho fuld my ferwyce find als red dy,  
 As duke to duches docht him drefs. 20  
 For as prow d princely luve exprefs  
 Is to haif fouerenitie,  
 So service cumis of fypilnefs,  
 And leileft lufe of law degre.

So luvaris lair no leid fuld lak, 25  
 A lord to lufe a filly lafs,  
 A led dy als for luf to tak  
 Ane proper page hir tyme to pafs.  
 For quhy? as bricht bene birneift brafs,  
 As filuer wrocht at all dewyfs; 30  
 And als gud drinking out of glafs,  
 As gold, thocht gold gif grittar pryfs.

Suld I prefome this fedull fchaw,  
 Or lat me langouris be lamentit,  
 Na I effrey for feir and aw, 35  
 Hir comlie heid be miscontenttit;

I dar nocht preifs hir to presentit;  
For be scho wreth I will nocht wowit,  
Bot pleifs hir proudens to imprentit,  
Scho may perfaue fum Inglis throw it.

40

*Finis quod* Scott.

CLXXXV.

[*Sen that I am a Presoneir.*]

SEN that I am a presoneir  
Till hir that fareft is and beft,  
I me commend, fra yeir till yeir,  
In till hir bandoun for to rest.  
I govit on that gudlieft,  
So lang to luk I tuk lafeir,  
Quhill I wes tane withouttin test,  
And led furth as a presoneir.

Fol. 214. a.

5

Hir sweit having, and fresche bewte,  
Hes wondit me but fwerd or lance;  
With hir to go commandit me,  
Ontill the castell of pennance.  
I said, Is this your gouirnance,  
To tak men for thair lukiing heir?  
Bewty sayis, Ya, schir, perchance  
Ye be my ladeis presoneir.

10

15

Thai had me bundin to the yet,  
Quhair Strangenes had bene portar ay,  
And in deliuerit me thairat,  
And in thir termis can thai say,

20



Do wait, and lat him nocht away.  
 Quo Strangnes vnto the porteur,  
 Ontill my lady, I dar lay,  
 Ye be to pure a presoneir.

Thai keft me in a deip dungeoun, 25  
 And fetterit me but lok or cheyne;  
 The capitane hecht Comparefone,  
 To luke on me he thocht greit deyne.  
 Thocht I wes wo I durft nocht pleyne,  
 For he had fetterit mony affeir; 30  
 With petoufs voce thus cuth I fene,  
 Wo is a wofull presoneir.

Langour wes weche vpoun the wall,  
 That nevir fleipit bot evir wouke;  
 Scorne wes bourdour in the hall, 35  
 And oft on me his babill schuke,  
 Lukand with mony a dengerous luke.  
 Quhat is he yone, that methis ws neir?  
 Ye be to townage, be this buke,  
 To be my ladeis presoneir. 40

Gud Houp rownit in my eir,  
 And bad me baldlie breve a bill;  
 With Lawlines he fuld it beir,  
 With Fair Scherwice fend it hir till.  
 I wouk, and wret hir all my will; 45  
 Fair Scherwice fur withouttin feir,  
 Sayand till hir with wirdis still,  
 Haif pety of your presoneir.

Than Lawlines to Petie went, Fol. 214. b.  
 And said till hir in termis schort, 50  
 Lat we yone presoneir be schent,  
 Will no man do to ws support;

Gar lay ane fege vnto yone fort.  
 Than Petie said, I fall appeir;  
 Thocht sayis, I hecht, cum<sup>1</sup> I ourthort, 55  
 I houp to lowfs the presoneir.

Than to battell thai war arreyit all,  
 And ay the wawart kepit Thocht;  
 Luft bur the benner to the wall,  
 And Biffines the grit gyn brocht. 60  
 Skorne cryis out, sayis, Wald ye ocht?  
 Luft sayis, We wald haif entre heir;  
 Comparifone sayis, That is for nocht,  
 Ye will nocht wyn the presoneir.

Thai thairin schup for to defend, 65  
 And thai thairfurth failyeit ane hour;  
 Than Biffines the grit gyn bend,  
 Straik down the top of the foir tour.  
 Comparifone began to lour,  
 And cryit furth, I yow requeir, 70  
 Soft and fair and do fawour,  
 And tak to yow the presoneir.

Thai fyrit the yettis deliuerly  
 With faggottis wer grit and huge;  
 And Strangenes, quhair that he did ly, 75  
 Wes brint in to the porter luge.  
 Luftely thay lakit bot a juge,  
 Sik straikis and stychling wes on steir,  
 The semelieft wes maid assege,  
 To quhome that he wes presoneir. 80

Thrucht Skornes nos thai put a prik,  
 This he wes banist and gat a blek;  
 Comparifone wes erdit quik,  
 And Langour lap and brak his nek.

4 G

<sup>1</sup> Indistinct, might be *win*.

Thai failyeit fast, all the fek, 85  
 Luft chafit my ladeis chalmirleir,  
 Gud Fame wes drownit in a sek;  
 Thus ranfonit thai the presoneir.

Fra Sklandir hard Luft had vndone  
 His enemeis, him aganis 90  
 Assemblit ane femely fort full sone,  
 And raifs and rowttit all the planis.  
 His cufing in the court remanis,  
 Bot jaloufs folkis and geangleiris,  
 And fals Invy that no thing lanis, 95  
 Blew out on Luvis presoneir.

Syne Matremony, that nobill king, Fol. 215. a.  
 Was grevit, and gadderit ane grit oft,  
 And all enermit without lesing  
 Chest Sklander to the west se cost. 100  
 Than wes he and his lineage loft,  
 And Matremony, withowttin weir,  
 The band of freindschip hes indoft,  
 Betuix Bewty and the presoneir.

Be that of eild wes Gud Famifs air, 105  
 And cumyne to continwatioun,  
 And to the court maid his repair,  
 Quhair Matremony than wir the crowne.  
 He gat ane confirmationn,  
 All that his modir aucht but weir, 110  
 And baid still, as it wes refone,  
 With Bewty and the presoneir.

*Finis.*

CLXXXVI.

[*Wald my gud Lady lufe me best.*]

**W**ALD my gud lady lufe me best,  
And wirk eftir my will,  
I fuld ane garmond gudlieft  
Gar mak hir body till.

Off he honour fuld be hir hud, 5  
Vpoun hir heid to weir,  
Garneift with gouirnance fo gud,  
Na demyng fuld hir deir.

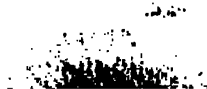
Hir fark fuld be hir body nixt,  
Of cheftetie fo quhyt, 10  
With fchame and dreid togidder mixt,  
The fame fuld be perfyt.

Hir kirtill fuld be of clene conftance,  
Lafit with lefum lufe,  
The mailyeis of continwance 15  
For nevir to remvfe.

Hir gown fuld be of gudlinefs,  
Weill ribband with renowne,  
Purfillit with plesour in ilk place,  
Furrit with fyne faffoun. 20

Hir belt fuld be of benignitie,  
Abowt hir middill meit;  
Hir mantill of humilitie,  
To tholl bayth wind and weit.

Hir hat fuld be of fair having, 25  
And hir tepat of trewth;



Hir patelet of gud panfing,  
Hir hals ribband of rewth.

Hir flevis fuld be of esperance,  
To keip hir fra dispair;  
Hir gluvis of gud gouirnanee,  
To hyd hir fynyearis fair.

Fol. 215. b.

30

Hir schone fuld be of sickernes,  
In fyne that scho nocht flyd;  
Hir hoifs of honeftie, I ges,  
I fuld for hir provyd.

35

Wald scho put on this garmond gay,  
I durft sweir by my feill,  
That scho woir nevir grene nor gray,  
That fet hir half fo weill.

40

*Finis of the Garmont of gud Ladeis.  
Quod Maistir Robert Henryfoun.<sup>1</sup>*

## CLXXXVII.

[*Was nocht gud King Salamon.*]

WAS nocht gud king Salamon  
Reuifit in findry wyifs,  
With every lufely paragon,<sup>2</sup>  
Glifftering befor his eis?  
Gif this be trew, trew as it wafs, lady, lady,  
Suld nocht I scherwe yow, allace, my fair lady?

5

Quhen Paris wes inamorit  
Of Helena, dame bewteis speir,

<sup>1</sup> The author's  
<sup>2</sup> Alters

been afterwards added.  
of paragon.

Than Venus first him promisit  
To venter on and nocht for to feir;  
Quhat sturdie stormes indurit he, lady, lady,  
To wyn hir lufe, or it wald be, my deir lady. 10

Knaw ye nocht how Troyelus  
Wanderit and lost his joy,  
With faitis and fyveris mervalous,  
For Cresseid fair that dwelt in Trow?  
Till petie plantit intill hir breist, lady, lady,  
Till sleip with him and grant him rest, my deir lady. 15

I reid sumtyme, how venteroufs  
Leander wes his luf to pleifs,  
Quho swame the watteris perraloufs,  
Of Abedon thais furgane feis,  
Till cum till hir thair at scho lay, lady, lady,  
Quhair he wes drownit by the way, my deir lady. 20

How fay ye than be Peramous,  
That promisit his luf for to meit,  
Quho fand, be fortoun mervaloufs,  
Ane bludy clayth befor his feit?  
For Tisbeis faik him self he flew, lady, lady,  
To pruve he wes ane luvar trew, my deir lady. 25 30

Hercules for Ectione  
Murderit ane monsteir fell,  
He pot him self in jepordie,  
Perrelus as the story dois tell;  
Reskewand hir vpoun the schoir, lady, lady,  
Or els be chance had deid thairfoir, my deir lady. 35

Annaxerat so<sup>1</sup> bewtyfull,  
Quhome Kiphis did behold and fe,

<sup>1</sup> Altered to *the*.

With fychis and fobbis petifull,  
 That peragon lang wowit he; 40  
 And quhene he culd nocht win hir fo, lady, lady,  
 He went and he hangit him felf for wo, my deir lady.

Off all thir maiteris mervalus,  
 Gud ladeis, yit I can tell yow moir;  
 The goddis hes bene full amorus, 45  
 Off<sup>1</sup> Jupiter by lernit loir;  
 Twyifs on the day his chop<sup>2</sup> thai fchred, lady, lady,  
 To cum till Alcumenois bed, my deir lady.

Gif bewty breidis sic blisfulnes,  
 In amoring of God and man, 50  
 Gud ladeis, lat nocht wilfullnes  
 Exuperat your bewteis than;  
 To flay the hairt ye yeild and craif, lady, lady,  
 Ye grant thame your gud willis to haif, my deir lady.

Gif<sup>3</sup> all thir wechtis of wurdines, 55  
 Indiuorit sic panis to tak,  
 With wailycant deidis and sturdines,  
 Inventing for thair ladeis faik,  
 Quhy fuld nocht I, pur fempill man, lady, lady,  
 Lawbour and fcherwe yow the beft that I can, my deir lady? 60

*Finis, quod ane Inglifman.*<sup>4</sup>

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CLXXXVIII.

[*For to declair the he Magnificens.*]

FOR to declair the he magnificens,  
 And grit bountie that in to ladeis is,

<sup>1</sup> In MS. altered to *As*. <sup>2</sup> Afterwards altered to *fchop*.  
<sup>3</sup> Originally *Noru gif*. <sup>4</sup> *Quod ane Inglifman* has been inferted afterwards.

The wurdines and verteus excellens,  
 The lawd, the brut, the bewty, and the blifs,  
 My barbir tung is vnworthy, I wifs;  
 Bot nocht the les my pen I will apply,  
 To say the futh, thocht eloquens I mis,  
 Off femene the fame to fortifie.

5

Thocht ald dotaris addreffit thair delyt,  
 To dyt of ladeis defamatioun,  
 Wa wirthe wycht fuld set his appetyt,  
 To reid sic rollis of reprobatioun;  
 Bot titar mak plane proclamatioun,  
 To gaddir all sic bybillis befely,  
 And in the fyre mak thair locatioun,  
 Off famenye the fame to fortifie.

10

15

For quho so lift the rycht for to reherfs,  
 To gloir humane thai mak habilitie;  
 Quhen men ar fad at thame folace thai ferfs,  
 As habitaklis of all humilitie;  
 Thai bring grit weiris to tranquillitie,  
 Malis of men thai meis and pacefy,  
 To faul and bodeis bayth vtilitie;  
 Thairfoir all men thair fame fuld fortifie.

Fol. 216. b.

20

Thocht ane perfone had paciable to spend,  
 All mychttis movit within the mappamond  
 Wanting wemenis weifair wer at end;  
 Without thair confort cair fuld him confound.  
 Quhair ladeis abydis blifs dois ay abound,  
 And quhair thai fle felicitie gois by,  
 But thair folace no fege may be found,  
 Thairfoir all men thair fame fuld fortify.

25

30

Sen God hes grantit thame sic gudlinas,  
 And formit thame eftir fa fyn fassoun,



Syne put fa blumyng bewty in thair face, 35  
 Quhy fuld nocht men hald thame of he renown?  
 Sene God hes gevin thame fa grit guerdoun,  
 With sic meiknes done thame magnifie,  
 Quhi fuld men mak to thame comparefone,  
 Bot our allquhair thair fames to fortefie? 40

Off Mary myld, the maid immaculat,  
 To fortefie of famenene the fame,  
 Chrif was incarnat and incorporat,  
 And nureift nyn monethis in hir wame;  
 And eftir borne, and bocht ws fra the blame 45  
 Of Baliall, that brint ws bittirly;  
 That onlie aēt faivis thame all fra schame,  
 And our allquhair thair fame dois fortify.

Ladeis thai ar of excelland valour,  
 Ladeis ar ding to haif auctoritie, 50  
 Ladeis ar clene of confortand cullour,  
 Ladeis ar wyifs and full of veritie;  
 Ladeis ar cheft and full of cheritie,  
 Ladeis ar menis perradice erdly,  
 Ladeis ar plantit full of puritie; 55  
 Thairfoir all men thair fame fuld fortefie.

War all the erd papir and perchmyne,  
 And pennis wer all treis, herbis and flouris,  
 And all the sternis in the lift dois schyne,  
 War in this erd moift ornat oratouris, 60  
 The se wer ynk, with fresche fludis and schouris;  
 All wer to small ane buk to edify,  
 For to contene of ladeis the honouris,  
 And factis that thair fame dois fortefie.

*Finis quod Stewart.*

## CLXXXIX.

*[My hairt is lost onlie for lufe of one.]*

MY hairt is lost onlie for lufe of one; Fol. 217. a.  
 Foir laik of speche and all for schamefulnefs,  
 I dar nocht speik my purpois to propone,  
 Nor wat nocht how my purpois how till drefs.  
 Speik I to hir, and scho be maircilefs, 5  
 And nocht do denye agane to speik to me,  
 Than haif I tynt my speiking moir and lefs;  
 Onsped speche bettir vnspokin be.

I dar nocht speik, in dreid that scho dyspyt  
 My rurall termes, and say I do bot raif; 10  
 And speik I nocht vnto my lady quhyt,  
 Without speche hir luf I can nocht haif.  
 Bot gif I speik, quhat can I of hir craif?  
 I spair to speik for laik of eloquens;  
 And scho but speche my synis cuth perfaif, 15  
 I wald not speik to hir magnificens.

Fayne wald I speik and speiking mycht awaill,  
 And scho for speiking wald speik to me agane;  
 I spair to speik for spilling of my taill,  
 Than I my speiking spendit hes in vane. 20  
 To speik and speid nocht it is ane leftand pane;  
 How fall I speik? I dar nocht speik for dreid;  
 Be it gud or evill to speik to me agane,  
 Yit fall I speik, vnspokin can nocht speid.

Quhat fall I speik, fen I mon speik on forfs, 25  
 To hir that is of speche most eloquent?  
 I fall speik how that my cairfull corfs,  
 Throw laik of speche, is day and hour torment,



I may be mad quhen I hir mis;  
 Suppois I wald this is no weir,  
 How my thow fra this warld me wifs,  
 Quhen I think on my lady deir.

Yit fall I wifs the fra this way, 25  
 Sa thow tak heid vnto my lair;  
 Gif that thow luvis ane lady gay,  
 Si thow be nevir in dispair.  
 Suppois that scho be nevir so fair,  
 Yit may thow fang hir to thi feir; 30  
 Thairfoir be blyth bayth lait and air,  
 Quhen thow thinkis on thi lady deir.

Oft tyme hes bene hard and sene  
 Ane loird hes luvit ane las full weill,  
 And eik a laid ane lady scheyne, 35  
 So luf of fortoun turnis hir quheill.  
 Suppois ane fremmit fair thow feill,  
 Yit in hir scherwice perseveir;  
 Suppois that scho be stif as steill,  
 Yit fall thow win thi lady deir. 40

Gif thow luvis hir, and scho nocht the,  
 With wisdome yit thow may hir win,  
 Thocht scho be cumd of grit degre,  
 And thow be cumin of sempill kin.  
 Se in hir scherwice thow nocht blin, 45  
 Bot ay be curtas to that cleir,  
 And sa<sup>1</sup> that gentrice be hir within,  
 Sa fall thou win thi lady deir.

Now to Gud Hoip I gif my hand,  
 That I fall luf my lady best; 50  
 Quhair evir I fair our se or land,  
 My hairt with hir fall evir moir rest.

<sup>1</sup>Altered by another hand to *gif*.

Syne do to me as evir scho left,  
 For I am hiris quhill I am heir;  
 For in that fre my fayth is fast,  
 Quhen I think on my lady deir.

55

*Finis.*

---

CXCI.

[*The Bewty of hir amorus Ene.*]

THE bewty of hir amorus ene,  
 Quhen I behald my lady bricht,  
 Dois perfs my hairt with dairtis kene,  
 I am so reft be luvis micht.  
 Reft man I nocht day nor nycht,  
 My hairt is so in hir scherwice,  
 Quhilk is the verry lantrene lycht,  
 Off womanheid ane flour delice.

5

Scho is the preclair portratour,  
 Fulfillit with all lustinefs,  
 Of puchritud the fair figour,  
 The mirroure eik of all meiknefs.  
 The verry stapill of steidfastnefs,  
 Off flurist fame the strang pavice;  
 Scho is the gem of gentilnefs,  
 Off womanheid ane flour delice.

Fol. 218.2

10

15

Now, sen I am hir scheruitoure,  
 And flurist in my yeiris grene,  
 I trest I do to lang indure,  
 That will nocht schaw my karis kene.

20

This to my lady will I mene,  
That I so lufe without fantice;  
Scho is my fouerene and ferene,  
Off womanheid the flour delice.

*Finis.*

CXCII.

[*Quhen Flora had ourfret the Firth.*]

QUHEN Flora had ourfret the firth,  
In May of every moneth quene;  
Quhen merle and mavifs fingis with mirth,  
Sueit melling in the schawis schene;  
Quhen all luvaris reiofit bene,  
And moft defyrus of thair pray;  
I hard a lusty luvar mene,  
I lueve bot I dar nocht affay.

5

Strang ar the panis I daylie prufe,  
Bot yit with pacience I sustene,  
I am so fetterit with the lufe  
Onlie of my lady schene,  
Quhilk for hir bewty mycht be quene,  
Natour sa craftely alwey  
Hes done depaint that sweit ferene;  
Quhome I luf I dar nocht affay.

10

15

Scho is so brycht of hyd and hew,  
I lufe bot hir allone I wene;  
Is non hir luf that may eschew,  
That blenkis of that dulce amene;

20

to make dole of his own we,  
 And show no means how strong,  
 From such a being that our language  
 Should come, and for the night sleep.

17

XXXI.

The Will of William and Anne to Perpetuate it.

THE will of Anne and Anne to Perpetuate it.  
 I am perished, and perished  
 And of my body is made out, but  
 Perished, and I am made of perished.  
 My body is made out, and I am perished.  
 I am perished, and I am perished.  
 My body is made out, and I am perished.

My body is made out, and I am perished.  
 I am perished, and I am perished.  
 My body is made out, and I am perished.  
 I am perished, and I am perished.  
 My body is made out, and I am perished.  
 I am perished, and I am perished.  
 My body is made out, and I am perished.

Perished.

18

My body is made out, and I am perished.  
 I am perished, and I am perished.  
 My body is made out, and I am perished.  
 I am perished, and I am perished.  
 My body is made out, and I am perished.  
 I am perished, and I am perished.  
 My body is made out, and I am perished.

19

20

Ye beir the name of gentilnes of blud,  
 Ye beir the name that mony for yow deis,  
 Ye bair the name ye ar bayth fair and gud,  
 Ye beir the name that faris than yow feis; 25  
 Ye beir the name fortoun and ye aggreis,  
 Ye beir the name of landis of lenth and breid,  
 The well of vertew and flour of womanheid.

*Finis.*

---

CXCIV.

[*To yow that is the Harbre of my Hairt.*] •

TO yow that is the harbore of my hairt,  
 And creatour in quhome my confort lyis,  
 Unfeynandlie with hairtly lufe mvvart,  
 I me commend ten hundreth thousand fyis;  
 Befekand yow in my maist humill wyis, 5  
 Ye wald difdane to vefy this scripture,  
 Direct fra me, your hummill fcheruitur;

Quhilk luvis yow withowttin variance,  
 Attour all leid that levis or de may,  
 And thocht my body mak diffeuerance 10  
 Fra yow, with yow my hairt remanis ay.  
 Allace, fweit hairt, I wait nocht quhat I fay,  
 Bot foir I dowl ye tak to littill cure  
 Of my grit pyne that is your fcheruitour.

I dwell in dolour quhill the day be gone, 15  
 And on the nycht I tak na manar of rest,



Bot to and fro lamenting myne allone;  
 Thinkand on yow, the fareft and the beft,  
 Maift womanlie, and eik the wirthieft,  
 That is or wes formit be dame Nature; 20  
 Allace, do grace, and faif your fcheruiture.

Allace, grant grace your fcheruiture to faif,  
 Sen in your face fo grit grace dois appeir;  
 Delay nocht grace quhill I be gone to graif,  
 For fall that cace I by your grace to deir. 25 Fol. 219. a  
 I haif your fcheruand bene this mony yeir,  
 Yarnyng na fee thairfoir to recure,  
 Bot onlie grace to faif your fcheruiture.

And thocht ye will na mercy of me haif,  
 Bot as your bund in balis evir bynd, 30  
 I dar weill fay, fo Chrif my faull mot faif,  
 Ane trewar fcherwand fall ye nevir fynd.  
 Bot now, allace, trew men ar now left behynd,  
 With forow flane and fend to sapulture,  
 As falbe fene on me, your fcheruiture. 35

Heirfoir, fueit hairt, fum gudlie anfuering  
 Of this fedull I yow befeik to fend,  
 Quhilk of my cair may be fum conforting,  
 And medecyne my melody to amend.  
 Wryt quhat ye will, I fall it keip vnkend 40  
 Full cloifs fra ony cristiane criature,  
 Except my self, your faythfull fcheruiture.

*Finis.*

## CXCv.

[*Maiſt ameyn Roſier, gracious and reſplendent.*]

MAIST ameyn roſier, gracious and reſplendent,  
 Excedand trew, benyng and verteus,  
 Fragrant olif, violat rubicumbent,  
 To man<sup>1</sup> ſycht is wondir gratiouſs.  
 Hir benyng luk, with blenkis amorus, 5  
 Perfis my hairt, that foir I ſyche oft ſyis,  
 Bot for remeid my wit can nocht devyiſs.

Hir criſtall ene, all forgit with delyt,  
 Surmonting topatioun, annamalit celicall, 10  
 Hir courtlie corſs, of portratour perſyt,  
 Hes me becumin hir ſcheruand and hir thrall.  
 Scho to my ſycht is gudlieſt of all,  
 That evir I ſaw fulfillit of grace;  
 That I<sup>2</sup> hir knew I joy, and ſayis allace,

My wittis fyve ar vnſufficient 15  
 Hir bewty brycht ſchortlie to declair;  
 Bayth hummill, amiable and fobir of intent,  
 Wyiſs and diſcreit, degeſt and debonair;  
 Off womanheid and vertew exemplair;  
 And gif hir gudnas may be comprehendit, 20  
 Be manis wit may na thing be amendit.

Conſtant of wit, excellent of bewtie,  
 Exceding vthiris in hir gouirnance,  
 Woyd of all pryd, full of humilitie,  
 Prudent of ſpeche, but vice or variance; 25  
 My hairt is hiris with all obſcheruans.  
 A world of wiſdome appeiris in hir face, Fol. 219. b.  
 He is at eiſs that ſtandis in hir grace.

4 I

<sup>1</sup> Altered afterwards to *mens*. <sup>2</sup> *Evir* has here been deleted.

Chrift, fen fcho knew, fo trew as I hir lufe,  
 And fyne wald rew, adew all fyt for ay;  
 My hairt to play, ilk day wer fet abufe,  
 Fra hir behufe, remvfe my wit away;  
 Sall nevir ane attane the deth but weir,  
 For war fcho gane, wer nane to me fo deir.

30

*Finis quod Stewart.*

---

CXCVI.

[*Fresche fragrant Flour of Bewty fouerane.*]

**F**RESCHÉ fragrant flour of bewty fouerane,  
 My hummill fcheruice tak nocht in difdane,  
 Bot me accep to be your fcheruiture,  
 That in your cur with cair cotidiane  
 My fpreit as thrall is fetterit to remane,  
 That but your grace my life may nocht indur,  
 Your fycht hes flane my corfs without recure;  
 But your remeid my lawbour is in vane,  
 That luvis yow beft abuve all creature;

5

And evir fall withouttin fenyeing;  
 To quhome my hairt I fend in gouirnyng,  
 Wondit with dreid, abyding the confort  
 Of yow, my luf, maift bowfum and benyng;  
 Quhois cristall ene, vnto my mynd rolling,  
 Reuellis my pane, but folace or repoir.  
 Reffaif to grace your fcherwand, I exhort,  
 For and ye lift to mak me conforting,  
 All my difeifs war turnit in difpoirt.

10

15

Moir amorus wes nevir erdlie wicht,  
 Be natur wrocht of plesand bewty bricht, 20  
 Quhome to behald ane hevin is of delyt,  
 Of womanheid the mirroure schynand lycht;  
 Quhilk is the rute of my remembrance rycht;  
 Joyand my spreit the verteus to indyt  
 Of yow, lady, the spectakle perfyte, 25  
 Of all this warld apperand to my fycht;  
 I may nocht left your lufe and ye me nyt.

Go, littill bill, and be my aduocat  
 Onto my lady best modestiat;  
 Bid hir haif rewth vpoun hir luvar trew, 30  
 And mak hir hairt with mercy mytigat.  
 For in hir lufe I am so laqueat,  
 That I may nocht enchange hir for no new;  
 I may forthink that evir I hir knew;  
 To me in mynd and scho be indurat, 35  
 All erdlie joy for evir moir adew.

Befeik that schene with hummill reuerence  
 The to reffaif, and haif remembrance Fol. 220. a.  
 On me, hir scheruand, subiect and hir thrall,  
 That of my wo scho haif compaciencie, 40  
 Quhilk nevir did hir falt nor yit offence;  
 Bot evir bowfum, obeyand to hir call,  
 In word and deid hes bene, and evir moir fall,  
 With hairt and mynd and all obeyfance,  
 Go thi for grace yow instantlie call. 45

Say also to that gudlie fair and fresche,  
 Of all my panis scho may me weill relefche,  
 With breif in bill or bodwart send agane,  
 Quhilk mycht releif me of my haviness,  
 My plungit corfs, that dalie in distrefs, 50

That on hir grace fall evir moir remane,  
 That merciles, hir scheruand be nocht flane;  
 Quhilk, and scho do, hir fame fall evir decrefs,  
 In hurt and hindering of hir gud name.

Bot wo wer me that it fuld so betyd, 55  
 That scho thairthrow fuld be cald ane homicyd;  
 Thairfoir do grace and be nocht obstinat,  
 Without scho do scho will be notifyd  
 A manslaar, and thairfoir ratefyd.  
 Bot, O allace, be nocht so indurat, 60  
 With mercy mak your malice mitigiat;  
 I ask bot grace, quhilk nocht fuld be denyd,  
 For scheruice done vnto your hie estait.

Adew, fair weill, my lustre lady fueit,  
 Adew, my feill, and confort of my spreit, 65  
 Als trew as steill I salbe to your grace;  
 Adew my joy and paramour compleit;  
 My hairt with noy, bot gif ye iust decreit,  
 Will me distroy throw amouris of your face.  
 Adew my hairt, the flour of lustinece, 70  
 Quhen we depairt with forow sone I meit  
 With panis smart and fychis cald, allace.

*Finis.*

---

CXCVII.

[*O Maistres myn, till yow I me commend.*]

O, MAISTRES myn, till yow I me commend,  
 All haill my hairt fen that ye haif in cure,

For, but your grace, my lyfe is neir the end,  
 Now lat me nocht in danger me endure.  
 Off lyifyk lufe suppois I be sure, 5  
 Quhay wat na God may me sum succur fend,  
 Than for your lufe quhy wald ye I forfure?  
 O, maiftres myn, till yow I me commend.

The wynttir nycht ane hour I may nocht fleip  
 For thocht of yow, bot tumland to and fro, 10  
 Me think ye ar in to my armys fueit,  
 And quhen I walkyn ye ar fo far me fro. Fol. 220. b.  
 Allace, allace, than walkynnys my wo,  
 Than wary I the tyme that I<sup>1</sup> yow kend;  
 War nocht Gud Hoip, my hairt wald birt in two; 15  
 O, maiftres myn, till yow I me commend.

Sen ye ar ane that hes my hairt alhaill,  
 Without fenyeing I may it nocht genstand;  
 Ye ar the bontie blifs of all my baill,  
 Bayth lyfe and deth standis in to your hand. 20  
 Sen that I am fair bunding in your band,  
 That nycht or day I wait nocht quhair to wend,  
 Lat me anis fay that I your freindschip fand;  
 O, maiftres myn, till yow I me commend.

*Finis.*

---

CXCVIII.

[*In to my Hairt emprentit is so soir.*]

**I**N to my hairt emprentit is so soir  
 Hir fchap, hir forme, and eik hir feymlinefs,

<sup>1</sup> I has been afterwards inferted.

Hir port, hir cheir, hir gudnas mair and mair;  
 Hir womanheid and eik hir gentilnefs,  
 Hir trewth, hir fayth and alfo hir meiknefs, 5  
 With all verteoufs iche fet in his degre,  
 Thair is no lak bot onlie pete.

Hir fad demyng of will nocht variable,  
 Off luk benyng and rut of all plefans,  
 And exampillair to all that bene ftable, 10  
 Discreit, prudent, of wifdome fufficiens;  
 Mirrour of wit, grund of gud gouirmans,  
 A warld of bewty compasit in hir face,  
 Quhois present luk did throcht my hart glace.

Quhat wondir is than thocht I be with dreid, 15  
 Inly suppoysit for to askin grace  
 Of hir, that is a quene of womanheid?  
 For weill I wat, that in fo he a place,  
 I will nocht be in difpair in no caice,  
 Bot fuffir lawly thus that I indure, 20  
 Till fcho of pietie tak me in hir cure.

*Finis.*

---

CXCIX.

[*Off Lufe and Trewth with lang Continwans.*]

**O**FF lufe and trewth with lang continwans,  
 All may ye luvaris cum leir at me,  
 That nevir a wicht had confort nor plefans,  
 In warld to think nor yit behald with e,

In that intent to turne fra hir bewty, 5  
That evir I had and hes my hairt compleit,  
Sen first I saw that womanlie and fweit.

Nowthir for joy, nor scherp aduersitie,  
Nor for disdane, dreid, danger nor dispair,  
For lyfe, for deth, for wo, for destany, 10  
For blifs, for baill, for confort nor for cair, Fol. 221. a.  
For chance of fortoun turnand heir and thair,  
For hir fall nevir turne my plane hairt trew,  
Quhat I suffir of sorow, auld or new.

My faythfull hairt returne fra hir fall nevir 15  
Vnto no vddir lady vpoun life,  
Quhilk but ganekalling I gif hir for evir,  
With haill consent of all my wittis fyfe;  
Quhill dethis rege vnto the rut me ryfe,  
Thair fall no vthir in to this world, but dreid, 20  
Depairt me fra the flour of womanheid.

For weill I wet that natur hes me wrocht  
To wirschep hir abone all erdlie wicht,  
And for that caus hes in this world bene brocht,  
To be hir scheruand fassit ay but flycht; 25  
Hir fresche effeir and hevinlie bewty bricht,  
To considder and for to discrif,  
And for to luf hir leill in all my life.

Thocht I suld de for trew lufe of that wicht,  
I fall hir luf onlie withowttin mo, 30  
That for to fle my hairt it hes nocht nicht,  
Bot with that wicht to byd and brist in wo.  
God grant that I to graif befoir hir go,  
For of this world fra scho tak leif to fair,  
The joy of it fair weill for evir mair. 35



The lord of luf I thank, ane thowfand fyifs  
 My faythfull hairt hes fet so fad and found,  
 Vnto hir most fair, most womanlie and wyifs,  
 That natur wrocht in to this warld so round.  
 Weill fair that wicht that gaif so sweit a found, 40  
 Thairwith sic plesans in to my hairt went,  
 That I neir flane wes with my awin consent.

The figurat dairt, invennomit with blifs,  
 Forgit with lufe and fedderit with delyt,  
 Withowttin waine hes wondit me I wifs, 45  
 The harme of quhilk will nevir moir be quyt;  
 Quhois grundin point vnto my hairt did wryt  
 In to my mynd evir in remembrans,  
 Off lufe and trewth with lang continwans.

*Finis.*

---

CC.

[*Off every Joy most joyfull Joy it is.*]

OFF every joy most joyfull joy it is,  
 In leill luvng ay leftand life to leid,  
 And of all forrow most forowfull forow I wifs,  
 Off sueit amouris the fellony and feid, Fol. 221. b.  
 With dully dartis and dwammis war no deid; 5  
 I fay as one vnworthy thocht I be,  
 That evir I luvit, allace, and welis me.

I fay allace, that evir I saw that fycht,  
 Quhair I haif fet my hairt so foley soir,  
 For to remoif frome thame I haif nocht mycht, 10  
 Bot in her bandone lyis bundin moir and moir;

Bot weillis me I haif remeid thairfoir,  
On hir to louk and think on hir bewty;  
That evir I luvit, allace, and welis me.

I fay allace, for forow and for pane, 15  
That I am within danger and dispair,  
Bot weillis me I haif remeid agane,  
My fayth is fest on ane both gud and fair;  
Of bontie bewtie that is the flour and air,  
Quhilk reft fra me myne hairt owt of myne e; 20  
That evir I luvit, allace, and weill is me.

I fay allace, for joy and forow bland,  
Vmquhile I fyche and vmquhile I fing,  
Quhylome I fit and vthir quhylis I stand,  
Vmquhill I lawche and quhill I weip and wring, 25  
Quhyll hait, quhyll cald, that lathis my luving;  
Quhairfoir I haif refone to fay perde,  
That evir I luvit, allace, and weill is me.

I fay allace, for dreid my lady be  
Withon moir rik arreiftit be the renye, 30  
Bot, God of his grace, gif I wer fet and he,  
In feild to wyn and weld withowttin fenye,  
And nevir the les suppois fchow nocht dedenye  
On me to luk, I fall hir luvar be;  
That evir I luvit, allace, and welis me. 35

I fay allace, for evir I waill in wo,  
Nor of my wit quhen I fall fra hir wend,  
My wofull hairt neir will depairte in two,  
For of my wo is nane can tell the tend;  
Bot weill is me quhen that I fand hir frend, 40  
My hairt is blyth as ony fowll to fle;  
That evir I luvit, allace, and weill is me.

Quhairfoir, Gud Hoip, I mak the meffingeir,  
 Vnto my lue withowttin ire or ill;  
 Sen to the lord of lufe thow art moft deir, 45  
 I the befeik to beir my lufe this bill,  
 And pray to hir gif that it be hir will,  
 To grant me grace for hir benignitie,  
 To leif allace, and fay bot weill is me.

*Finis.*

CCI.

[*Brycht Sterne of Bewtie and Well of Lustines.*]

**B**RYCHT sterne of bewtie and well of lustines, Fol. 222.1.  
 Flour of honour and he nobilitie,  
 Jem and grit jowell of wit and steidfastnes,  
 Renownit lady in liberaltie,  
 Our all this land ye stand as a per fe, 5  
 For bontie, bewtie, trewth and womanheid  
 Springyth in yow as flouris in the meid.

Thairfoir I wait, sen that the God aboif  
 Hes formit yow so fair of hyd and hew,  
 Wald nocht ye fuld luvit be and lufe, 10  
 And mercy haif vpoun your scheruand trew?  
 Quhairfoir, fweit hairt, of me haif rewth and rew,  
 Louke quhat ye ask of God in your preyer,  
 And yeild your scheruand in the fame maner.

Dreidfull dispair oft fyis dois me schoir, 15  
 And curfit dangeir my fillie hairt to flay,  
 Wicket wanhoip sayis I fall lufe no moir,

Saif asperans, freindis I fynd no may,  
 Quhilk oftymes biddis me to yow say,  
 Haif mercy lady and be nocht obstinat, 20  
 For deth in schort your scherwand will chakmait.

Bethink yow how that holie scriptour sayth,  
 Quhai faikles flayis fall nevir moir se the face  
 Of God eterne, or than wyifs clerkis leith;  
 And sen that ye ma, lady, with your grace, 25  
 The lyfe or deth of me, your man, purchase,  
 O God forbeid that evir so yow betyd,  
 That ye suld be ane curfit homicyd.

*Finis.*

## CCII.

[*Bayth gud, and fair, and womanlie.*]

**B**AYTH gud and fair and womanlie,  
 Debonair, steidfast, wyifs and trew,  
 Courtafs, hummill and lawlie,  
 And grundit weill in all vertew;  
 To quhois scheruice I fall perfew 5  
 Wirchep without villony,  
 And evir annone I falbe trew,  
 Bayth gud and fair and womanlie.

Honour for evir vnto that fre,  
 That natur formit hes so fair; 10  
 In wirchep of hir fresche bewtie,  
 To Luvis court I will repair,

To scherue and lufe without dispair;  
 For this I wait hir most wirthy,  
 For to be callit our allquhair,  
 Bayth gud and fair and womanly. 15

Sen that I gif my hairt hir to, Falseh  
 Quhy wyt I hir of my mournyng?  
 Thocht I be wo, quhat wyt hes scho?  
 Quhat wald I moir of my sweit thing, 20  
 That wait nocht of my womenting?  
 Quhen I hir se confort am I,  
 Hir fair effeir and fresch having  
 Is gud and fair and womanlie.

Thing in this world that I best luf, 25  
 My werry hairt and confortyng,  
 To quhols scheruice I fall perfew,  
 Quhill deid mak our depairting;  
 Paythfull, constant and benyng,  
 I salbe quhill the lyfe is in me, 30  
 And luf hir best attour all thing,  
 Bayth gud and fair and womanlie.

*Finis.*

---

CCIII.

[Now in this mirthfull Tyme of May.]

NOW in this mirthfull tyme of May,  
 My dullit spreit for to reiofs,  
 I fall with sobir mynd assay,  
 Gif I can ocht in metir glofs.

Syn all the poyntis of my purpoifs 5  
In secreit wyifs falbe affelyeit,  
How in my garth thair growis a roifs,  
Wes fresche and fair and now is felyeit.

All winttir throcht this rofs wes reid,  
And now in May it changis hew, 10  
Thairfoir I trow that it be deid,  
And als the stak that it on grew.  
Suld I for plefour plant a new?  
Na, that I wou to God in plane,  
Said it fair weill all flouris adew, 15  
Bot gif that roifs reuert agane.

For of all plefans to my fycht,  
That grew on grund, it beris the gre,<sup>1</sup>  
My hairt wes on that day and nycht,  
It wes so plefand for to fe. 20  
Now thair is nowdir erb nor tre  
Sall grow within my garding mair,  
Quhill I get wit quhat gart it de,  
This foirfaid flour that wes so fair.

*Finis.*

---

CCIV.

[*My Hairt is Thrall, begone me fro.*]

MY hairt is thrall, begone me fro,  
Vnto the gudliest vpoun lif,  
No windir is<sup>2</sup> thocht it be so,  
For non may with hir bewtie strif.

<sup>1</sup> Originally *name*, and altered to *gre* by another hand. <sup>2</sup>/<sub>s</sub> after inserted.

Till hir I will nowdir compair maid nor wif, 5  
 That levand is in to this warld allane,  
 Hir to discrif surmontis my wittis fyfe,  
 Aboif all vthiris scho is my fouerane.

For to discrive hir bonteis all at schort, Fol. 223.1  
 My barbir toung it is vnsufficient, 10  
 And als my cunning can it nocht report;  
 Bot, weill I wait, vndir the firmament  
 Is no compair to that rofs redolent,  
 Quhilk hes my hairt haill in to hir cure,  
 And evir fall abid thair permanent, 15  
 Till I be clofit in my sepulture.

For weill I wait scho is the gudlieft,  
 That evir formit wes be dame nature,  
 Aboif all vthiris the most femlieft,  
 The mirroure of hewis and nurtour, 20  
 The maist plesand patrone of portratour,  
 A warld of bewtie compassid in hir face,  
 And of womanheid the rich mirroure;  
 That I hir knew I joy, and sayis allace.

Hir ene, that is as beriall brycht, 25  
 Hes wondit me and mony hundreth mo;  
 Fra hir to fle I haif nowdir strenth nor mycht,  
 Bot bound hir thrall quhiddir I will or no.  
 Allace, thocht scho becumis is my fo,  
 I fall hir scheruand be my lyvis space, 30  
 And nevir for to change for weill nor wo,  
 Bot to await vpoun hir mercy and grace.

Hir bew is bevislie to behold,  
 Moir meik wes nevir creature on life,  
 With hair brycht glitterand as the gold, 35  
 So standis scho in gre superlatyfe;

For quhois faik I suffir mony fyfe,  
 Hir bewty in my mynd so prentit bene;  
 And yit my forrowis fall I nevir mycht,  
 Bot onlie to that gudlie fair and schene. 40

Bot God, fen that scho knew my conftance,  
 The fervent lufe vntill that cumlie cleir,  
 I haif till hir withowttin variance,  
 Quhill I almaift is bowne to my beir;  
 And help in erd ma me no medifoneir, 45  
 Bot scho that is moft gudlie, fair and wyifs,  
 Thairfoir your fcheruand faif and be nocht fueir,  
 And mercy haif on him that mercy cryifs.

Now mercy, lady, on my grevoifs pane,  
 And lat me nocht daylie thus indure, 50  
 And faif your man erar than he be flane,  
 Sen that my lyif lyis haly in your cure;  
 Or than to God ye do grit injure,  
 And fall accufs yow faules of my ded,  
 And thairthrow fchame fall evir mair indure, 55  
 And grit lak vnto your womanhed.

*Finis.*

---

CCV.

[*Ma Commendationis with Humilitie.*]

**M**A commendationis with humilitie  
 I fend vnto hir faythfull womanheid,  
 Than thair is dropis of wattir in fe,  
 Sternis in the hevене, flouris in the meid.

Fol. 223. b.



Pleifs ye remembir quhen ye thir lettres reid, 5  
 That I am trew, nocht fckill of efferis,  
 Dittand thir verfs with difconfort and dreid,  
 Mixand my ynk ay with my bittir teris.

Quhat windir is my hairt be granit thrwche,  
 Fro out the rute rewthles ye haif it revin, 10  
 Ye haif the yok, with me remanis the flwche,  
 To fchaw ane fchaddow quhair my hairt hes bene.  
 Allace, the rewling of your wanttone ene,  
 Thai war the caus and gaif the iugement,  
 Thus am I met and wat nocht quhome to mene, 15  
 My corfs is thrallit and my hairt is rent.

War nocht reafone, fen that ye haif my hairt,  
 Your gracious mercy that ye wald fchaw,  
 And gif me youris, owdir all or pairte,  
 And tak my hairtles corfs and hald yow aw? 20  
 O, lord Cupeid, we wait this is the law,  
 Sen ye ar luf, goddes and moder,  
 Rathir my fecret deidis ye wald knaw,  
 De in your grace, nor leif and ferfs ane vthir.

How fall I do, quhat fall I fay, allace? 25  
 Is non bot yow that may mak me remeid?  
 I may nocht vdir bot do me in your grace,  
 Sen in your handis standis bayth lyfe and deid.  
 Fortoun, allace, quhy am I thus at feid,  
 With ane on quhome natur hes done hir cure, 30  
 Thus standand daylie in the poynt of deid,  
 And merciles bene ay your fcheruiture?

Luf hes me wardit in ane park of pane,  
 With dolour is the dowbill dykis dicht,  
 And luft is foster with his bow and flane, 35  
 Fro tre to tre he chaiffis me in the nycht.

I weip, I wring, wes nevir ane veriar wicht,  
Thus nycht and day with petoufs wox I cry,<sup>1</sup>  
Wes nevir ane vndir the sonis lycht  
Mair patient sufferit proctory. 40

Wald ye send help sone, with ane speid of hop,  
And cast the dyk of dolour to the erd,  
With lusty hairt than fuld I gif ane loip,  
And cum to yow, I ken the gait onspird.  
My hairt is youris full steidfastlie vnsteird, 45  
Fetterit full fast quhill ye mak it fre;  
I send till yow most farrest in this erd,  
Ma commendationis with humilitie.

*Finis.*

---

CCVI.

[*My sorufull Pane and Wo for to complene.*]

**M**Y forufull pane and wo for to complene Fol.224.a.  
My wit is waik, bot I may nocht refrene  
It for to tell vnto sum creature,  
Gif, that be me or ony vthir of mene,  
My fouerane lady left to dedene, 5  
To rew vpoun my wofull eventure;  
For fen I come in to that cleiris cure,  
I haif bene trew with all my hairt and mycht,  
And fall ay scherue that bird of bewtie brycht.

Sen that first I fewty maid to lufe, 10  
And to the king thairof that fittis abuse,  
I haif bene trew vnto that fair and fre,  
Thocht it be scho that revis me reft and rufe;

4 L

<sup>1</sup> This first read *wox and cry*.

My hairt fra hir yit fall I nevir remofe,  
 But dreid vnto the day that I fall de. 15  
 Thus fall scho haif all that scho may of me,  
 Both hairt, body, fcheruice and all the laif,  
 That ony in erd may of hir fcherwand craif.

Wald God, that wirthy wift my wo and pane,  
 Quhilk gif I culd in wordis few and plane, 20  
 I fuld hir wryt the caufs of my diftrefs,  
 How for that fcheyne I am neir fchent and flane,  
 And nevir to joy lippynnis to cum agane.  
 Bot gif that gudly fchap hir to redrefs  
 My wofull hairt fulfillit of havinefs, 25  
 Thus am I boune and boundin to hir will,  
 Quhithair scho lift to fpeid or ellis to spill.

Quhome fuld I fcherue but hir that fair and fre,  
 In all this world, fen thair is nane bot fche  
 That may me cur of all my caris cald, 30  
 And bot that blycht me beit wmbet I be,  
 And than be done.? My dulfull deftine  
 Is went all wrang, and no thing as I wald;  
 Quhat may I do bot to that heynd behald?  
 And byd ay quhill that blycht lift to me bute, 35  
 Off all my wo quhilk is bayth crop and rute.

All the lang day I wy thus wofullest,  
 And quhen the nycht cumis and tyme that I fuld reft,  
 Than wifs I deth moir than a thowsand fyifs,  
 Sayand at anis hairt, Now fuld thow brest, 40  
 And nocht daly in thrang me thus to threst.  
 I windir that thow wirkis on this wyifs,  
 Me think anewcht it aucht the to fuffyifs  
 At anis to wirk thi crueltie and pane,  
 Thocht thow nocht new it everi day agane. 45

And fen no pane, no passiou, na no pyne, Fol. 224. b.  
Ma bring agane this forrowfull hairt of myne,  
In sic a wyis to leif that I haif luvit,  
I will nocht laue quithair scho be heir or hyne,  
I salbe fane to leif in luvis lyne. 50  
I war vnwyis and vthir I concuffit  
To haif hir luve, my hairt yit nevir remvffit  
To hir to quhome I aw allegeance,  
Sen hirris I am withowttin variance.

Thus to conclud, schortlie I say for me, 55  
That gudlie fair and fresche quhair evir scho be,  
I pray grit God to gif hir weill to fair,  
Thocht I be sett thus gait in aduersitie,  
In sorrowis feir and fyching as ye se.  
I wald that blycht of blifs wer nevir bair, 60  
That may me help quhilk bot scho do but mair,  
Fair weill my gud dayis bene ago,  
All thus I plene my forrowfull pane and wo.

*Finis.*

---

CCVII.

[*O Cupid, King, quhome to fall I complene?*]

O CUPID, king, quhome to fall I complene,  
Or call for confort in this cairfull cace?  
Sen quhair I luve, I am nocht luvit agane,  
Bot for my luve lathit I am, allace.  
I will go mene yit on to my maistrece, 5  
As I haif done oftymes of befoir,  
For nane bot scho my gladnes may restoir.

Allace, lady, how lang fall I indure  
 This dolour quhilk throw your danger I dre?  
 Am I nocht he that daylie dois my cure 10  
 Your trew subiect and scheruitour to be;  
 Your bound and thrall in maist hummill degre?  
 Asking agane na thing of yow, thairfoir,  
 Bot your gud will my glaidnes to restoir.

On your gud will I done lang depend, 15  
 Howbeit as yit I fynd no way to speid,  
 And I am he that nevir did offend,  
 In wurd nor werk aganis your womanheid;  
 That makis my hairt within my breist to bleid,  
 Sen faiklelie I suffir all this foir, 20  
 And ye no way my glaidnes will restoir.

And nochttheles, lady, gif ye allege,  
 That I to yow hes falit in ony pairt,  
 I grant thairwith your barret to abbrege,  
 And to remove the rancour of your hairt; 25  
 Thocht I be clene crymeles in every art,  
 I grant ane falt and mercy dois imploir,  
 Of your gudnes my glaidnes to restoir.

Ye know thair is twa kyndis of jelufy, Fol. 225.a.  
 The first cumis of lufis grit excels, 30  
 Quhairof I can nocht quyt me verraly;  
 Bot of the nixt, quhilk is dispyt I gefs,  
 Sa God me faif, as I haif bene pairtlefs,  
 Sen I yow luvit and falbe evirmoir,  
 Thocht ye list nevir my glaidnes to restoir. 35

Go, littill bill, empty of eloquence,  
 To hir that is the harbie of my hairt,  
 Salut hir first with hummill reuerence,

And schaw hir now my crewale panis smart;  
 Get me sum grace fra hir or thow depairte,  
 Or than adew, my joy and erdly gloir,  
 For nane bot scho my glaidnes may reftoir.

40

*Finis.*

## CCVIII.

[*Fair weill, my Hairt, fair weill, bayth Freind and Fo.*]

FAIR weill, my hairt, fair weill, bayth freind and fo,  
 Fair weill, the weill of sweitast madicyne,  
 Fair weill, my lufe, bayth lyfe and deth also;  
 Fair weill, blythnes, fairweill, sweit lemmane myne,  
 Fair weill, the flour of colour gud and fyne,  
 That fadis nocht for weddir wen nor weit,  
 No moir than in the fomer fessone sweit.

5

How fall I do, quhen I mon yow forgo,  
 How fall I fing, how fall I glaid than be,  
 How fall I leif, I lufe yow and no mo,  
 Quhat fall I do, how fall I confort me,  
 How fall I than thir bittir panis dre,  
 Quhair now I haif als mekle as I may  
 Of cairis cauld in fyching euirilk day?

10

Quhat fall I wryt in to this petoufs bill,  
 Quhat fall I fay for owttin awdiens,  
 Quhat fall I dyt for to declair my will,  
 Quhat fall I fay as now to your prefens?  
 I yow befeik with all my diligens,  
 Throw your lustines and flour of womanheid,  
 Anis for me this bill to se and reid.

15

20

I can nocht fay no moir in this prolong,  
 For I nocht wait gif it be profitable,  
 For to declair yow all my panis strong,  
 Heir in to wret be word or be fabill,  
 Or gif it be to yow commendabill,  
 Thairfoir as now this littill remembrance  
 Ye tak and keip in to your gouirnance.

25

*Finis.*

## CCIX.

*[Allace, depairting Grund of Wo.]*

**A**LLACE, depairting grund of wo,  
 Thow art of cuirilk joy anc end:  
 How suld I pairte my lady fro,  
 How suld I tak my leif to wend,  
 Sen fals fortoun is nocht my frend,  
 Bot evir castis me to keill?  
 Now sen I moft no langir lend,  
 I tak my leif aganis my will.

5

Fol. 225. b.

Fair weill, fairweill, my weilfair may,  
 Fairweill, fegour moft fresche of hew,  
 Fairweill, the faiffar of affay,  
 Fairweill, the hart of quhyt and blew;  
 Fairweill, baith kynd, curtafs and trew,  
 Fairweill, woman withowttin ill,  
 Fair weill, the cumlieft that evir I knew,  
 I tak my leif aganis my will.

10

15

Fair weill, my rycht fair lady deir,  
 Fairweill, moft wys and womanlie,

Fairweill, my lufe fro yeir to yeir,  
 Fairweill, thow beriall blycht of blie; 20  
 Fair weill, leill lady, liberall and fre,  
 Fair weill, that may me faif and spill,  
 Fow evir I fair, go fair weill ye,  
 I tak my leif aganis my will.

Fair weill fra me, my gudly grace, 25  
 Fair weill, the well of wurdinefs,  
 Fairweill, my confort in euirilk place,  
 Fairweill, the hop of steidfastnefs;  
 Fairweill, the rute of my distrefs,  
 Fair weill, the luffar trew and still, 30  
 Fair weill, the nvreis of gentilnes,  
 I tak my leif aganis my will.

*Finis.*

---

CCX.

[*In May in a Morning, I movit me one.*]

I N May in a morning, I movit me one,  
 Throw a grene garding, with gravis begone,  
 As leid without lyking, but langour allone,  
 For misheifs and mourning, makand my mone,  
 But mo. 5  
 With hairt als havy as a<sup>1</sup> stone,  
 Of covir confoirt had I none,  
 As wy that wift of na wone,  
 Bot wandreth in wo.  
 For wo and wandreth I waik, I weip and I wring, 10  
 For on so myld without maik, that mais my murnyng,

<sup>1</sup> a has perhaps been deleted.



Oft fyfs I fyche for hir faik, and fendill I fing,  
 Hir lillie lyre as the laik dois me langing,

For lufe.

That brycht fra baill ma me bring, 15  
 To kyth on me sum conforting,  
 Wald scho bethink, that sweit thing,  
 Quhat panis I prufe.

Thocht pane but play be my pairt, I preifs nocht to pleid, Fol. 226. a.  
 Sen I hir hecht all my hairt, to steir and to leid, 20  
 To chyd as a cowart, I call no remeid,  
 Sen scho wrocht wreth otwart,<sup>1</sup> I wallow as the weid,  
 In weir.

The fair that forgis this feid,  
 May scho nocht fair rew that reid, 25  
 Gif scho gravis me to deid,  
 With doggit dangeir.

Sall dengeir thus with me deill, is this hir decreit,  
 For lang scheruice and leill, hir luvar forleit?  
 Scho is the hoip of my heill, alhaill I beheit, 30  
 To fend with freindschipis feill, to fall at hir feit,  
 As thrall.

Quhat evir scho wone I wald weit,  
 Fro I be gravit in greit,  
 Than hes scho scheruandis that ar sweit, 35  
 The fewar at call.

Thocht I wer reddy to graif, thinkis scho that ganand,  
 Yit scho hes and fall haif my hairt in hir hand;  
 Quhithir scho schent or scho saif, I am hir ferwand,  
 To leif hir leir our the laif, quhill I am levand, 40  
 But lefs.

I am so bunding in hir band,  
 I wait no way to ganeftand,

<sup>1</sup> This word is very indistinct.

Bot pray to that plesand,  
Of petie and pefs. 45

Off pety and pefs I hir pray, and plane I repent,  
Gif I haif wrocht ony way to wryth hir intent,  
Sen scho my mvrning meis may within a moment,  
It war hir syn I dar fay, I suld thus be schent,  
Saiklefs, 50  
Suld scho nocht dreid and diffent  
To martir me innocent,  
That fra hir will can nocht went,  
For deid nor distrefs.

At hir will fall I wair my wit in this plit, 55  
To lufe hir wirschep weill, mair than wantone delyt,  
Will scho hir man than forfair, all wycht will hir wyt,  
Bot scho cuvir me of cair, my confort is quyt,  
For aye.

Evir quhair scho will I wryt 60  
In hairtly plesans perfyte,  
To quhome direct I this dyt,  
Ane morning of May.

*Finis.*

---

CCXI.

[*My wofull Werd complene I may ryght soir.*]

**M**Y wofull werd complene I may ryght soir,  
Sen that I do my labour in to vane,  
And euirilk day increfsis moir and moir,  
To luf trewly and is nocht luvit agane.

Quhat fall I say? rycht awfull is my pane, 5 Fol. 226. b.  
 Lufe thirlis my hairt bayth day and nycht fo foir;  
 I luew trewly and is nocht luvit agane,  
 A loid of lufe lat it be fo no moir.

Quhen euirilk wycht in to the nycht takis rest,  
 I madlie mvrne and mvfe<sup>1</sup> me to and fro, 10  
 And that is for the absens of my geft,  
 I may hir ban; allace, quhy did scho fo?  
 I mene, I plene, quhill the nycht is ago,  
 Tyn in my breift hir lusty lufe I clofs;  
 Quhomefor the dolor is that I do fo, 15  
 I luew trewly and is nocht luvit, allofs.

Bot and I wift that scho had trew knowlege  
 Of my mvrning and my lamentatioun,  
 And syne for that tynt nothing of curage,  
 Nor of hir mynd haifand perfectioun, 20  
 To luew ane lusty and syn my lyfe vndone.  
 Gif I for hir suld thoill sic pvnift pane,  
 Than war my mvrning all bot derifioun,  
 And scho for me did thoill no thing agane.

Bot weill I wait, quhen that scho knawis the rycht, 25  
 My panefull passioun dolerus and fair,  
 Scho will me lufe abuse all erdly wycht,  
 And confort me with priue wurdis fair.  
 So for hir lufe so lykly is to missfair,  
 Bot reassone wald and pety in this tyd, 30  
 That my gudly scheruice, bayth lait and air,  
 Rewardit be all dangeir laid on fyd.

*Finis.*

<sup>1</sup> This word is very indistinct, having been partly written over.

CCXII.

[*Thus, wairfull Thocht, myne E hes wrocht to Wo.*]

THUS, wairfull thocht, myne e hes wrocht to wo,  
 And all my wit hes knit, with thankis two,  
 That I na may, away, in no kin wyifs,  
 Throw fueit bewty, outthrow myne e, but ho,  
 And dengeir fyn, that dois me downe alfo. 5  
 Thus am I fchent, gif I repent, to ryifs,  
 And I rew for all my trew fcherwyifs,  
 But heid of meid, that fweit and fcho me flo,  
 In quhois trest alhaill my lyking lyifs.

My foir regrait my e hes mait for euir, 10  
 And I no can, as marrit man, diffiuer;  
 Nor quho is he to fe that wald nocht plene,  
 For febill plyt, yit cuth I nyt her neur,  
 Nor for no trust of luf, nor luft to luuir;<sup>1</sup>  
 And for all this I wifs will fcho dedene. 15

[*Finis.*]

CCXIII.

[*O, wrechit, infernall, crewall Element.*]

O WRECHIT, infernall, crewall element, Fol. 227. a.  
 Depairting ground and rut of euery wo,  
 Weill aucht thir luvaris cry that thow be fchent,  
 For till thair eifs thow bene eternall fo;  
 And fen on neid thow makis me now to go, 5

<sup>1</sup> This word might be read *limir*.

I tak my leif heir at my lady fre ;  
 How evir I fair, fair hairt, go, fair weill ye.

How fuld I fay, go, fair weill, and tak my leif?  
 Allace, that wurd inperfit throw my hairt,  
 For but your sycht on na wayis may I leif; 10  
 My cairis ar kene, my panis ar scherp and smart,  
 All fuld me eifs is travers turnit outward;  
 Yit go, fairweill, quhill oft I on yow se;  
 How evir I fair, fair hairt, go, fair weill ye.

Your fair vifage apairt and gudly cheyir, 15  
 Your bewteis mustir and fyn continans,  
 Your myld haifing, your womanlie maneir,  
 Your ene cumlie, quhilk bene all my plesans,  
 So perfytt hes bene in my hairt remmembrans,  
 I ma nocht leif and fra your presens be; 20  
 How evir I fair, fair hairt, go, fair weill ye.

And mervell is the pairting fuld confus,  
 My wrechit hairt is fet in sic distrefs,  
 Sen I wes nevir in grace, bot quyt refus  
 With yow, my fouerane lady and maistrefs; 25  
 Than fuld your pairting be anis, I gefs,  
 Be verra kynd, nocht leftand so with me;  
 How evir I fair, fair hairt, go, fair weill ye.

Go, fair weill, most defyrit lyvis so,  
 A thowfand syis, go, fair weill, lady myne; 30  
 Go, fair weill, erdlie joy, for euir mo,  
 Go, fair weill, hairt and cure of medecyne;  
 Go, fair weill, quha at no mercy ma ryne;  
 I can nocht fay, quhill courtlie I de;  
 How evir I fair, fair hairt, go, fair weill ye. 35

*Finis.*

## CCXIV.

[*Flour of all Fairheid, gif I fall found the fra.*]

FLOUR of all fairheid, gif I fall found the fra,  
 All gammis ar me queid, so neir to grund I ga;  
 I may no mirthis ma, for sorrow my self I fla;  
 Thus wirkis scho me wa, that wlonkast is in weid,  
 That is bayth freind and fa, and farest flour to feid. 5

So fair wes nevir fygour, no fame on flud so quhyt,  
 So proper of portratour, fa pairt no fa perfyt,  
 Hir lyre is lilly lyk, plesand forowttin plyt,  
 In bour is no so brycht beriall, no blench flour,  
 As is that hendly hycht menfkyt with all honour. 10 Fol. 227. b.

I aw hir honour ay, to scherue hir bayth lait and air,  
 With all the mirth I may, for now and evir mair,  
 The confort of my cair, the faifir of my fair;  
 Quhair evir I found or fair, scho is formest in fay,  
 With hir I wald I wair durand quhill domifday. 15

Thair wes nevir day that dew, nor dyamont fa deir,  
 Na stane fa haill of hew, as is the hyd of heir;  
 Hir ene as cristall cleir, with luffie lawchand cheir,  
 Hir pawpis till perle ar peir, perfyt and poleift new,  
 And I may nych hir neir, than gon wer neur my glew. 20

Vnglaid I gloir as gleid, sen my gud luf was gone,  
 For neir witlefs I weid, I luf bot hir allone,  
 That hes my hairt ichone, als trew as turtill on ston;  
 I luf bot hir allone, of all that levis on leid,  
 Thus lykis me my leman, the flour of all fairheid. 25

*Finis.*

## CCXV.

[O, *Maistres myld, haif Mynd on me.*]

O MAISTRES myld, haif mynd on me,  
 Sen that I am your presoneir,  
 And lat me nocht in dolour de,  
 Sen ye may be my medicineir.  
 Ye may me saif frome all dengeir, 5  
 And fett me at full libertie  
 Owt of this lyfe that dois me deir,  
 Thairfoir, fueit hairt, haif mynd on me.

My mynd is plungit in distres,  
 That day or nycht I may nocht reft, 10  
 Without your help remedeles,  
 My hairt is fair, it may nocht left.  
 For every day I do bot de,  
 Me think that deid wer for me best,  
 In dowbill pane sen I am drest, 15  
 Thairfoir, fueit hairt, haif mynd on me.

Thocht I haif lost all my plesour,  
 Yit will I to your mynd apply;  
 On yow my hairt is fixit fur,  
 And evir salbe ful faythfully. 20  
 I dar nocht beir yow cumpany,  
 For tratling tungis that ay will le,  
 Bot think on me, your luvar trew,  
 My awin fueit hairt, haif mynd on me.

I pray yow be nocht variable, 25  
 Bot think on me, your luvar trew,  
 That is for yow sa lamentable,  
 Sen to your scheruice I did persew.

My ioy agane ye may renew,  
Do ye nocht swa, I say for me,  
Allace the tyme that I yow knew,  
Thairfoir, fueit hairt, haif mynd on me.

Fol. 228. a.

30

This is ane endlefs pane, allace,  
That haill luvaris suld be forlorne,  
As it is hapnit now the caifs,  
It wer for bettir be vnborne;  
For than my joyis wer to me beforne,  
Quhilk I haif preuit and will nocht be,  
That garris me fych bayth evin and morne,  
Thairfoir, fueit hairt, haif mynd on me.

35

40

And thus fals fortoun is my fo,  
Befoir to vthiris as scho hes bene,  
Scho dois my hairt sic pane and wo,  
I say no moir, I may befene.  
The blenkyne of hir bewtie schene  
Sall gar me mvse quhill that I de,  
And fych full mony tymes betuene,  
Thairfoir, fueit hairt, haif mynd on me.

45

*Finis.*

---

CCXVI.

[*Haif Hairt in Hairt, ye Hairt of Hairtis haill.*]

**H**AIF hairt in hairt, ye hairt of hairtis haill,  
Trewly, sweit hairt, your hairt my hairt sal haif;  
**E**xpell, deir hairt, my havy hairtis baill,  
**P**raying yow, hairt, quhilk hes my hairt in graif,





Sen ye, sweit hairt, my hairt may fla and faif, 5  
 Lat nocht, deir hairt, my leill hairt be forloir,  
 Excelland hairt of every hairtis gloir.

Glaid is my hairt with yow, fueit hairt, to rest,  
 And serue yow, hairt, with hairtis observance;  
 Sen ye ar hairt, with bayth our hairtis posselt, 10  
 My hairt is in your hairtis gouirnanee;  
 Do with my hairt, your hairtis sweit plefance,  
 For is my hairt thrall your hairt vntill,  
 I haif no hairt contrair your hairtis will.

Sen ye haif, hairt, my faythfull hairt in cure, 15  
 Vphald the hairt quhilk is your hairtis awin;  
 Gif my hairt be your hairtis scheruiture,  
 How may ye thoill your trew hairt be ourthrawin?  
 Quhairfoir, sweit hairt, nocht suffer so be knawin,  
 Bot ye be, hairt, my hairtis reiofing, 20  
 As ye ar hairt of hairtis conforting.

*Finis.* The anschuer heirof is in the clxvij<sup>1</sup> leif.

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CCXVII.

[*Wald my gud Ladye that I luif.*]

**W**ALD my gud ladye that I luif Fol. 228. b.  
 Luiff me best for ay,  
 I fuld gar mak for hir behuif  
 Ane garmond gude and gay.

Off vertew fuld hir hude be wrocht, 5  
 The garnifing of grace,

<sup>1</sup> A marginal note says "*The answeir heirof in the 235 leif.*"

To gyde hir weill in deid and thocht,  
Fra cryme in ony caifs.

Poleift with plesand portratour,  
With diamandis of discretioun, 10  
The chafrone fett with fyne favour,  
And rubeis of rycht reffoun.

Ane targate of trewth hingand thairat,  
Weill cuplit with constans,  
Off humbilnes<sup>1</sup> fuld be hir hatt, 15  
Hir teppet of temperans.

Hir fark fuld be of sobirnes,  
Weill sentit with gude fame,  
The semis sewit with sacreitnes,  
With nurtour and gude name. 20

Hir collare fuld be of confiderans,  
Quhair wifdome may be sene,  
Rubanit with riche remembrans,  
And beidis of bountie betwene.

Hir kirtill fuld be of compaciencie, 25  
Off the puir to have pietie,  
Weill watit with benevolence,  
Lynit with liberalitie;

Mailyeit with maneris and mesfour,  
Weill lasit with luifsumnes, 30  
Toukit with trew luif, the trefour;  
Hir stomok of stedfastnes.

Hir gown fuld be of all guidnes,  
Begareit with fresche bewtie,  
Buit<sup>2</sup> with rubanis of richtuufnes, 35  
And perfewit with prosperitie.

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *humbilnes*.    <sup>2</sup> This word is doubtful.

Hir flewis fuld be of fueit semblans,  
 Wanit with womanlie maneir,  
 Weill cuffit with continewance,  
 In vertew and wit but weir. 40

Hir paitlat fuld be of hie prudence,  
 Weill furrit with fair affere,  
 With peirlit prenis of pacience,  
 For hir wirfchop to weir.

Hir belt fuld be of bowsumnes, 45  
 Meit to hir middill smail,  
 Baith heid and pendes with hartlines,  
 Inemmellit weill with all.

Hir chemye fuld be of chaiftetie,  
 About hir halfs so quhyte, 50  
 Hir halfs peirlis of pudicitie,  
 Rycht plesand and perfyte.

Hir clock fuld be of clene consciens,  
 Weill lynit with lawlines,  
 Denudit of all negligence, 55  
 And borderit weill with befines.

Off grene youth fuld hir gluiffis be,  
 For hir fair fingaris quhyte,  
 Bervit<sup>1</sup> with kyndnes but creweltye,  
 Our ringis of delyte. 60

Hir hoifs of honest hamelines,  
 Na proudnes to pretend,  
 Hir pantonis of perfewerans,  
 In honour till hir end.

This haif I cled my luif rycht weill, 65  
 Na weid will cum hir better,

<sup>1</sup>This word is doubtful.

Nor this garmond fa haif I feill,  
Nor halff fo weill will fett hir.

*Finis.*

---

CCXVIII.

[*Support your Scheruand, peirles Paramour.*]

SUPPORT your scheruand, peirles paramour,  
Or dreidfull deth and dolour me devoir  
Sen thair is nan may schaw no succour,  
To my pur hairt oursett with ficing soir.  
Allace, allace, fueit defy, most decoir, 5  
Will ye nocht help me of my heviness,  
Sen of my hairt ye ar the cheif maistress?

The arting of your ene angelicall  
So spedely my spreit hes perforate  
Vnto my hairt, and causd it to be thrall 10  
To yow, the flour of womanheid, I wate,  
Quhairfoir I pray your he excellent estate,  
To kyth on me sum confort in this caifs,  
Sen of my hairt ye ar the cheif maistress.

Thair wes nevir in to no woman wrocht, 15  
Bot planelie in to your perfone dois appeir,  
Except petie and thocht I find it nocht,  
Dame Esperans helpis me out of weir;  
That scho and lady Mercy both in feir  
Sall in your hairt graif bayth pety and grace, 20  
Sen of my hairt ye ar the cheif maistresse.

[*Finis.*]

## CCXIX.

[*Quhen Tayis Bank wes blumyt brycht.*]

|                                                  |              |
|--------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| QUHEN Tayis bank wes blumyt brycht,              | Fol. 229. a. |
| With blofomes blycht and bred,                   |              |
| Be that rever ran I doun rycht,                  |              |
| Vndir the ryfs I red.                            |              |
| The merle melit with all hir mycht, <sup>1</sup> | 5            |
| And mirth in mornyng maid,                       |              |
| Throw folace found and femely ficht,             |              |
| Alfwith a fang I faid.                           |              |
| <br>Vndir that bank quhair blifs had bene,       |              |
| I bownit me to abyde,                            | 10           |
| Ane holene, hevinly hewit grene,                 |              |
| Rycht heyndly did me hyd.                        |              |
| The fone fchyne our the fchawis fchene,          |              |
| Full femely me befyd,                            |              |
| In bed of blumes bricht befene,                  | 15           |
| A fleip cowth me ourflyd.                        |              |
| <br>About all blomet wes my bour,                |              |
| With blofummes broun and blew,                   |              |
| Ourfret with mony fair frefch flour,             |              |
| Helfum of hevinly hew.                           | 20           |
| With fchakeris of the fchene dew fchour,         |              |
| Schynnyng my courtenis schew,                    |              |
| Arrayit with a rich vardour,                     |              |
| Of natouris werkis new.                          |              |
| <br>Rafing the birdis fra thair rest,            | 25           |
| The reid fone raifs with rawis,                  |              |
| The lark fang lowd, quhill lycht mycht left,     |              |
| A lay of luvis lawis.                            |              |

<sup>1</sup> Originally written *mirth* and now *mycht*.

The nythingall woik of hir nest,  
Singing, The day vpdawis; 30  
The mirthfull maveifs mirriest  
Schill schowttit throw the schawis.

All flouris grew that firth within,  
That man cowth haif in mynd,  
And in that flud all fische with fyn, 35  
That creat wer be kynd.  
Vndir the rife the ra did ryn  
Our ron, our rute, our rynd,  
The dvn deir danfit with a dyn,  
And herdis of hairt and hynd. 40

Wod Winter, with his wallowand wynd,  
But weir away wes went,  
Brait about with wyld wodbynd  
Wer bewis on the bent.  
Allone vnder the lusty lynd, 45  
I saw ane lufum lent,  
That fairly war so fare to fynd  
Vndir the firmament.

Scho wes the lustiest on lyve,  
Allone lent on a land, 50  
And fareft figour be sic fyve,  
That evir in firth I fand.  
Hir cumly cullour to discryve  
I dar nocht tak on hand,  
Moir womanly borne of a wyfe 55  
Wes neuir, I dar warrand.

To creatur that wes in cair,  
Or cauld of crewelty,  
A blicht blenk of hir vesage bair  
Of baill his bute mycht be. 60

Hir hyd, hir hew, hir hevinly hair  
 Mycht havy haitis vphie;  
 So angelik vndir the air  
 Neuir wicht I saw with e.

The blosummes that wer blycht and brycht 65  
 By hir wer blacht and blew,  
 Scho gladit all the foull of flicht,  
 That in the forrest flew.  
 Scho mycht haif confort king or knyght,  
 That euir in cuntre I knew, 70  
 As waill and well of warldly wicht,  
 In womanly vertew.

Hir cullour cleir, hir countenance,  
 Hir cumly cristall ene,  
 Hir portratour of most plesance, 75  
 All piçtour did prevene.  
 Off every vertew to avance,  
 Quhen ladeis prafit bene,  
 Rychttest in my remembrance  
 That rose is rutit grene. 80

This myld, meik, mansuet *Mergrit*,  
 This perle polift most quhyt,  
 Dame Natouris deir dochter discreit,  
 The dyamant of delyt,  
 Neuir formit wes to found on feit 85  
 Ane figour moir perfyte,  
 Nor non on mold that did hir meit  
 Mycht mend hir wirth a myte.

This myrthfull maid to meit I ment,  
 And merkit furth on mold, 90  
 Bot fone within a wane scho went,  
 Most hevinly to behold.

The bricht fone with his bemys blent  
Vpoun the bertis bold,  
Fareft under the firmament  
That formit wes on fold. 95

As parradyce that place but peir  
Wes plefand to my ficht,  
Of forreft and of frefch reveir,  
Of firth and fowll of flicht, 100  
Of birdis bay on bonk and breir,  
With blumes brekand bricht,  
As hevin, in to this erd down heir,  
Hertis to hald on hicht.

So went this womanly away 105  
Amang thir woddis wyd,  
And I to heir thir birdis gay  
Did in a bonk abyd,  
Quhair ron and ryfs raifs in aray, Fol. 229. b.  
Endlang the reuir fyd. 110  
This hapnit me in a tyme in May,  
In till a morning tyd.

The rever throw the ryfe cowth rowt,  
And roferis raiffis on raw,  
The schene birdis full schill cowth schowt 115  
Into that femly schaw.  
Joy wes within and joy without,  
Vnder that vnlonkeft waw,  
Quhair Tay ran down with fremis stout,  
Full strecht vndir Stobfchaw. 120

*Finis.*



1. The first part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were present at the meeting.

2. The second part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were absent from the meeting.

3. The third part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were present at the meeting.

4. The fourth part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were present at the meeting.

5.

ALL FOR ANE IS MY MANE.

v.

CCXXI.

[*All for Ane is my Mane.*]

**A**LL for ane is my mane,  
Bot ane I can lufe;  
War scho gane, than war nane  
My name to remufe.  
That I am tane, with sic ane,  
I thank God abuse,  
And bot that ane, will I nane,  
Quhat panis I prufe.

*Finis.*

---

CCXXII.

[*Be glaid alye that Luvaris bene.*]

**B**E glaid alye that luvaris bene,  
For now hes May depaynt with grene  
The hillis, valis and the medis,  
And flouris lustely vpspreidis.  
Awalk out of your sluggairdy,  
To heir the birdis melody,  
Quhois fuggourit nottis, loud and cleir,  
Is now ane parradice to heir.  
Go walk vpoun sum rever fair,  
Go tak the fresch and holsum air,  
Go luke vpoun the flurist fell,  
Go feill the herbis plesand smell,  
Quhilk will your comfort gar increas,  
And all avoyd your havines.



The God of natur and of kynd, 50  
 Quhilk ordanit all for our behufe,  
 The erd vndir, the air abufe,  
 Bird, beift, flour, tyme, day and nycht,  
 The planeitis for to gif ws licht.

*Finis.*

---

CCXXIII.

[*Gif ye wald lufe and luvit be.*]

**G**IF ye wald lufe and luvit be, Fol. 230.a.  
 In mynd keip weill thir thingis thre,  
 And fadly in thy breift imprent;  
 Be secreit, trew, and pacient.

For he that pacience can nocht leir, 5  
 He fall displesance haif perqueir,  
 Thocht he had all this warldis rent;  
 Be secreit, trew, and pacient.

For quha that secreit can nocht be,  
 Him all gud fallofchip fall fle, 10  
 And credence nane fall him be lent;  
 Be secreit, trew, and pacient.

And he that is of hairt vntrew,  
 Fra he be kend, fair weill, adew,  
 Fy on him, fy, his fame is went; 15  
 Be secreit, trew, and pacient.

Thus he that wantis ane of thir thre,  
 Ane luvir glaid may neuir be,

Bot ay in fumthing difcontent;  
Be fecreit, trew, and pacient.

20

Nocht with thi tounge thy felf difcure  
The thingis that thou hes of nature,  
For gif thou dois thou<sup>1</sup> fuld repent;  
Be fecreit, trew, and pacient.

*Finis.*

---

CCXXIV.

*The Song of Troyelus.*

**G**IFE no luve is, O God, quhat feill I fo?  
And gif luve is, quhat thing and quhiche is he?  
Gife luve be gud, from quhence cummys my wo?  
Gife it be wicke, a wondir thinketh me,  
Quhan euerry turment and aduersite,  
That cummeth of him, may to me fauery think,  
For ay thrust I the more, that iche it drink.

5

And gif that at myne awin luft I brenne,  
Frome whench cummys my waling and my playnt,  
Gife harme agreve me, quhairto plene I thane,  
I not ne quhy vnwery that I faynt.  
O, quyck deth, O, fueit harme fo queynt,  
How may of the in me be fuche quantete,  
Bot gif that I consent that it fo be?

10

And gif I consent, I wrongfully  
Complene ywis; thus possed to and fro,  
All steirles within a bot am I  
Amyd the fe, atuixin wondis two,

15

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *tho*.

That in contrair standen euer mo.  
Allaßs, quhat is this wondir maledye? 20  
For heit of cold, for cold of heit I dye.

And to the god of luve thus said he, Fol. 230. b.  
With pitous voce, O lord, no youris is  
My spreit quhiche that aucht youris be,  
Yow thank I, lord, that haif me brocht to this; 25  
Bot quhithir goddefs or woman ywifs,  
Scho be, I not, wiche that ye do me scherue,  
Bot as hir man I woll ay lene<sup>1</sup> and serue.

Ye standyn in hir ene mychtely,  
As in a place to your vertew digne; 30  
Quhairfoir, lord, gife my scheruice, or I  
May lykin yow to be to me benigne;  
For my estait royell heir I resigne  
In to hir hand, and, with hummill cheir,  
Become hir man, as to my lady deir. 35

[*Finis*] *quod* Chauffeir of Troyelus.

---

CCXXV.

[*As Phebus bricht in Speir merediane.*]

AS Phebus bricht in speir merediane,  
AE of the warld and lamp etheriall,  
Passis the licht, that cleipit is Dyane,  
Quhen scho is lucent<sup>2</sup> round as ony ball, 5  
And Lucifair all vthir sternis small,  
My lady so in bewty dois abound,  
Aboif all vthir ladeis on the ground.

<sup>1</sup> This might be read *leue*. <sup>2</sup> Afterwards altered to *lufent*.

Hir hair difplayit as the goldin wyre,  
 Aboif hir heid, with bemys radiant,  
 Is lyk ane bufs that birnys in the fyre, 10  
 With flammys reid but fumys elevant.  
 War nocht scho is sum thing to variant,  
 I mycht of reffone say, that dame Nature  
 Formit nevir in erd fo fair a creature.

My hairt, that nevir wes thirlit vnto wicht, 15  
 In deidly dwalmys fowpît is for evir,  
 For lue of hir that is my lady bricht,  
 Quhois plesant hals is quhytter than the evir,  
 Or snaw but spot, that fallis in the revir;  
 The fragrant balme of odour confortatyve 20  
 May nocht for fueitnefs with hir lippis ftryve.

Thow drery goft, that dwynnis in difpair,  
 Pafs with this bill vnto my lady fueit,  
 And in to prefens of hir vilage fair,  
 Vpone thy kneis thow fall befoir hir feit; 25  
 Askand hir mercy, with thy cheikis weit,  
 To confort me of my woundis smert,  
 Quhome dart of lue hefs perfit throw the hert.

Sen Athropofs my fatell threid hes worne, Fol. 231.a.  
 In plenyng foir and rewthfull womenting, 30  
 And that asperans is non vnto the morne,  
 Of my pure hairt dyand in lang vyfing,  
 Thow bury my corps but ony tareing;  
 For Acteon wes flatit at the well,  
 Be wreth of Dyane, with his awin houndis fell. 35

O thunderane boir, in thy moft awfull rege,  
 Quhy will thow nocht me with thy tuskis ryve?  
 Sen no thing may my grevoufs pane affuage,  
 Bot scho, quhilk is the revar of my lyve,

With fichis foir and cairis pungetyve; 40  
Quhairthrow my blude refoluit is in teiris,  
And yit no rewth in to hir hairt appeiris.

God gife it wer my fatell aventure,  
To fecht aganis hir fayis to the deid,  
With speir and scheild, and all that I nicht fure, 45  
To pruve hir flour and well of womanheid;  
Howbeit it wer nocht to my lyfe remeid,  
It wald me fuffyis, sen that fcho hes no maik,  
Till end my lyfe in battell for hir faik.

Yit I befeik hir for the grit delyte, 50  
That femyt in hir bewty naturall,  
With rewthfull prefens of hir vifage quhyt,  
Scho wald decoir my feiftis funerall;  
That luvaris mycht espy in generall,  
Gife that hir ene for weping mycht indure, 55  
To luk vpoun my rewthfull fepulture.

*Finis quod* Bannatyne.

---

CCXXVI.

[*My Hairt is heich aboif, my Body is full of Blifs.*]

MY hairt is heich aboif, my body is full of blifs,  
For I am sett in lufe, als weill as I wald wifs;  
I lufe my lady pure, and fcho luvis me agane,  
I am hir fcheruiture, fcho is my fouerane;  
Scho is my verry harte, I am hir howp and heill, 5  
Scho is my joy invart, I am hir luvar leill;  
I am hir bound and thrall, fcho is at my command,



I am perpetuall hir man, both fute and hand;  
 The thing that may hir pleifs, my body fall fulfill,  
 Quhat evir hir diseifs, it dois my body ill. 10  
 My bird, my bony ane, my tendir bab venuft,  
 My lufe, my lyfe allane, my liking and my lust;  
 We interchange our hairtis, in vthiris armis soft,  
 Spreitlefs we twa depairtis, vland our luvis oft;  
 Wemurnequhenlichtdaydawis, weplenethenychtisfchort, 15 Fol. 231. b.  
 We curfs the cok that crawis, that hinderis our difport.  
 I glowffin vp agast, quhen I hir myfs on nycht,  
 And in my oxfter fast I find the bowfter richt;  
 Than langour on me lyifs, lyk Morpheus the mair,  
 Quhilk cauffis me vpryfs, and to my fueit repair; 20  
 And than is all the forrow furth of remembrance,  
 That evir I hed a forrow in luvis obfervance.  
 Thus nevir I do reft, fo luftey a lyfe I leid,  
 Quhen that I lift to teft the well of womanheid.  
 Luvaris in pane, I pray God fend yow fic remeid, 25  
 As I haif nycht and day, yow to defend frome deid;  
 Thairfoir be evir trew vnto your ladeis fre,  
 And thay will on yow rew, as myne hes done on me.

*Finis.*

---

CCXXVII.

[*Lait, lait on Sleip, as I wes laid.*]

**L**AIT, lait on fleip, as I wes laid  
 This hindir nycht, my reft to tak,  
 To me in fleip appeird a maid,  
 And gudly wordis to me fcho fpak.

Scho bad that I fuld confort mak, 5  
 For I am fcho that help yow may;  
 Gudly in my armis I did hir tak,  
 Bot quhen I walknyt fcho wes away.

Quhat garmond come fcho in, treft ye? .  
 In till ane mantill of lusty blew; 10  
 It sett hir weill, as semit me,  
 Sayand fcho wes ane luvar trew.  
 Scho said to me, as I say yow,  
 Quhat war the wordis I did yow pray?  
 That lufe for lufe fcho wald renew, 15  
 Bot quhen I walknyt fcho wes away.

Hir hair wes lyk the oppynnit silk,  
 Ane mantill of lufe our me fcho fpred,  
 And with hir body quhyt as milk, 20  
 Vnto my bed fcho maid a braid.  
 Softly talkand to me fcho said,  
 Be ye on sleip? and I said nay;  
 Hir chirry lippis to me fcho laid,  
 Bot quhen I walknyt fcho wes away.

Than in my armes I did hir brace; 25  
 With gudly wordis fcho said to me,  
 O, schir, how lyk ye this folace,  
 Content ye this, tell me? quod sche.  
 I said, maistres, yis verrelie,  
 No thing to pleifs me bettir may, 30  
 Nor with your perfone evir to be,  
 Bot quhen I walknyt fcho wes away.

Scho fayis, God keip yow, now I go;  
 Than I kift hir, allace, me thocht;  
 Than vp fcho raifs and went me fro,<sup>1</sup> 35

<sup>1</sup>This piece is imperfect, ending abruptly at the foot of folio 231b, while folios 232 and 233 are wanting. They probably contained several pieces, but only one is noted in the original index at the end of the MS., "*Being overquhelmed with dolor and with cair*," 232.

## CCXXVIII.

[*No woundir is althocht my Hairt be thrall.*]

NO woundir is althocht my hairt be thrall Fol. 234. a.  
 To yow, I wifs, the flour of courtesy;  
 For quhy? your name and fame so spreidis our all,  
 That ye ar held to be the a per se,  
 In vertew, meiknefs, trewth and equitie; 5  
 And eik to this your proper perfoun fair  
 Is so weill maid in all maner degre,  
 That non to me falbe so singulare.

Heirfoir I will rycht humly yow imploir,  
 To lat sum stremys of grace on me distill, 10  
 For non bot ye my glaidnes may restoir,  
 Becaus both lyfe and deth lyis in your will;  
 For as ye list ye may me saif or spill,  
 With your on wurd so stand I in your cure;  
 Sen I thairfoir am subiect yow vntill, 15  
 Latt me nocht fuerf, your faythfull scheruiture.

For my grene yewth is lyk the withering hay,  
 So foir I am ourfett with sichingis feir,  
 My rosy lippis ar woxin pail and blay, 20  
 Thruch only thocht of yow, my lady deir;  
 And thair is non may be my medfoneir,  
 Bot your fawour, quhilk, gif I do obtene,  
 I fall revert, as dois the reid roseir,  
 Frescheft of hew in fomer sefoun grene.

And sen I am so trublit in my thocht, 25  
 Lat nocht deley be ane occasioun,  
 To place dispair quhair howp and trust hes wrocht,  
 Bot grant with speid sum consolatioun;

That pety having dominioun  
 Within your breift, I may sum grace purchefs 30  
 Off my murnyng and lamentatioun,  
 Quhilkis I fustene for yow, my fair maistrefs.

No thing of rycht I ask, my lady fair,  
 Bot of fre will and mercy me to laif;  
 Your willis your awin, as reffoun wald it ware, 35  
 Thairfoir of grace, and nocht of rycht, I craif  
 Of yow mercy, as ye wald mercy haif  
 Off God our Lord, quhois mercyis infeneit  
 Gois befoir all his werkis, we may perfaif,  
 To thame quhois hairtis with mercy ar repleit. 40

And gif that I be fund to yow vntrew,  
 Wilfull, heichty, or eik in ony wayifs  
 Jeloufs, vnkynd, or chengeing for ane new,  
 A vane wantour, rebelling to your fcheruyifs,  
 As tratouris fals hes bene befoir oft fyifs, 45  
 Quhois vntrew hairtis garris trew folkis leif in wo,  
 Than for my gilt no torment culd fuffyifs,  
 Bot I prayfs God it standis nocht with me fo. Fol. 234. b.

Now to conclude with wordis compendious;  
 Wald God my tong wald to my will respond, 50  
 And eik my speich wer so facundioufs,  
 That I wer full of rethore termys jocond;  
 Than suld my lufe at moir lenth be expound,  
 Than my cunnyng can to yow heir declair;  
 For this my style, inornetly compond, 55  
 Eschamys my pen your eiris to truble mair.

Nocht ellis thairfoir I wryt to yow, my fueit,  
 Bot with meik hairt, and quaking pen and hand,  
 Prostratis my fcheruice law down at your feit,  
 Both nycht and day, quhill I may gang or stand; 60

Praying the Lord of pety excelland,  
 To plant in yow ane petifull hairt and mynd,  
 Conducting yow to joy everlestand,  
 Both now and ay, and so I mak ane end.

Go to my deir with hummill reuerence, 65  
 Thow bony bill, both rude and imperfyte,  
 Go nocht with forgt flattery to hir prefence,  
 As is of falsset the custome, vfe and ryte;  
 Caufs me nocht ban that evir I the indyte,  
 Na tyne my travell, turnyng all in vane,<sup>1</sup> 70  
 Bot, with ane faithfull hairt in wurd and wryte,  
 Declair my mynd, and bring me joy agane.

My name quha lift to knaw, lat him tak tent,  
 Vnto this littill verfs nixt prefedent.

*Finis.*

CCXXIX.

[*My Trewth is plicht vnto my Lufe benyng.*]

**M**Y trewth is plicht vnto my lufe benyng,  
 That meit and sleip is quyt bereft me fro,  
 With luvaris mo of murnyng I may sing,  
 Without glaidnes quhair evir I ryd or go;  
 And I hir freind, quhy suld scho be my fo? 5  
 Do as scho list, I do me in hir cure,  
 On to the deid to be hir scheruiture.

And thocht I dar nocht daly do present  
 Hir for to serf for hurting of hir name,

<sup>1</sup> Another hand has written *Bannatyne* on the margin of line 70.

I dreid the serpent sklander do hir schent; 10  
 Bot nevirtheles hir honour and hir fame  
 I fall keip in armis and in game, Fol. 235.a.  
 Vnto the tyme that Tropus the threid  
 Sall cute of lyfe, bayth in word and deid.

O Cupeid, king, thyn eiris now inclyne, 15  
 And perfs my lady inwart to the hairt,  
 With that ilk dart that thow hes perfit myne,  
 And caufs hir so that scho to me rewarte,  
 For to haif mercy vnto my pane and fmarte,  
 Or feill the pyne that faythfull luvaris haif, 20  
 For but hir lufe I graith me to my graif.

*Explicit quod Fethy.*

CCXXX.

[*Lanterne of Lufe, and Lady fair of Hew.*]

L ANTERNE of lufe, and lady fair of hew,  
 O, perle of pryce, most precius and preclair,  
 O, dasy duls, gayest that evir grew,  
 Off every wicht most fueit and singulare,  
 O, flour delyce, most flurifand and fair, 5  
 Vnto this taill, fueit turtor, thow attend,  
 My thirlit hairt so law in to dispair  
 Vnto thy mercy I meikly me commend.

O, jem of joy, inionit in my hairt,  
 O, plant of pryfs, most plesand and perfyte, 10  
 The rycht remeid of all my panis fmarte,  
 My spreit is rest to se thy cullour quyte,

Dewoyd of wo, of sorrow and of fyte,  
Quhois bewteis all no hairt may comprehend;  
My visage wan, O, lady of delyte,  
Vnto thy mercy I meikly me commend.

Sen thou art scho that hes my hairt in cure,  
My howp, my heill, my weill and eik my wo,  
Lat me nocht fuerf, your hummill scheruiture,  
For but remeid my hairt will brift in two. 20  
Now, lady fair, my freind and eik my fo,  
Quhom on but dowl all vertew dois depend,  
My hairt and mynd, quhair evir I ryd or go,  
Vnto thi mercy meikly I me commend.

[*Finis*] quod Steill.

CCXXXI.

[Hence, Hairt, with hir that most depairte.]

HENCE, hairt, with hir that most depairte,  
And hald the with thy fouerane,  
For I had lever want ane harte,  
Nor haif the hairt that dois me pane.  
Thairfoir, go, with thy lufe remane,  
And lat me leif thus vnmoleast,  
And se that thow cum nocht agane,  
Bot byd with hir thow luvis best.

Sen scho that I haif scheruit lang  
Is to depairt so suddanly,  
Addrefs the now, for thow fall gang  
And beir thy lady company.

Fra scho be gon hairtlefs am I,  
 For quhy? thow art with hir posselt;  
 Thairfoir, my hairt, go hence in hy, 15  
 And byd with hir thow luvis best.

Thocht this belappit body heir  
 Be bound to scheruitude and thrall,  
 My fathfull hairt is fre inteir  
 And mynd to ferf my lady at all. 20  
 Wald God that I wer perigall,  
 Vnder that redolent rofs to reft,  
 Yit at the leift, my hairt, thow fall  
 Abyd with hir thow lufis best.

Sen in your garth the lilly quhyte 25  
 May nocht remane amang the laif,  
 Adew the flour of haill delyte,  
 Adew the succour that ma me faif.  
 Adew the fragrant balme suaif,  
 And lamp of ladeis lustiest, 30  
 My faythfull hairt scho fall it haif,  
 To byd with hir it luvis best,

Deploir, ye ladeis cleir of hew,  
 Hir absence, sen scho most depairte,  
 And specially, ye luvaris trew, 35  
 That woundit bene with luvis darte.  
 For fum of yow fall want ane harte  
 Alsweill as I; thairfoir at last  
 Do go with myn, with mynd inwart,  
 And byd with hir thow luvis best. 40

[Finis] quod Scott.



## CCXXXII.

*The Anschir to Hairtis.*

The Anschir to  
the Ballat of  
Hairtis in the  
228 leiff.

CONSIDDIR, hairt, my trew intent,  
Suppois I am nocht eloquent  
To wryt yow anschir responfyve,  
Your scedull is so excellent,  
It passis far my wittis fyve.

5

For quhy? it is so full of hairtis,  
That myne within my bosum stairtis,  
Quhen I behald it rycht till end;  
And for ilk hairt, ane hundreth dertis  
Outthrow my hairt to yow I fend.

10

This woundit hairt, sweit hairt, ressaif,  
Quhilk is, deir hairt, abone the laif;  
Your faythfull hairt with trew intent,  
Ane trewar hairt may noman haif,  
Nor yit ane hairt moir permanent.

Fol. 236. a.

15

Ane hairt it is without diffait,  
It is the hairt to quhome ye wret  
The misseif full of hairtis feir;  
It is ane hairt bayth air and lait,  
That is your hairtis presoneir.

20

It is ane hairt full of distres,  
Ane cairfull hairt all confortles,  
Ane penseve hairt in dule and dolour,  
Ane hairt of wo and havinefs,  
Ane mirthles hairt without mesfour.

5

It is ane hairt bayth firme and stabill,  
Ane hairt without fenyeit fabill,

Ane constant hairt bayth trest and trew,  
Ane sure hairt fet in to sabill,  
Ane wofull hairt bot gif ye rew. 30

It is ane hairt that your hairt servis,  
Ane hairt for lufe of your hairt stervis,  
Ane hairt that nevir yow offendit,  
Ane hairt of youris bayth vane and nervis,  
Ane hairt but solace bot gif ye send it. 35

It is na gravit hairt in stane,  
In siluer, gold nor evir bone,  
Nor yit ane payntit fymilitud,  
Bot this same verry hairt allone,  
Within my breift of flesch and blude. 40

Thairfoir, sueit hairt, send me the hairt,  
That is in to your breift inwart,  
And nocht thir writtin hairtis in vane,  
Bot your hairt to my hairt rewert,  
And send me hairt for hairt agane. 45

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

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CCXXXIII.

[*Quha is perfyte to put in Wryt.*]

QUHA is perfyte to put in wryt  
The inwart murnyng and mischance,  
Or to indyte the grit delyte  
Of lustie lufis obscherwance;  
Bot he that may certane patiently fuffir pane, 5  
To wyn his fouerane, in recompance.

Albeid I knaw of luvis law  
 The plefour and the panis smart,  
 Yit I stand aw for to furthschaw  
 The quyet secreitis of my harte;  
 For it may fortoun raith, to do hir body skaith,  
 Quhilk wait that of thame baith, I am expert.

10  
 Fol. 236. b.

Scho wait my wo that is ago,  
 Scho wait my weifair and remeid,  
 Scho wait alfo I lufe no mo,  
 Bot hir the well of womanheid;  
 Scho wait withouttin fail, I am hir luvar laill,  
 Scho hes my hairt alhaill, till I be deid.

15

That bird of blifs in bewty is  
 In erd the only a per fe,  
 Quhais mowth to kifs is worth, I wifs,  
 The warld full of gold to me;  
 Is nocht in erd I cure, bot pleifs my lady pure,  
 Syne be hir fcheruiture, vnto I de.

20

Scho is<sup>1</sup> my lufe, at hir behufe  
 My hairt is subiect, bound and thrall,  
 For scho dois moif my hairt aboif,  
 To fe hir proper perfoun small;  
 Sen scho is wrocht at will, that natur may fulfill,  
 Glaidly I gif hir till, body and all.

25

30

Thair is nocht wie<sup>2</sup> can estimie  
 My sorrow and my fickingis fair,  
 For I am so done fathfullie,  
 In fawouris with my lady fair,  
 That baith our hairtis ar ane, luknyt in luvis chene,  
 And evirilk greif is gane, for evir mair.

35

[*Finis*] quod Scott.

<sup>1</sup> Altered to *hes*. <sup>2</sup> Originally *wicht*, but deleted and *wie* written above.

CCXXXIV.

[*It cumis yow Luvaris to be laill.*]

**I**T cumis yow lvaris to be laill,  
Off body, hairt and mynd alhaill,  
And thocht ye with your ladyis dail,  
Reffoun,  
Bot and your faith and lawty fail,  
Treffoun.

**Ye may with honefty perfew,  
Gif ye be constant, treft and trew,  
Thocht than vnrycht thay on yow rew,  
                Reffoun,  
Bot be ye fund dowbill, adew,  
                Treffoun.**

**Your hummill scheruice first refing thame,**  
**For that to your intent fall bring thame,**  
**With leif of ladeis thocht ye thing thame,**  
15  
**Reffoun,**  
**Bot eftirwart and ye maling thame,**  
**Treffoun.**

**Do nevir the deid that ma difeifs thame,  
Bot wirk with all your mynd to meifs thame;  
To tak your plefour quhen it pleifs thame,  
Refoun,  
Bot with vntrewth and ye betraifs thame,  
Treffoun.**

Defend thair fame quha evir fyle thame,  
And ay with honeft havingis style thame,  
To Venus, als suppois ye wyle thame,  
Reffoun,

Ye fuld confiddir or ye taik thame,  
That littill fcheruice will nocht staik thame,  
Get ye ane goldin hour to glak thame,  
Reffoun,  
Bot be ye frawdfull and forfaik thame,  
Tressoun.

Be secreit, trew and plane allwey,  
Defend thair fame baith nycht and day,  
In prevy place suppoifs ye play,  
Reffoun,  
Bot be ye ane<sup>1</sup> clattrer, harmifay,  
Treffoun.

Be courtas in your cumpany,  
For that fall caufs thame to apply,  
Thocht that thay lat yow with thame ly, 45  
Reffoun,  
Bot be ye fund vnfaithfull, fy,  
Tressfoun.

Wey weill thir verfis that I wryt yow,  
Do your devior quhen that thay lat yow; 50  
To lufe your ladeis quho can wyt yow,  
Reffoun,  
Do ye the contrair, heir I quyt yow,  
Treffoun.

**[Finis] quod Scott.**

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *and*.

CCXXXV.

[*Absent I am rycht foir aganis my Will.*]

ABSENT I am rycht foir aganis my will,  
 My lang absens caussis me mekle wo,  
 My lang absens dois my body kill,  
 My lang absens hes turnit me to wo,  
 My lang absens hes reft the spreit me fro, 5  
 My lang absens caussit this to indyte,  
 Makand yow sur I am nocht in the wyte.

Rycht weill I fe, within your breift ingrawit,  
 The hieft vertew that clippit is constans,  
 Quhilk be your havingis, it may be weill perfault, 10  
 That ye ar nothing gevin to varians;  
 Thairfoir I fall do quhat evir I chans,  
 Abyd faythfull quhair I haif bene befoir,  
 With hir that is my lufe, and fall do evirmoir.

Adew, most trew of erdly creaturis, 15  
 Adew, ye hairt of hairtis consolatioun,  
 My thocht forwrocht within my breift conburis;  
 Trewly, fueit hairt, my hairtis habitatioun,  
 Conding, fueit thing, of hevinly conuerfatioun,  
 Imprint most gent that for your lufe is pynd, 2  
 Consaif my inwart thocht within your mynd.

*Finis [quod] Steill.*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>The author's name has been written afterwards, and perhaps by a different hand.

## CCXXXVI.

[*I wilbe plane, and Luse affane.*]

**I** WILBE plane, and luse affane, for as I mene, so tak me; Fol. 237. b.  
 Gif I refrane, for wo or pane, your luse certane, foirfaik me;  
 Gif trew report, to yow resort, of my gud port, so tak me;  
 Gif I exort, in evill fort, without confort, forfaik me.

Gif diligens, in your prefens, schaw my pretens, so tak me; 5  
 Gif negligens, in my absens, schaw my offens, forfaik me;  
 Youris and no mo, quhair evir I go, gif I so do, so tak me;  
 Gif I fle fro, and dois nocht so, evin as your so, foirfaik me.

Gif I do prufe, that I yow luf, nixt God abuse, so taik me;  
 Gif I remufe, fra your behufe, without excus, foirfaik me; 10  
 Be land or se, quhair evir I be, as ye fynd me, so tak me;  
 And gif I le, and from yow fle, ay quhill I de, forfaik me.

It is bot waift, mo wirdis to taift, ye haif my laift, so tak me;  
 Gif ye our cast, my lyf is past, ewin at the last, forfaik me;  
 My deir, adew, most cleir of hew, now on me rew, and so tak me; 15  
 Gif I perfew, and beis nocht trew, cheifsye ane new, and forfaik me.

[*Finis*] quod Scott.

## CCXXXVII.

[*Only to yow in Erd that I luse best.*]

**O**NLY to yow, in erd that I luse best,  
 I me commend ane hundreth thowfand fyifs,

Exorting yow, with penfyfe hairt opprest,  
 As ye ar scho quhom in my confort lyifs,  
 Gif I misvfe my pen or done dispyfs, 5  
 Ocht at this tyme, will God, I fall amend,  
 Protesting this ballat ye attend.

Sum luvaris thame delytis till indyte  
 Fair facound speich, blandit with eloquence,  
 And vthir sum dois sett thair wit perfyte, 10  
 To pleifs thair ladeis with all thair diligens;  
 Sum luffaris wantis, throw thair negligens,  
 For falt of speich, the lufe of his maiftres,  
 Without hir witting in distres.

As to my pairte, my lusty lady schene, 15  
 Throw laik of speich, I thoill rycht grit distres,  
 Bayth nycht and day, hard perfit to the splene,  
 With deidly dert, and can find no redres;  
 Thus me behuffis my panis to expres,  
 Or than knaw rycht weill, but wirdis moir, 20  
 That crewell dert outthrow my hart wald boir.

Rathir nor smart, I mon my harme reweill  
 To yow, my hairt, quha ma my baillis beit,  
 For, and ye start, adew all warldly weill;  
 Will ye rewart, my cairis ar compleit; 25  
 Tuiching your pairte, I prey yow be discreit,  
 For eftirwart, gif ye vpoun me rew,  
 Quhill deid depairte my lyfe, I falbe trew. Fol. 238. a.

Secreit alfwa, in every maner fort,  
 For weill nor wa, fall ony knaw our mynd, 30  
 Than be nocht thra, your fcherwand to confort,  
 Sum anschir ma, as ye ar gud and kynd,  
 That may me fra my langour appeill that is pynd,



And to fla me throw your negligence;  
This I yow pra, for your he excellens. 35

Adew, rycht trew, adew, my deireft hairt,  
Faireft of hew, for this tyme haif gud nycht;  
Remord and rew, and pondir weill my pairte,  
Sen I perfew nathing of yow bot rycht;  
Quhilk gif ye knew my mynd as it is plicht, 40  
Ye wald subdew your inwart thocht and mynd,  
And me refkew, quhilk for your lufe is pynd.

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

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CCXXXVIII.

[*My dullit Corfs dois hairtly recommend.*]

MY dullit corfs dois hairtly recommend  
My faythfull fcheruice vnto my lady bricht,  
Quhais hairt baid still, quhen I did wend  
Hir for to ferf both day and nycht.  
Sen that I am hir faythfull wicht, 5  
And luvis hir beft and evir fall,  
Till haif my hairt fcho hes moft rycht,  
Quhill deth fall cum and for me call.

Sen firft the tyme I did hir fe,  
Away fra me my hart it went 10  
Hir for to ferf baith day and nycht,  
Sen that the body nicht nocht be prefent.  
Thairfoir, my hairtly laidy gent,  
I yow befeik for conforting,

Quhilk hes bene deid, ay fen I went 15  
Out of your prefens, my awin fueit thing.

Sen that I may your prefens nocht obtene,  
Nowdir be day nor yit by nicht,  
My dolouris dowbillis, my woundis ar grene,  
In absens of the fairest wicht, 20  
That evir in erd wes to my sicht;  
Sen Tisby flane wes at the well,  
In bonty, bewty and cullour bricht,  
Aboif all vthir ye do precell.

Quhairfoir at laft, my fouerrane lady deir, 25  
I yow befeik, with hairt affectoufly,  
To wey thir wordis that I haif writtin heir,  
As wordis of wecht and nocht of wantie.  
Sen that ye ma me fatisfie Fol. 238. b.  
Of all my panis and me recure, 30  
Frome dulfull deth deliuer me,  
Or I be brocht in fepulture.

*Finis.*

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CCXXXIX.

[*O, lusty Flour of Yowth, benyng and bricht.*]

**O** LUSTY flour of yowth, benyng and bricht,  
Fresch blome of bewty, blythfull, brycht and schene,  
Fair, lufsum lady, gentill and discret,  
Yung brekand blofum, yit on the stalkis grene,  
Delytfum lilly, lusty for to be fene, 5  
Be glaid in hairt, and expell havinefs;

4 R

*[Faint, illegible text]*

Bair of blifs that evir so blycht hes bene;  
Dewoyd langour and leif in luftinefs.

Brycht fterne at morrow that dois the nycht hyn chace,  
Of luvis lychtfum lyfe and gyd, 10  
Lat no dirk clud abfent fro ws thy face,  
Nor lat no fable frome ws thy bewty hyd,  
That hes no confort quhair that we go or ryd,  
Bot to behald the beme of thi brychtnefs;  
Baneifs all baill and into blifs abyd; 15  
Dewoyd langour and leif in luftinefs.

Art thou plesand, lufy, yeing and fair,  
Full of all vertew and gud conditioun,  
Rycht nobill of blud, rycht wyifs and debonair,  
Honorable, gentill and faythfull of renoun, 20  
Liberall, lufsum and lufy of perfoun?  
Quhy fult thou than lat fadnefs the opprefs?  
In haire be blycht and lay all dolour doun;  
Dewoyd langour and leif in luftinefs.

I me commend, with all humilitie, 25  
Vnto thi bewty blisfull and bening,  
To quhome I am and fall ay fcherwand be,  
With fteidfaft haire and faythfull trew mening,  
Vnto the deid without depairting;  
For quhais faik I fall my pen addrefs, 30  
Sangis to mak for thy reconforting,  
That thou may leif in joy and luftinefs.

O, fair, fweit bloffum, now in bewty flouris,  
Vnfaidit bayth of cullour and vertew,  
Thy nobill lord that deid hes done devoir, 35  
Faid nocht with weping thy vilfage fair of hew;  
O lufsum, lufy lady, wyfe and trew,  
Caft out all<sup>1</sup> cair and confort do increfs,

<sup>1</sup> *Out all* repeated in MS.

Exyll all ficherand, on thy fcherwand rew;  
Dewoyd langour and lef in luftinefs. 40

*Finis.*

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CCXL.

[*Sueit Hairt, sen I your Freind only wes ay.*]

**S**UEIT hairt, sen I your freind only wes ay, Fol. 239. a.  
I windir quhy so fremmitly your say  
Frome me away ye do attray so tyte;  
I wald apply, quhen ye mercy wald pray;  
Your grace for thy I fall humily affey, 5  
Gif ye delay, and with ane ney me quyt;  
Of all my fyt on yow I ley me till affay,  
It is your pley, perfyte.

*Explicit.*

---

CCXLI.

[*My Hairt, repoifs the and the rest.*]

**M**Y hairt, repoifs the and the rest,  
In dolour be na langer dreft;  
Sen thow hes it thow luvis best,  
To be it thy baill,  
Quhilk is ane grund the gudlieft, 5  
With littill daill.

It passis far my wittis fyve,  
 Hir proper perform to discryve,  
 Bot the publiſt ſuperlatyve,  
                     To tell this taill;  
 Scho is the luſtieſt on lyve,  
                     With littill daill. 10

Hir pulchritud maift to pryis,  
 For fortoun hir no thing denyis,  
 In hir the fame of ladeis lyis,  
                     Withouthin faill;  
 Ane doucer thing may non devyis,  
                     With littill daill. 15

Qubair I wes wont for lufe to ſterue,  
 Quhilk did my hairt in pecis kerve,  
 And perſs throw every vane and nerve,  
                     Now I appeill;  
 For now but pane my lufe I ſerue,  
                     With littill deill. 20

For hir this lychtfull lyfe I leid,  
 Sen hir ſa courtly natur maid,  
 That weill I wait of womanheid,  
                     Scho beiris the bell;  
 I fall hir lufe till I be deid,  
                     With littill daill. 25 30

Scho is of ladeis principall,  
 That is or wes or yit be fall;  
 Ladeis reſſaif originall,  
                     Of hir alhaill,  
 That ſcho is gud and beſt of all,  
                     With littill daill. 35

That fouerane lady is so fueit,  
 Scho is the folace of my spreit,  
 Scho is my joy evin compleit,  
     I lufe hir weill; 40  
 I think this dafy moft difcreit,  
     With littill daill.

Becaufs I fand hir ay so fwaif,  
 Sic favour to that fueit I gaif,  
 That ay I fall hir honour faif, 45  
     And fchame confeill;  
 And for hir fake lufe all the laif,  
     With littill deill.

*Finis.*

---

CCXLII.

[*Rycht as the Glafs bene thirlit thrucht with Bemis.*]

**R**YCHT as the glafs bene thirlit thrucht with bemis Fol. 239. b.  
 Off Phebus fair prefulgent vifage bricht;  
 Or hornit Dyane, with hir paly glemis,  
 Perffis the cluddis fabill in the nicht;  
 And as the kocatrice keilis with hir ficht, 5  
 Rycht so the bewty of my lady ffoundis  
 Outthrowcht my breift, vnto my hairt redoundis.

Behaild how far cristall or diamant,  
 Jaffink, jasp, ruby, jem or criselleit,  
 Carbunkile, emmerauld, perle or athamant, 10  
 Turcas, topas, marbill or margareit,  
 Exceidis the barrat stonis in the streit;

In lyk wayis dois hir bewty vndegraid  
 Tranfcend all vthiris, wyfe, wedow or maid.

Espy richt fo how far the rofy gowlis 15  
 Paffis the wallowit weidis in the vaill;  
 Or found of lark aboif the revenous fowlis,  
 And fomerfday the nichtis hiemaill;  
 Or as ane galay gayeft vndir faill  
 Bene plefandar nor taikles boitis fmall; 20  
 So is my lady luftieft of all.

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

*Followis the Ballat of the Prayis of Wemen.*

CCXLIII.

[*I marvell of thir vane, fantaftik Men.*]

**I** MARVELL of thir vane, fantaftik men,  
 The quhilk haldis wemen in abhominatioun,  
 The veritie and trewth thay do misken,  
 Thruch thair obdurat obftinatioun;  
 Devulgant thair intoxicatt blasphematioun, 5  
 To dimegrat fair wemenis honest lyfe,  
 To quhome God hes fchawin lufe superlatyfe.

Ane woman till ane man is fop and feill,  
 Ane woman is the confort of his fpreit,  
 Ane woman is till him baith welth and weill, 10  
 Ane woman is his helth and joy compleit;  
 Wemen to men as lyk the fuccour fueit;

And he that fayis of wemen ony mis  
Ar nocht condigne to haif the hevynis blifs.

I can nocht wryt nor yit can I reherfs 15  
The noble holy wemen that hes bene, Fol. 240.a.  
The quhilkis in every vertew did converfs,  
As in to diuerfs volumes may be sene;  
Marteiris, virgenis and mony holy quene,  
As in the Goldin Legend men may reid, 20  
And als Plutarqus reherffis of thair deid.

Quha was mair noble nor Penthesillie,  
That riche tryvmphand quene of Amasone?  
To Troy scho brocht ane plesand chevallrie,  
Of fair ladeis armit frome ta to croun, 25  
To revenge Hector, that grit campione;  
With ane bow torquefs diuerfs Greikis did scho kill,  
Syne flane be Pirrus, sone to ferfs Achill.

And Samarus, the quene of Silhia,  
Hir sone wafs flane be Cirus that rud; 30  
Betuix twa hillis scho slewe Cirus that day,  
Syne patt his heid in ane pype full of blud;  
Sayand till it, Drynk, gif thow thinkis it gud,  
For of menis blud thow had evir ane grit thrift,  
Thairfoir thow may drink now quhill that thow burst. 35

Off Cassandra quhat fall I specifie?  
Off fair ladeis scho was the flour of Troy;  
Scho was wyce and expert in profecie,  
Sayand that Helene, quhilk was hir bruderis joy,  
That hir cuming fra Greice wald breid grit noy; 40  
And als the Troganis blude wald weip and mvrne,  
Bot gif agane to Greice that scho returne.

And fair Constans, the quhilk was borne in Creit,  
Was rest be forfs, be perrattis of the sie,



Siclyk Hippo of Greice, that lady fweit; 45  
 Than the briggandis pretendit haiftallie,  
 To fpulye thame of thair virginitie,  
 Bot thay lap baith to the fe grund in deid,  
 To faif thair honour and thair womanheid.

Penelope, quhilk wafs Vlixes wyfe, 50  
 May be ane perle and mirrour in ilk land;  
 Scho was oft manneift for to losf hir lyfe,  
 Or ellis consent to tak hir ane hufband,  
 That tyme Vlixes was in prefone band;  
 Yit prudentlie fcho keipit weill hir fame, 55  
 Quhill that hir lord Vlixes wes cum hame.

Off Lucrefs to tell the pvdicitie;  
 Quhen Sextus Torquene violat hir be forfs,  
 Than for hir hufband Collatyne fend fche,  
 And for hir freyndis, quha come on fute and horfs, 60  
 In quhais prefens fcho fraik thrucht hir corfs  
 Ane fcherp dagar, quhilk fcho had at that tyme,  
 To fchaw hir clene of Tarquynis defolut cryme.

Fol. 240. b.

Ane fervent luv had the cheft Julia,  
 Quhilk was the fpowfit wyfe of grit Pompie, 65  
 Quhen fcho beheld the blude rob on ane da,  
 Off hir hufband that was flane crewalie,  
 In till Egipt be yung King Ptholomye,  
 The bludy ficht gart hir pairt with quick chyild,  
 And instantlie fell doun deid on the feild. 70

And Hipfcratis fuld nocht be foryett;  
 Off Pontho fcho was ane excellent quene;  
 Pompeyus vincuft hir lord Medredett,  
 Quha fled away for he durft nocht be fene;  
 Than fcho cled hir in armour brycht and fchene, 75  
 And raid on horfbak lyk ane velyiant knycht,  
 For to defend hir hufband day and nicht.

And Semeramis quene of Serrie,  
Scho facht in battell lyk ane campione,  
In menis clething and harnes cled was sche, 80  
To deffend hir yung sone Deminone;  
Scho conquiest the grit toun of Babilone,  
And ane pairt of Ethiopia and Ynd,  
Thairfoir scho was bayth velyiant, wyfe and kynd.

Fair Portia, quhilk was Brutus wyfe, 85  
Hir nobilnes was but comparefone;  
Quhen scho hard tell hir husband lost his lyfe,  
And flane was on the feildis of Macedone,  
To tell hir wo it is confusione,  
Scho patt in till hir mowth hett coilis of fyre, 90  
For Brutus faik scho brunt hir bane and lyre.

In humane lettres quha wes mair expert  
Nor Nicotratt dochtir of Jouyus;  
And fair Sapho in poetre and art  
Quha did compyle vercis compendius; 95  
And Aspacia, scho was rycht curius  
In to philofaphe in Athanes,  
Within the achademia of Socrates.

And nane was moir expert in poetre  
Nor was Amasia and Affrainia; 100  
Tha twa in Rome had grit awtoritie  
Befoir the senat to pleid every day,  
In grit materis contendand to and fray;  
The ciuill lawis thay ladeis had perqueir,  
And in prettik thay had no maik nor peir. 105

Arthemesia, dochtir of Mowfalus, Fol. 241. a.  
Scho weipit foir the deid of hir husband,  
Spyfand his flesche with droggis delicious,  
And brak his bonis in pulder small as sand,

*I MARVELL OF THIR VANE, FANTASTIK MEN.*

Of quhilk scho pat ane portioun with hir hand, 110  
Within ane glaſs to drink quhill it mycht laſt,  
In remembrance of hir lord that was paſt.

And Alceſtes, quhilk was Admetus wyfe,  
And dochtir of Perill of Theſalie;  
Appollo ſaid hir lord wald loſs his lyfe, 115  
And but remeid richt haiftaly wald de,  
Bot gif ſum of his freyndis ſa kynd wald be,  
To de for him or ellis none was remeid;  
Than Alceſt for his ſaik reſſaut the deid.

And vthiris, als hes bene innvmerable, 120  
Of holy ladeis of grit grawetie;  
The ten Cibillis, prophetis honerable;  
And Cornelia full of abilitie;  
The fervent kyndnes of Ypſiphilie,  
Queen that ſcho ſaiffit hir fader fra the deid; 125  
And Hepoleit that conquiſt mony ſteid.

Meduſa, Dido and fair Argia;  
And Orchia in battellis that was bold;  
And of Colquhofs the riche quene Medea, 130  
The quhilk gart Jaſone win the fleiſch of gold;  
And Camilla, non fairar on the mold;  
And als the holy veſtall Claudea;  
With Mercia, Lena and Sulpicia.

And in the Bybill may be red and ſene 135  
Diuerſis holy women honerable;  
The wyfe of Noy, moir juſt thair hes non bene;  
And Sara was baith meik and cheretable;  
And Lia was manſweit and affable;  
And Rebecca to God was richt pleſand;  
And cheſt Suſan that brak noch Godis command. 140

Off Raab, Estir and of Denora;  
And pudis Cathrye, of faith lamp and lycht;  
Margaret Cecill and Sanct Barbara;  
With holy virgynis quhilk to deid wes dicht.  
Allace, men ar fals blindit in thair sicht, 145  
Quhen thay haif contrair wemen purchest feid,  
Sen wemen ar to men supreme and heid.

Bot sum mischevoufs men, but law or richt,  
Be maleifs fell thay do le and bakbytt, Fol. 241. b.  
Detractand honest wemen day and nicht, 150  
Be diuerfs fortis of injureis and dispyt;  
Callumnyand that wemen had the wytt  
Off all the grittest crymes that hes bene done,  
Sen God creat the warld, lift, sone and mone.

And for probatioun of thair argument, 155  
Thay first allege ane fryvoll vanitie;  
How Medea of ane crewale intent  
Hir twa childryne with hir handis gart de;  
And Daid, thruch counsale of Bersabie,  
In battell gart Vries los his lyfe; 160  
And Sanct Johine flane thruch counsale of Herrodis wyfe.

And Hercules poysonit be Deianyra;  
And Helene brocht on Troy distructioun;  
And Sampson betrafit be Dalida;  
And the idolatre of Salamoun, 165  
Proceidit of wemenis perfwasioun;  
And Sarra, as the Scriptour vndirstandis,  
Was caufs of the deid of hir fevin husbandis.

Allace, this is ane strenge and piteous cace,  
Of thir detrakkaris mast abhominable; 170  
How fra the trewth thay thraw the richt face,  
Be ane fals glos, vyle and detestable,

For to defame fair ladeis honerable;  
 Bot yit the trewth will ay remane perfynt,  
 Quhilk will devulgat wicket menis dispynt. 175

Firft quhair thay mak ane allegatioun,  
 How the twa fonis of Medea war flane;  
 Medea had ane honest excufatioun,  
 For fals Jafone was the caufs for certane,  
 Quha did repud and lichtly hir in plane; 180  
 Than to revenge hir on his crewaltie,  
 His twa yung fonis with hir handis scho gart de.

And quhair that men allegis tyme and tyd,  
 That Vrias was flane thrucht Barfabie,  
 King Daidid gart commit that homicyd, 185  
 For to fulfill his luft of lichery;  
 And as to Hercules that was gart de,  
 Addultre was tynfall of his lyfe,  
 With Yolee, quhilk was nocht his awin wyfe.

Sampfone, that was betrafit as thay fa, 190  
 The caufs of it was thruch his luft maift vyle,  
 He fowld nocht haif gevin trest to Dalyda,  
 Becausis scho wes ay of ane vicious style; Fol. 242. a  
 Thairfoir I think scho did him nocht begyle;  
 Howbeit that cryme procedit of hir mynd, 195  
 For dowltefs huris dois no thing bot thair kynd.

Off holy Sarra na man fowld speik evill,  
 Howbeit hir fevin husbandis war all flane,  
 For that mischeif procedit of the devill,  
 For thair awin synnis, as the Bybill makis plane; 200  
 And as to Salamone, that king of mane,  
 Wemen caufit nocht his ydolatre,  
 Bot rathir it was his vyle lichery.

All thir exampillis ar experiens,  
That wemen ar nocht caufs of sic fowll crymis, 205  
Bot rathir men, be blynd intelligens,  
Abbusit hes thame self at diuers tymis;  
Than for dispyt thay conpyle prose and rymis,  
Accusand wemen of thair womanheid,  
For till excufe thame self of thair vyle deid. 210

And fa wemen ar lyk the fillie scheip  
Among the wolffis, quhilk dois thame kill and bytt,  
Thairfoir thay haif grit caufs to mvrne and weip,  
Becaus ill men dois thame schame and dispyt;  
Bot cowl'd gud wemen sett furth bukis and wryt, 215  
Thay could excufe thair innocens and fame,  
And als thay could accuse men to thair schame.

Quhat can we of thame speik bot gud and weill,  
For without thame we wald haif nevir bene borne;  
Wemen till ws is succour, sence and feill, 220  
And for our saikis oft tymes thay suffir scorne;  
War nocht thair birth the warld had bene forlorne,  
Thairfoir all men fowld sett thair haill intent,  
To be to wemen ay obedient.

Had I the riches of king Darius, 225  
Or of king Midas had I half the gold,  
Or half the tressour of king Tantalus,  
Or half the landis that Alexander did hold,  
Or war I in to battell half so bald,  
As Goddefred or valyeant Anniball, 230  
Or Scipio quhilk Affrik conquest all;

Than I fowld be all wemenis campione,  
To be defendar of thair womanheid,  
And pafs, thrucht mony vncowth regione,  
To Holy Land, quhair Cryft was quick and deid, 235

To flay thame that hes contrair wemen feid; Fol. 242.b.  
 And on my speir, in takin of grit lufe,  
 I fowld gar hing ane womanis richt hand gluve.

*Finis, quod Weddirburne.*

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CCXLIV.

[*Vp, helfum Hairt, thy Rutis rais and lowp.*]

V P, helfum hairt, thy rutis rais and lowp,  
 Exalt and clym within my breift in staige;  
 Art thow nocht wantoun, haill and in gud howp,  
 Fermit in grace and free of all thirlaige,  
 Bathing in blifs and fett in hie curaige? 5  
 Braifit in joy, no falt may the affray,  
 Having thy ladeis hart as heretaige,  
 In blenche ferme for ane fallat every May:  
 So neidis thow nocht now fussy, fytt nor sorrow,  
 Sen thow art fure of follace evin and morrow. 10

Thow, Cupeid, rewardit me with this,  
 I am thy awin trew liege withowt treffone;  
 Thair levis no man in moir eifs, welth and blifs;  
 I knaw no ficing, fadnes nor yit foun,  
 Walking, thocht, langour, lamentatioun, 15  
 Dolor, dispair, weiping nor jelosye:  
 My breift is woyd and purgit of puffoun,  
 I feill no pane, I haif no purgatorye,  
 Bot peirles, perfytt paradifall plefour,  
 With mirry hairt and mirthfulnes but mefoure. 20

My lady, lord, thow gaif me for to hird,  
 Within myne armes I nureifs on the nycht,  
 Kissing, I say, my bab, my tendir bird,  
 Sweit maiftres, lady luffe and lusty wicht,  
 Steir, rewill and gyder of my fenffis richt. 25  
 My voice surmontis the sapheir cludis hie,  
 Thanking grit God of that tressour and micht;  
 I coft hir deir, bot scho fer derrer me,  
 Quhilk hafard honor, fame, in aventure,  
 Committing clene hir corfe to me in cure. 30

In oteris cloifs we kifs, and coffis hairtis,  
 Brynt in defyre of amouris play and sport;  
 Meittand our lustis, spreitles we twa depairtis. Fol. 243. a.  
 Prolong with lasar, lord, I the exhort,  
 Sic tyme that we may both tak our confort, 35  
 First for to sleip, syne walk without espyis;  
 I blame the cok, I plene the nicht is schort;  
 Away I went, my wache the cufchett cryis,  
 Wiffing all luvaris leill to haif sic chance,  
 That thay may haif ws in remembrance. 40

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

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CCXLV.

[*Quhair Luve is kendlit confortles.*]

QUHAIR luve is kendlit confortles,  
 Thair is no fever half so fell;  
 Fra Cupeid kest<sup>1</sup> his dert be gefs,  
 I had na hap to faif my fell;

<sup>1</sup> Originally *kast*.



Lyik as my wofull hairt can tell 5  
 My invart panis and ficing fair,  
 For weill I watt the panis of hell  
 Vnto my pane is nocht compair.

For ony mellady ye ma ken,  
 Except peuir lue or than stark deid, 10  
 Help may be had fra handis of men,  
 Throw meddecynis to mak remeid;  
 For harmes of body, handis and heid,  
 The pottingaris will purge the panis,  
 Bot all the membaris ar at feid, 15  
 Quhair that the law of lufe remanis.

As Tantalus in water standis,  
 To stanche his thrifty appetyte,  
 Bevaling body, heid and handis,  
 The revar flyis him in dispyte; 20  
 So dois my lusty lady quhyte,  
 Scho flyis the place quhair I repair;  
 To hungry men is small delyte,  
 To twiche the meit and eit na mair.

The nar the flamb the hettar fyre, 25  
 The moir I pyne yit I perfew;  
 The moir enkendillis my desyre,  
 Fra I behawld hir hevinly hew.  
 Peuir Piramus him self he slew,  
 Maid fawle and body to diffaver, 30  
 He dyit bot anis, fairweill, adew,  
 I dayly de, and dyis never.

Yit Jafone did inioy Medea, Fol. 243.b.  
 And Theseus gat Adriane,  
 Dido diffavid was with Enea, 35  
 And Demophon to his lady wan.

Gif wemen trowid sic tratouris than,  
For till enioy the fructs of lwfe,  
Quhy wald ye flay your faikles man,  
Quha myndis nevir for to remwfe? 40

The ferfs Achill, ane wirthy knicht,  
Was flane for luve, the fwth to fay;  
Leander, on ane stormy nicht,  
Dyit fleittand the fludis gray.  
Trew Troyallus, he langorit ay, 45  
Still waitand for his luvis returne,  
Had nocht sic pyne, it was bot play,  
As daylie dois my body burne.

As Poill to pyllattis dois appeir,  
Moir brichttar than the starris abowt, 50  
So dois your visage schyne als cleir,  
As rose amang the rafschell rowt.  
War Paris levand now, no dowl,  
And had the goldin ball to serve,  
I wait he wald fone waill yow owt, 55  
And leif baith Venus and Minerve.

Now paper pas and at hir speir,  
Gif pleifs hir prudence to impreinttit;  
My faithfull hairt I fend it heir,  
In signe of paper I presenttit. 60  
Wald God my body war formenttit,  
That I nicht serve hir grace but glammer;  
To be hir knaif I am contenttit,  
Or smallest varlet in hir chammer.

*Finis.*

*L'Invoy.*

The hairt did think, the hand did frem, 65  
The body fend to yow the sam.

[*Finis.*]

## CCXLVI.

[*Gife Langour makis Men licht.*]

|   |                               |              |
|---|-------------------------------|--------------|
| G | IFE langour makis men licht,  | Fol. 244. a. |
|   | Or dolour thame decoir,       |              |
|   | In erth thair is no wicht     |              |
|   | May me compair in gloir.      |              |
|   | Gif cairfull thoftis reftoir  | 5            |
|   | My havy hairt frome sorrow,   |              |
|   | I am for evirmoir             |              |
|   | In joy, both evin and morrow. |              |
|   |                               |              |
|   | Gif plessour be to pance,     |              |
|   | I playnt me nocht opprest,    | 10           |
|   | Or abfence nicht awance,      |              |
|   | My hairt is haill poffest.    |              |
|   | Gif want of quiet reft        |              |
|   | Frome cairis nicht me convoy, |              |
|   | My mynd is nocht mollest,     | 15           |
|   | Bot evirmoir in joy.          |              |
|   |                               |              |
|   | Thocht that I pance in pane,  |              |
|   | In paffing to and fro,        |              |
|   | I laubor all in vane,         |              |
|   | For fo hes mony mo,           | 20           |
|   | That hes nocht fcheruit fo,   |              |
|   | In futing of thair fueit;     |              |
|   | The nar the fyre I go,        |              |
|   | The grittar is my heit.       |              |
|   |                               |              |
|   | The turtour for hir maik      | 25           |
|   | Mair dule may nocht indure,   |              |

Nor I do for hir faik;  
Evin hir quha hes in cure  
My hart, quhilk falbe sure,  
And fcheruice to the deid, 30  
Vnto that lady pure,  
The well of womanheid.

Schaw schedull to that fueit,  
My pairt fo permanent,  
That no mirth quhill we meit 35  
Sall caufs me be content;  
Bot still my hairt lament,  
In forrowfull ficing soir,  
Till tyme scho be present;  
Fairweill, I fay no moir. 40

*Finis quod* King Hary Stewart.

---

CCXLVII.

[*How suld my febill Body fure?*]

HOW fuld my febill body fure, Fol. 244. b.  
The dowble dolour I indure?  
The mornyng and the grit mallure  
Can nane devyne,  
Quhilk garris my bailfull breift conbure, 5  
To se ane vthir haif the cure,  
That fuld be<sup>1</sup> myne.

For weill I wait wes nevir wicht  
Wald fa inforfs his mynd and mycht,  
To lufe and ferf his lady bricht, 10  
And want hir fyne;

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *by*.

1000

1000

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For nobillis hes nocht ay renown,  
 Nor gentillis ay the gayest gown;  
 Thay cary victuallis to the toun, 45  
     That werft dois dyne;  
 Sa biffely to busk I boun,  
 Ane vthir eit is the berry down,  
     That suld be myn.

Quha wald the rege of yowtheid dant, 50  
 Lat thame the court of luvaris hant,  
 And than as Venus subiect grant,  
     And keip hir tryme;  
 Perchance thay fall find freindschip skant,  
 And abill thair rewaird to want, 55  
     As I did myne.

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

---

CCXLVIII.

[*Ane Laid may luse ane Leddy of Estait.*]

ANE laid may luse ane ledgy of estait,  
 Ane lord ane las; luse hes no vdir law.  
 Quha can vndo that is predestinat?  
 Oft fyifs for luse the lynnage lichtis law,  
 Rycht as the sone schynis on the sudly schaw, 5  
 And eik the rane vpoun the ryell rofs,  
 Sa aft tymis luse cheifs ane vnlyk choifs.

*Finis.*

## CCXLIX.

*[Marvilling in Mynd, quhat ailis Fortoun at me.]*

**M**ARVILLING in mynd, quhat ailis fortoun at me, Fol. 245.a.  
 And I ane scherwand trew both day and nycht;  
 I am bot deid sic dolour for to dre,  
 So suddanly exylit frome hir sycht.  
 In all this world thair is no erdly wycht 5  
 Moir fre, moir fremmit, moir trest and eik moir trew;  
 Sen I mon de, adew, luvaris, adew.

Dame Natur, I the wyt of all my pane,  
 That formit hes this flour so fair but feir;  
 All vertew in hir vifage dois remane, 10  
 Bot merciles I go from yeir to yeir.  
 Scho is allon of price withouttin peir;  
 This ryall rofs will nocht vpoun me rew;  
 Sen I mon de, adew, luvaris, adew.

My dullit hairt but dout may nocht indure, 15  
 My pane but peir, it perffis throw my hairt;  
 My lady fair of me scho takis no cure,  
 Bot thoillis me to de in panis smart.  
 O, Venus, quene, thow caufs hir mynd rewart,  
 For be the graue first lufe in to me grew; 20  
 Sen I mon de, adew, luvaris, adew.

Now lat my<sup>1</sup> lady do quhat evir scho will,  
 Baith trest and trew my hairt fall nevir felye;  
 Small honor is hir scherwand for to spill,  
 Sen that my deth to hir may nocht awailye. 25  
 Ane blenk of hir but dout wald mak me haill;  
 My hairt is gon, my face is paill of hew;  
 Sen I mon de, adew, luvaris, adew.

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *me*.

Addew, addew, my dule and my delyte;  
 Adew, fair weill, my freind and eik my fo; 30  
 Adew, my pane and plefans moft perfyte;  
 Addew, addew, my weill and eik my wo.  
 Fairweill, for now for euirmoir I go;  
 Fairweill, I will my fepultur perfew;  
 Sen I mon de, addew, luvaris, adew. 35

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

---

CCL.

[*Pansing in Hairt with Spreit opprest.*]

PANSING in hairt with spreit opprest,  
 This hindirnycht bygon,  
 My corps for walking wes molest,  
 For lufe only of on.  
 Allace, quhome to fuld I mak mon, 5  
 Sen this come to lait?  
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,  
 That kendillis our het.  
 Hir bewty and hir maikles maik,  
 Dois reif my spreit me fro, 10  
 And cauffis me no rest to tak,  
 Bot tumlyng to and fro.  
 My curage than is hence ago,  
 Sen I may nocht hir gett;  
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe, 15  
 That kendillis our hett.  
 Hir first to luf quhen I began,  
 I trowd scho luvit me,



Bot I, allace, wes nocht the man, Faint  
 That best pleifit hir e. 20  
 Thairfoir will I lat dolour be,  
 And gang ane vthir gett;  
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,  
 That kendillis our hett.

Firft quhen I keft my fantefy, 25  
 Thair fermly did I ftand,  
 And howpit weill that fcho fuld be  
 All haill at my command.  
 Bot fuddanly fcho did ganeftand,  
 And contrair maid debait; 30  
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,  
 That kendillis our hett.

Hir proper makdome fo perfyt,  
 Hir vifage cleir of hew,  
 Scho raiffis on me fic appetyte, 35  
 And cauffis me hir perfew.  
 Allace, fcho will nocht on me rew,  
 Nor gre with myne eftait;  
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,  
 That kendillis our hett. 40

Sen fcho hes left me in diftrefs,  
 In dolour and in cair,  
 Without I get fum vthir grace,  
 My lyfe will left no mair.  
 Scho is our proper, trym and fair, 45  
 Ane trew hairt to ourfett;  
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,  
 That kendillis our hett.

Suld I ly doun in havinefs,  
 I think it is bot vane, 50

I will get vp with mirrinels,  
 And cheifs alfs gud agane.  
 Foir I will maik to yow plane,  
 My hairt it is ourfett;  
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe, 55  
 That kendillis our hett.

No, no, I will nocht trow as yit,  
 That scho will leif me fo,  
 Nor yit that scho will chenge or flit,  
 As thocht scho be my fo. 60  
 Thairfoir will I lat dolour go,  
 And gang ane vthir gait;  
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,  
 That kendlis our haitt.

[*Finis*] *quod* Fethe.

---

CCLI.

[*Depairte, depairte, depairte.*]

DEPAIRTE, depairte, depairte,  
 Allace, I moft depairte  
 Frome her that hes my hart,  
     With hairt full foir,  
 Aganis my will in deid, 5  
 And can find no remeid;  
 I wait the panis of deid  
     Can do no moir.

Now moft I go, allace,  
 Frome ficht of hir fueit face, 10  
 The grund of all my grace,  
     And fouerane;

*DEPAIRTE. DEPAIRTE, DEPAIRTE.*

~~What~~ ~~things~~ that may fall me  
~~And~~ I never mirry be,  
~~And~~ the tyme I fe  
My fweit agane.

15

I go, and wait nocht quhair,  
I wandir heir and thair,  
I verp and fuchis rycht fair,  
With panis smart:  
Now moft I pafs away, away,  
In wildirnefs and wilfum way;  
Allace, this wofull day  
We fuld depairte.

20

My fpreit dois quaik for dreid,  
My thirlit hairt dois bleid,  
My panis dois exceid;  
Quhat fuld I fay?  
I, wofull wycht, allone,  
Makand ane petoufs mone;  
Allace, my hairt is gone,  
For evir and ay.

25

Throw langour of my fueit,  
So thirlit is my fpreit,  
My dayis ar moft compleit,  
Throw hir abfence:  
Chryft, fen fcho knew my fmert,  
Ingrawit in my hairt,  
Becaus I moft depairte  
Frome hir prefens.

35

40

Adew, my awin fueit thing,  
My joy and conforting,  
My mirth and follefing  
Of erdly gloir:

Fol. 246a.

Fair weill, my lady bricht, 45  
 And my remembrance rycht;  
 Fair weill and haif gud nycht;  
 I fay no moir.

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott *off the Maiftir of Erskyn.*

---

CCLII.

[*That evir I luvit, allace thairfoir.*]

THAT evir I luvit, allace thairfoir,  
 This to be pynit with panis foir,  
 Thirlit throw every vane and boir,  
 Without offenfs;  
 Chryft fend remeid, I fay no moir, 5  
 Bot pacienfs.

Griffal was nevir fo pacient,  
 As I am for my lady gent,  
 For in my mynd I fo imprent  
 Hir excellenfs, 10  
 That of my deid I am content,  
 With pacienfs.

How lang fall I this lyfe inleid,  
 That for hir faik to suffer deid,  
 But confort of hir gudly heid, 15  
 Or yit prefens;  
 I fay no moir, Chryft fend remeid  
 With pacienfs.

On paciens I mon perforfs,  
 Sen that I go frome weill to worfs, 20

Exporting Chryſt iend hir remoris,  
 Of conſciens,  
 Sa crewaly heſ keild my corſ,  
 But paciens.

Paciens ourcumis all, 25  
 And is ane vertew principall:  
 Sen I am bund to leiſ in thrall,  
 With inſolens,  
 I mon ſuſtene quhat ſo befall,  
 With paciens. 30

But paciens, I yow aſſure,  
 Nane may the panis of luſe indure,  
 Nor yit in to that luſty bour  
 Mak reſidens,  
 Without thay preiſ baith fueit and four, 35  
 With paciens.

Luſe is maid of ſic ane kynd,  
 That be na forſ it may be fynd,  
 Bot only be of hummill mynd,  
 With permanens, 40  
 To thoill ſuppois the hairt be pynd,  
 With paciens.

*Finis quod* Scott.

CCLIII.

[*So fremmit is my Fortoun and my Werd.*]

SO fremmit is my fortoun and my werd,  
 That all my lyfe I leiſ in diſplefour,

My cairfull corps can tak no reft in erd;  
 How fuld I leif or yit my lyfe indure,  
 For lufe of on my hairt hes no recure? 5  
 I am forlorne without scho me redrefs;  
 Mercy I cry on my sweit lady pure,  
 For to haif mynd on my wofull diftrefs.

Thair is no ranfoun may me lowfs nor bynd,  
 Nor yit no confort may expell my wo, 10  
 Seikand remeid quhair nane that I can fynd  
 Of hir my freind and eik my fremmit fo. Fol.246.b.  
 Langour I haif, quhair evir I ryd or go;  
 Hairtles I am, for flewth twichis me fo;  
 My wofull hairt, quhy briftis thow nocht in two, 15  
 And makis ane end of my mifchevous wo?

Quhair is the fwerd that perfet Pirus,  
 In abfens of his lady Tifby?  
 Mair wo, I wait, dreid nevir Troyelus,  
 Nor I for hir quhilk cauffis me to de. 20  
 O crewall fwerd, O fcherp aduerfitie,  
 Cum perfs me throw, fen I can nocht abftene;  
 My lament cauffis my wofull diftany,  
 My woundis ar awld and daly waxis grene.

My forrowfull ene ar blyndit with my teiris, 25  
 Throw ardent lufe of my sweit cheif maiftrefs,  
 Yit in hir hart no signe of rewth appeiris,  
 Bot wilfull will bandit with crewalnes;  
 And yit my hart ourfett with havinefs  
 Sall fermly ftand with hir in all maneir; 30  
 In weill, in wo, in mirth and in diftrefs,  
 I fall thus end hir wofull prefoneir.

O Atrapus, quhilk hes my threid neir worn,  
 Cum fhort my lyfe and end my grevous pane;

Sen that my deid remedyles is fworn, 35  
 On to I de in wo quotidian,  
 Cum cutt my threid and lat me nocht remane,  
 Sen of my lyfe I irk throw displefur:  
 Chryft, fen my corps that nycht and day is fane  
 Seifit wer fur in to my fepultur. 40

*Finis.*

---

CCLIV.

[*Oppressit Hairt indure.*]

OPPRESSIT hairt indure  
 In dolour and diftrefs,  
 Wappit without recure  
 In wo remidilefs;  
 Sen fcho is mercilefs, 5  
 And cauffis all thy smert,  
 Quhilk fuld thy dolour drefs;  
 Indure, oppressit hairt.

Perforfs tak paciens,  
 And dre thy deftany, 10  
 To lufe but recompens  
 Is grit perplexitie;  
 Of thyne aduerfitie  
 Wyt thy felf and no mo,  
 For quhen that thou wes fre 15  
 Thou wald nocht hald the fo.

Thow langit ay to prufe  
 The strenth of luvis lair,  
 And quhat kin thing wes lufe,  
 Quhilk now fettis the fo fair; 20

Off all thy wo and cair  
It mendis the nocht to mene,  
Howbeid thow fuld forfair,  
Thy self the caufs hes bene.

Quhen thow wes weill at eifs,  
And subiect to no wicht,  
Thow hir for lufe did cheifs,  
Quhilk settis thy lufe at licht;  
And thocht thow knew hir slicht,  
Yit wald thow [nocht<sup>1</sup>] refrane,  
Thairfoir it is bot rycht  
That thow indure the pane.

25 Fol. 247. a.

30

Bot yit my corps, allace,  
Is wrangusly opprest  
Be the in to this cace,  
And brocht to grit wanrest.  
Quhy fuld it so be drest  
Be the and daly pynd,  
Quhilk still it ay detest  
Thy wantoun folich mynd?

35

40

The blenkyne of ane e  
Ay gart the guf<sup>2</sup> and glaik,  
My body bad lat be,  
And of thy ficing slaik;  
Thow wald nocht rest bot raik,  
And lair the in the myre,  
Yit felyeit thow to faik  
That thow did maist defyre.

45

Thocht thow do murn and weip,  
With inwart spreit opprest,  
Quhen vthir men takis sleip,  
Thow wantis the nychtis rest;

50

<sup>1</sup> *Nocht* evidently omitted in MS. <sup>2</sup> Might be read *guf*.



Scho quhome thow luvis best  
 Off the takis littill thocht,  
 Thy wo and grit wanrest 55  
 And cair scho countis nocht.

Thairfoir go hens in haift  
 My langour to lament,  
 Do nocht my body waift,  
 Quhilk nevir did consent; 60  
 And thocht thow wald repent  
 That thow hir hes perfewit,  
 Yit man thow stand content,  
 And drynk that thow hes brewit.

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

CCLV.

[*Leif Luvé, and lat me leif allone.*]

LEIF luvé, and lat me leif allone  
 At libertie, subiect to none,  
 For it may weill be sene vpon  
 My bludlefs blaiknit ble,  
 The tormenting in tyme bygon, 5  
 That skerfs hes left bot skin and bon,  
 Throw fremitnefs of the.

For thruch thy feid I fynd exprefs  
 My only lady mercilefs,  
 Sa doggitlefs scho did me drefs, 10  
 With wo and misery;

Quhen scho had welth and wantounes,  
 I had bot dollour and distrefs,  
     Throw fremmitnefs of the.

To confort hir thow wes inclynd, 15  
 And hald my murnyng in my mynd,  
 I fand hir of ane staffage kynd,  
     Bath staitly, strange and he;  
 Scho wes vncurtafs and vnkynd,  
 It wes hir play to see me pynd, 20  
     Throw fremmitnefs of the.

Thow held hir curage he on loft, Fol. 247. b.  
 And ted my tendir hairt lyk toft,  
 I know how costly I wes coft,  
     Quhen scho yeid frankand fre; 25  
 Thow sufferit hir to fleip full soft,  
 Quhair mirthles I wes marterit oft,  
     Throw fremitnefs of the.

Cupeid, thow kennis I burd to know  
 The langfum leving in thy law, 30  
 Bot this is nocht the first ourthraw,  
     That thow hes done to me;  
 Bot of the now I stand nocht aw,  
 Sen reffoun dois my benner blaw  
     Aganis the feid of the. 35

This lady is so gud ane gyd,  
 Scho lattis me nevir gang on fyd,  
 Bot teichis me both tyme and tyd,  
     Retent<sup>1</sup> befoir myne e,  
 Quhome in to lippin and confyd; 40  
 I slip and lattis all ourflyd  
     Aganis the feid of the.

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

<sup>1</sup> This word may be read *Recent*.

## CCLVI.

[*Thocht I in grit Distress.*]

**T**HOCHT I in grit distrefs  
 Suld de in to dispair,  
 I can get no redrefs  
 Of yow my lady fair;  
 Howbeid my tyme I wair, 5  
 Alhaill in your scherwyce,  
 Ye compt nocht of my cair,  
 I fynd yow ay so nyce.

It dois yow ay delyt  
 To wit me in distrefs, 10  
 Sic is your haill dispyt,  
 And grit vnfathfulness;  
 The mair I do me drefs  
 To be at your devyce,  
 My guerdoun is the lefs, 15  
 I find yow ay so nyfs.

Ay tresting for to speid,  
 I haif my harte ourset,  
 Quhair that I fynd bot feid  
 My langour for to lett; 20  
 I seik the watter hett,  
 In vndir the cauld yce,  
 Quhair na regaird I gett,  
 I fynd yow ay so nyfs.

Belevand ay for grace, 25  
 I hald my hart on loft,  
 Bot now I say allace  
 That evir I it focht;

I fynd your fenyeit thocht  
Vncertane as the dyce, 30  
Thairfoir I compt it nocht,  
I fynd yow ay so nyce.

Lang tyme ye haif me pruffit,  
And evir fund me trew,  
Bot now that I haif luvit, 35  
Rycht fair I may it rew;  
Firft quhen I did perfew,  
I wont ye had bene wyfs,  
Bot now fair weill, adew,  
I fynd yow ay so nyfs. 40

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

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CCLVII.

[*Quhat art thou, Lufe, for till allow.*]

QUHAT art thou, Lufe, for till allow Fol. 248. a  
Hes brocht me now in to this pane and wo,  
Or yit awow hes gart me trow,  
And rest my dow and daliance me fro;  
Fly on the lord of lufe, sett me so heich aboif, 5  
And als, but rest or rufe, hes gart me go.

Parifs of Troy had nocht moir joy,  
Bot till convoy fair Helene, fresch and ying;  
Now haif I nowy me to distroy,  
As than at Troy had Menelaus king; 10  
Sen lost is my delyte, and pastyme most perfyte,  
All erthly folace quyte heir I refing.

For till discufs I wes I wifs,  
 As Troyelus with Creffeid trew to tell;  
 Now am I thus, as Pirusus  
 Most dolorus, with Tisby at the well; 15  
 So is becum my caifs, as Orpheus did, allaifs,  
 Seikand Euridicefs from hevin to hell.

Quhair fuld I go now to or fro,  
 To feik hir fo, my vmquhile lufe allone? 20  
 Than freind, now fo, than weill, now wo,  
 Than myrth but mo, now is scho past and gon;  
 Than howp, now in distres, than joy, now confortlefs,  
 Than welth and wantones, allace, haif I none.

Wafs nevir wicht moir plesour mycht, 25  
 Both day and nycht, with mirthis monyfald;  
 With hairt on hicht, <sup>1</sup> scho in licht,  
 All willit rycht, as I culd wifs or wald;  
 And now <sup>1</sup> all growis gray wes grene,  
 And I am caffin clene in cairis cald. 30

O, luvaris all, to lufe bene thrall,  
 Now latt ws fall befor the godis feit,  
 To clip and call in generall,  
 Both grit and small that may our baillis beit;  
 O, Venus, fouerane, haif pety on my pane, 35  
 And grant me now agane my lady fueit.

Agane and nocht lat it be thocht,  
 That scho for ocht will anys returne to me,  
 Sen chance<sup>2</sup> hes focht and werd hes wrocht,  
 That scho is brocht, quhair scho may byd and be; 40  
 Sen forsis I man want hir, grit glaidnes God mot grant hir, Fol. 248.b.  
 And fend me als gud anter. Amen, quod he.

*Finis.*

<sup>1</sup> Left blank in MS. <sup>2</sup> MS. has *chane*.

## CCLVIII.

[*Lamenting soir my Weird and bissy Cure.*]

LAMENTING soir my weird and bissy cure  
 In luvis loir, and langour that me leidis,  
 The pane exceidis, and dolour I indure,  
 And no thing fure, gif pety in hir breidis.  
 My hairt fair dreidis quhen scho me superceidis, 5  
 And furth me feidis, with flatterand speikingis fair,  
 That I most neidis, bewail my fatell threidis,  
 Quhen auld done deidis scho dois foryet thaim clair.

The tyme hefs bene, and yit may cum agane,  
 We ma convene to talk in gudlinefs, 10  
 Thocht in distrefs ye leif me in grit pane,  
 I may complane yit to your lawlinefs.  
 Vnto your pefs to tak my sympilnefs,  
 It wald increfs your honour evir mair;  
 Na biffinefs to lufe fall gar me fefs, 15  
 Thocht auld kyndnefs ye haif foryettin clair.

Thocht ye be strange, and can your will refrene,  
 I can nocht chenge, bot I fall ay be trew;  
 Your lusty hew my curage dois constrene,  
 With mycht and mene your scheruice to ensew. 20  
 And to no new my self I will subdew,  
 Gif ye will rew on me that sichis fair;  
 Gif ye eschew, and will nocht do your dew,  
 I may say trew ye haif foryet me clair.

Sen I haif bene your scherwand thufs of auld, 25  
 On me ye mene, and als be trew me till;  
 Sen nevir ill I wrocht bot as ye wauld,  
 Lat nevir be cauld, nor yit to breve in bill.

That I fuld spill, for lak of your gud will,  
 Ye may fulfill to bring me frome all cair; 30  
 It war grit skill my dolour anis fuld dill,  
 Gif ye nocht will ye haif foryet me clair.

Thufs may I nocht bot pray vnto yow schene  
 Is maist in thocht, and falbe day and nycht;  
 My self throw fycht thufs caufyt me to mene, 35  
 Your lusty ene hes revit me vnrycht.  
 Sen I had licht to leif I had no micht,  
 Bot with yow wicht in bandoun to remane;  
 Bill, go with slicht, quhill thow cum to hir sicht,  
 Bid hir of rycht releif me of my pane. 40

*Finis.*

---

CCLIX.

[*In to the Nycht, quhen to ilk Wicht, Natur derekis Rest.*]

**I**N to the nycht, quhen to ilk wicht natur derekis rest, Fol. 249. a  
 I walk allone, makand my mone, with luvis pane opprest;  
 Was nevir man, sen luv began, that luvit moir trewly;  
 Then I wifs, suppois I mis the lufe of my lady,  
 In luvis dance, sic is my chance, to luv vnlovit agane; 5  
 Heirfoir, allace! my cairfull cace, quhome to fall I complane;  
 Sall I me mene to Venus quene, or to hir sone Cupyde,  
 That with his dart thirlis my harte with wondis warkand wyde?  
 Or for support fall I exort Mars, god armipotent,  
 To saif my lyfe in to this stryfe, or sorrow do me schent? 10  
 For thocht I cry on my lady my dolour to redrefs,  
 For all my trewth scho hes no rewth on my daly distrefs;  
 It is hir joy to wrik me noy, hir weill to wrik me wo;

It is hir will that I lyk ill. Allais, quhy dois scho so?  
 It is hir cure to do plesure to him feling no pane, 15  
 And latt me go lamenting so with fichis and sorrowis flane.  
 Moir mirreit war to hir be far to cure the seik from cair,  
 Than to propyne him medecyne that nevir felt no fair;  
 Bot mony man wyse sayis that the gyfe of luve is evir sway,  
 To fla the trew and on him rew that falstaff is of fay. 20  
 O, nymphis thre, haif mynd on me, and cut my fatell threid,  
 Sen in this erd ye gaif me werd nevir in lufe to speid.

*Finis.*

---

CCLX.

[*The moir I luve and serf at all my Mycht.*]

THE moir I luve and serf at all my mycht,  
 The langar I find your denger and offensis;  
 The grittar desyre I haif vnto your fycht,  
 The lefs I get your language and prefens;  
 The nerrer the fycht the ferrer frome audiens; 5  
 The biffyar to pleifs the moir of joy all quyt;  
 The hevear cure the lefs is my creddens,  
 And nane bot fortoun dar I blame nor quyt.  
  
 The trewar I be, bayth in werk and thoct,  
 The laither to greif yow I am in word or deid; 10  
 The rather I se the lefs of me ye rocht,  
 With fremmit cheir fuche guerdoun is me queid;  
 My hairt in breift I feill salt teiris bleid;  
 The farar I fych the sadlyar I indyte,  
 For to my harmes ye lift nocht to tak heid, 15  
 And nane bot fortoun dar I blame or wyte.



The fater I be bounden in your chenyne,  
 The lets ye air mincher I de or leif,  
 The lets petry ye haif to heir me plenyne,  
 The strangest wuntis ye can deuyfs ye geif;  
 The iuk of yow. that foid my hairt releif,  
 Is he extreme denger and difpyte;  
 Off my remeid I haif no moir beleif,  
 And nane bot forton dar I blame nor wyt.

20

*Finis.*

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CCLXI.

[*Quhen Phebus fair with Bemis bricht.*]

**Q**UHEN Phebus fair with bemis bricht  
 In to the west at mornying makis repair,  
 Makand his courfs in to array full rycht,  
 Vnto the eift schutand his schaftis schare,  
 At morn fall ryfs out of his courfs to care  
 Norward down in to the samyn degre,  
 Than will my reuerend lady rew on me.

Fol. 249. b.

5

Quhen Lawdiane Law for luve hes left the land,  
 And Forth is fleitit to France, that fair cuntre,  
 And euery woman is also obediand;  
 Quhen men fall find no wattir in the fe,  
 And falsheid flymit and euery man fund trew,  
 Than will my reuerend lady on me rew.

10

Quhen all the grund is groun our with gold,  
 And euery ryver rynnys vpward wyne,

15

In fomer quhen thair growis na flour on fold,  
In wontir quhen thair fallis na frost ryme,  
Quhen everilk man will till vthiris inclyne,  
In May quhen that the holyne changis hew,  
Than will my reueren[d] lady on me rew. 20

Quhen Falkland fair is farit our the ferry,  
And Sulway fand is brocht attour the se,  
And Arthour fait is brocht to Salis berry,  
And euerilk man hes conquieft kuirikis thre,  
Than mon thay realmes ring in rylte; 25  
Quhen clerkis will na banifice perfew,  
Than will my reuerend lady on me rew.

Quhen that Dumbar is brocht vnto the Bafs,  
And all the fisch ar fled vp in the air,  
Quhen that northward no watteris will down pafs, 30  
And men so rich that thay defyr no mair,  
And leill luvaris forleitis luvis lair,  
And walx is wrocht withouttin byk or be,  
Than will my reuerend lady rew on me.

Quhen schippis off tour and ballingeris of weir, 35  
Be thowsand failis rycht swiftly ondir fail,  
Thair mastis of gold and all thair vdir geir,  
The west wond wappand in thair taill,  
Takand thair courfs with mony how and haill,  
Pulland doun failis and landand at Eildoun tre, 40  
Than will my reuerend lady rew on me.

*Finis.*

*Ballatis of Remedy of Luve as followis:  
and to the Reproche of evill Wemen.*

## CCLXII.

*Remeidis of Luve.*

Fol. 250. a.

SO prayis me as ye think caufs quhy,  
And lufe me as yow lykis best,  
As pleifis yow fo pleifit am I,  
Gif nocht I fynd of nocht I traift.

Gif ye be trew I wilbe just,  
Gife ye be fals flattery is fre,  
All tymes and houris evin as ye lust  
For me till vfe als weill as ye.

5

Gif ye do<sup>m</sup>ok I will bot play,  
Gif ye do lawch I will nocht weip,  
Evin as ye list, think, do or fay,  
Sic law ye mak sic law I keip.

10

Schaw fathfull lufe, luve fall ye haif,  
Schaw dowbilnes, I fall yow quyt,  
Ye can nocht vfe nor no ways craif,  
Bot evin that fame is my delyt.

15

Bot gif ye wald be trew and plane,  
Ye wald me pleifs and best content,  
And gif ye will nocht fo remane,  
As I haif faid fo am I lent.

20

Awyfs yow as ye think to do,  
And vfe me as ye list to fynd;  
Quhat neidis lang talking thairto,  
For as I am ye knaw my mynd?

Bewar thairfoir and tak gud heid 25  
Quhat is the sentens of this bill,  
For and ye beir me ocht at feid,  
I fall yow hald ay at evill w[ill].

Thairfoir be trew but variens,  
And I falbe as of befoir, 30  
Vthirwayis generis discrepans;  
Content yow this ye get no moir.

*Finis.*

---

CCLXIII.

*[I am as I am and so will I be.]*

**I** AM as I am and so will I be,  
Bot how that I am nane knawis trewlie;  
Be it evill be it weill, be I bund be I fre,  
I am as I am and so will I be.

I leid my lyfe indifferently, 5 Fol. 250. b.  
I mene na thing bot honesty,  
And thocht men juge diuerfly,  
I am as I am and so will I be.

I do nocht rew nor yit complane,  
Baith mirth and sadnes I do refrane, 10  
And vse the folkis that can nocht fane;  
I am as I am be it plesfour or pane.

Diuerfs do juge as thay trow,  
Sum of plesfour and sum of wo,  
Yit for all that no thing thay knaw; 15  
I am as I am quhair evir I go.

Bot fen that jugeris do tak that wey,  
 Lat every man his jugement fay,  
 I will it tak in sport and pley,  
 For I am as I am quha evir fa nay. 20

Quha jugeis weill, weill God him fend,  
 Quha jugeis evill, God thame amend,  
 To juge the best thairfoir intend;  
 I am as I am and so will I end.

Yit fum thair be that takis delyt 25  
 To juge folkis thocht for inwy and spyt,  
 Bot quhiddir thay juge me wrang or ryt,  
 I am as I am and so will I wryt.

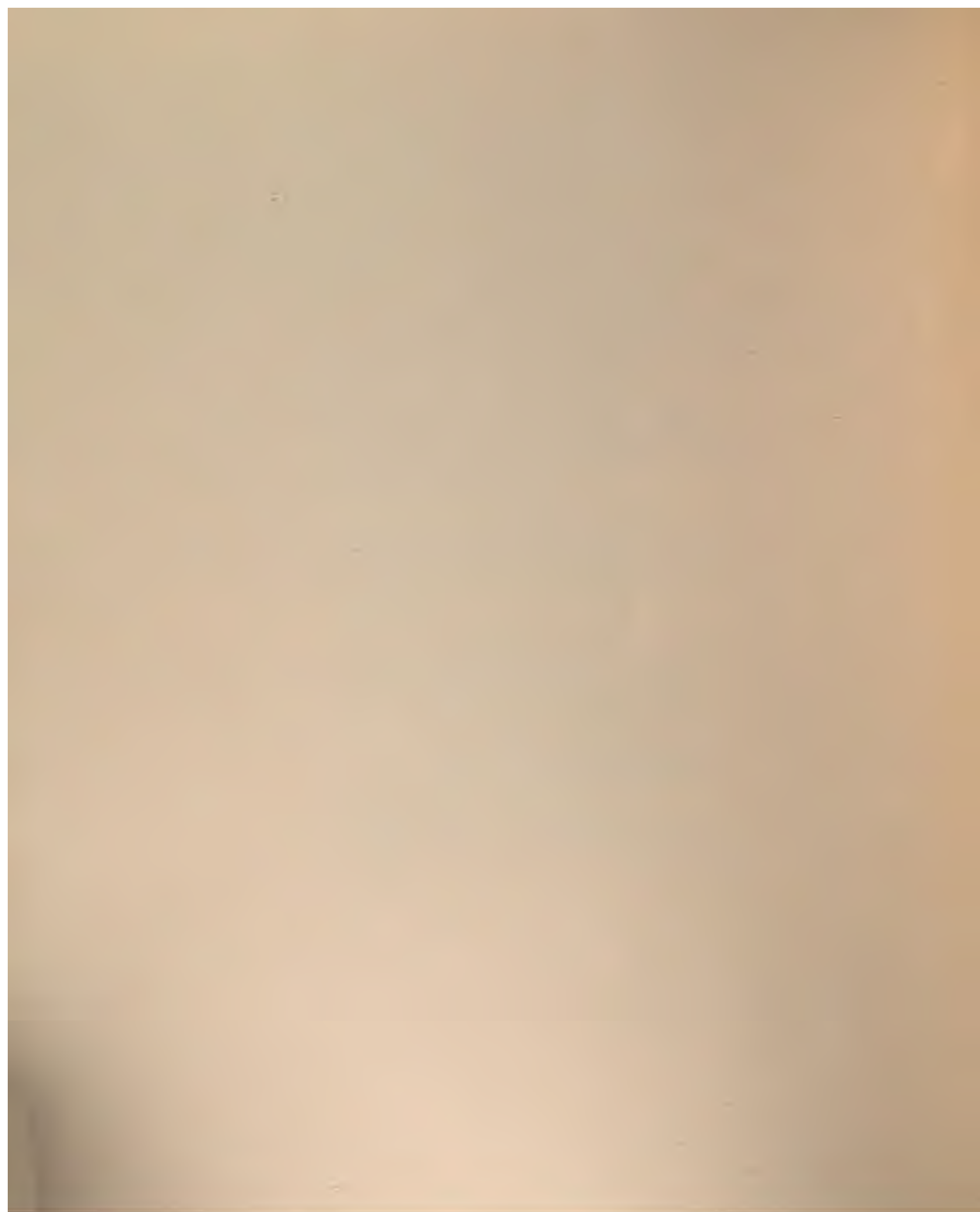
Praying yow all that this dois reid,  
 To treft it as ye do your creid, 30  
 And nocht to think that I chenge my weid,  
 I am as I am how evir I speid.

Bot how that is I leif to yow,  
 Juge as ye list owdir fals or trew,  
 Ye knaw no moir than afoir ye knew; 35  
 I am as I am quhat evir eschew.

And frome this mynd I will nocht fle,  
 Bot to yow all that misfugeis me,  
 I do proteft as ye may fe,  
 That I am as I am and so will I be. 40

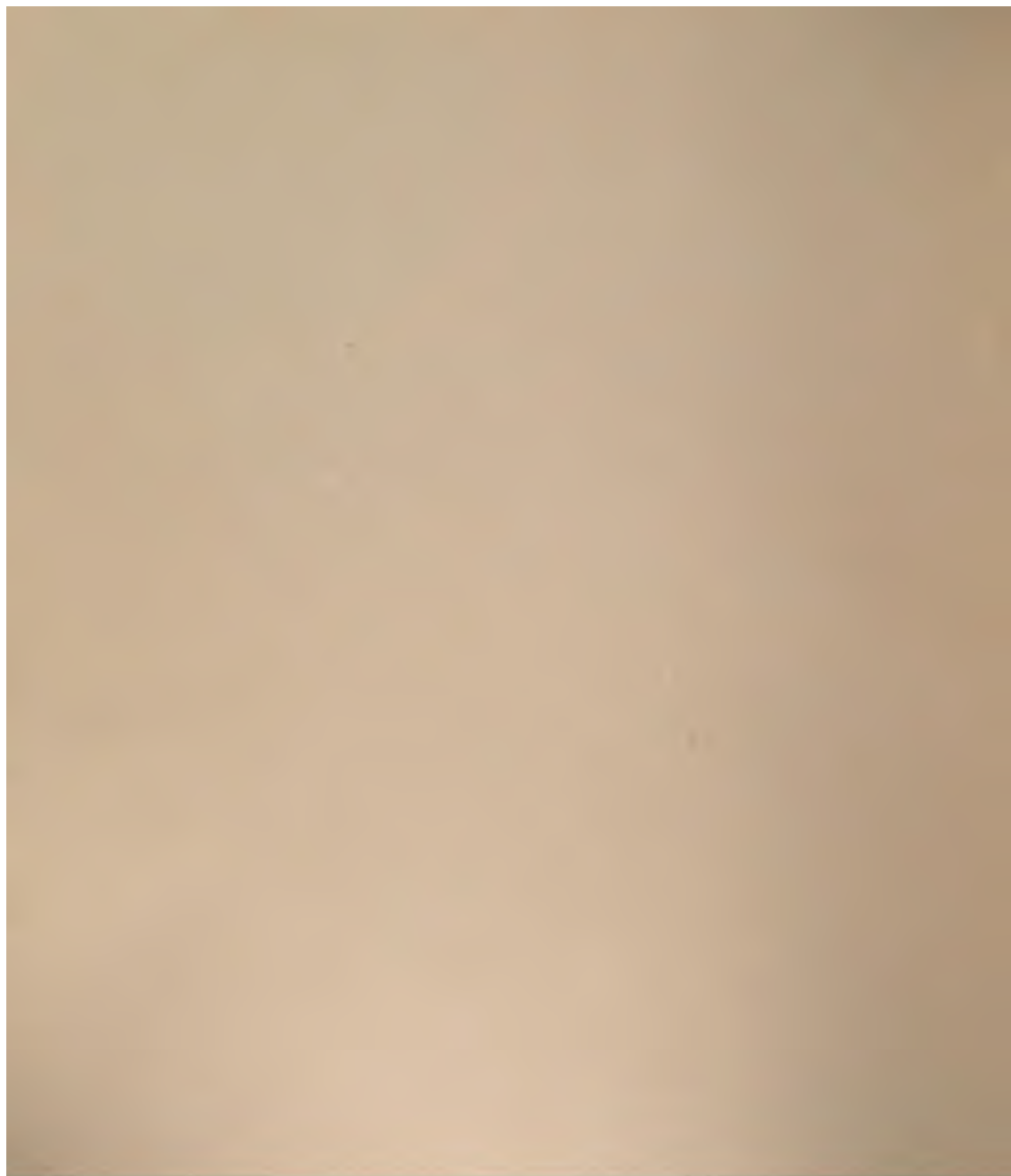
*Finis.*



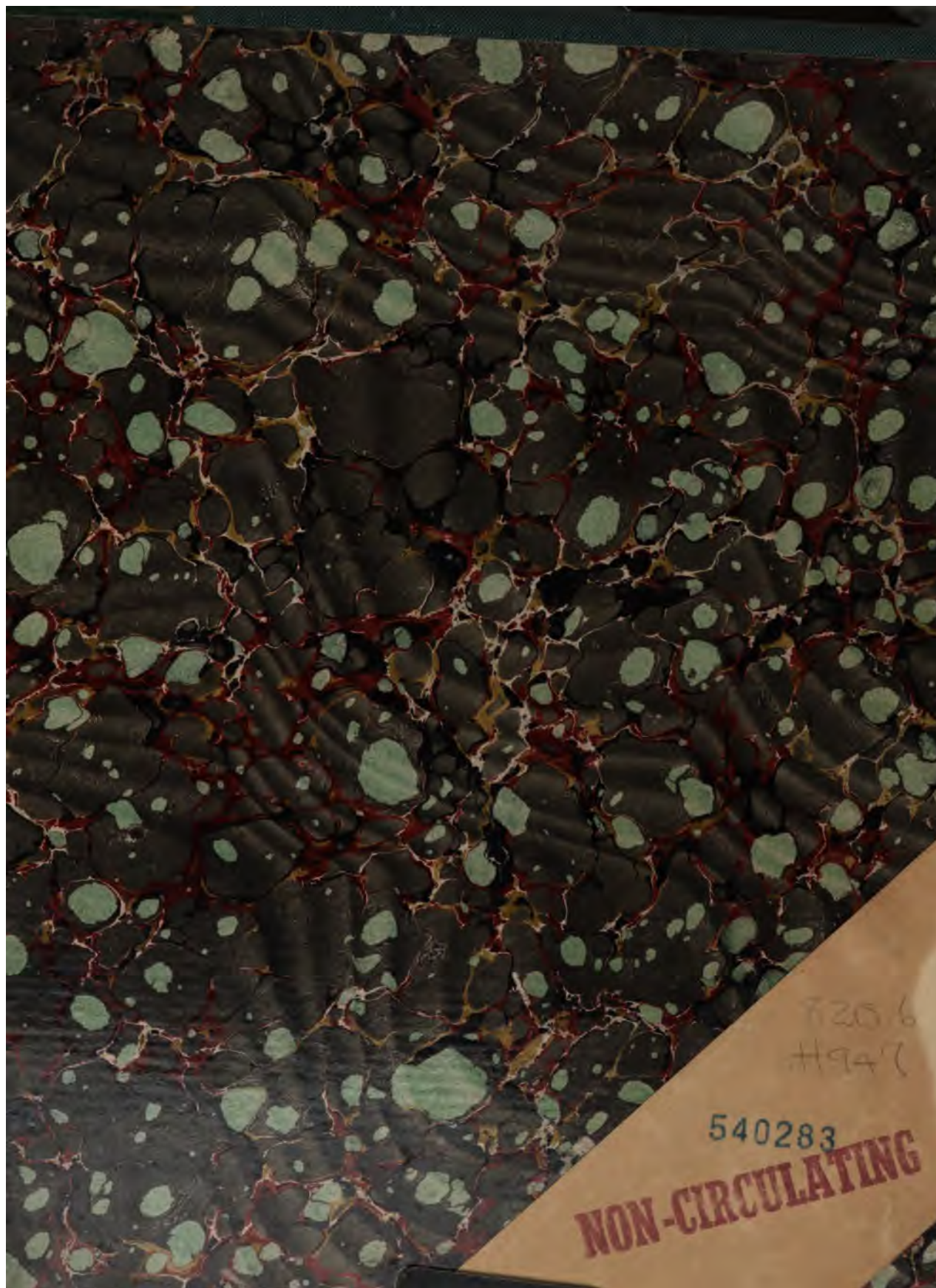








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